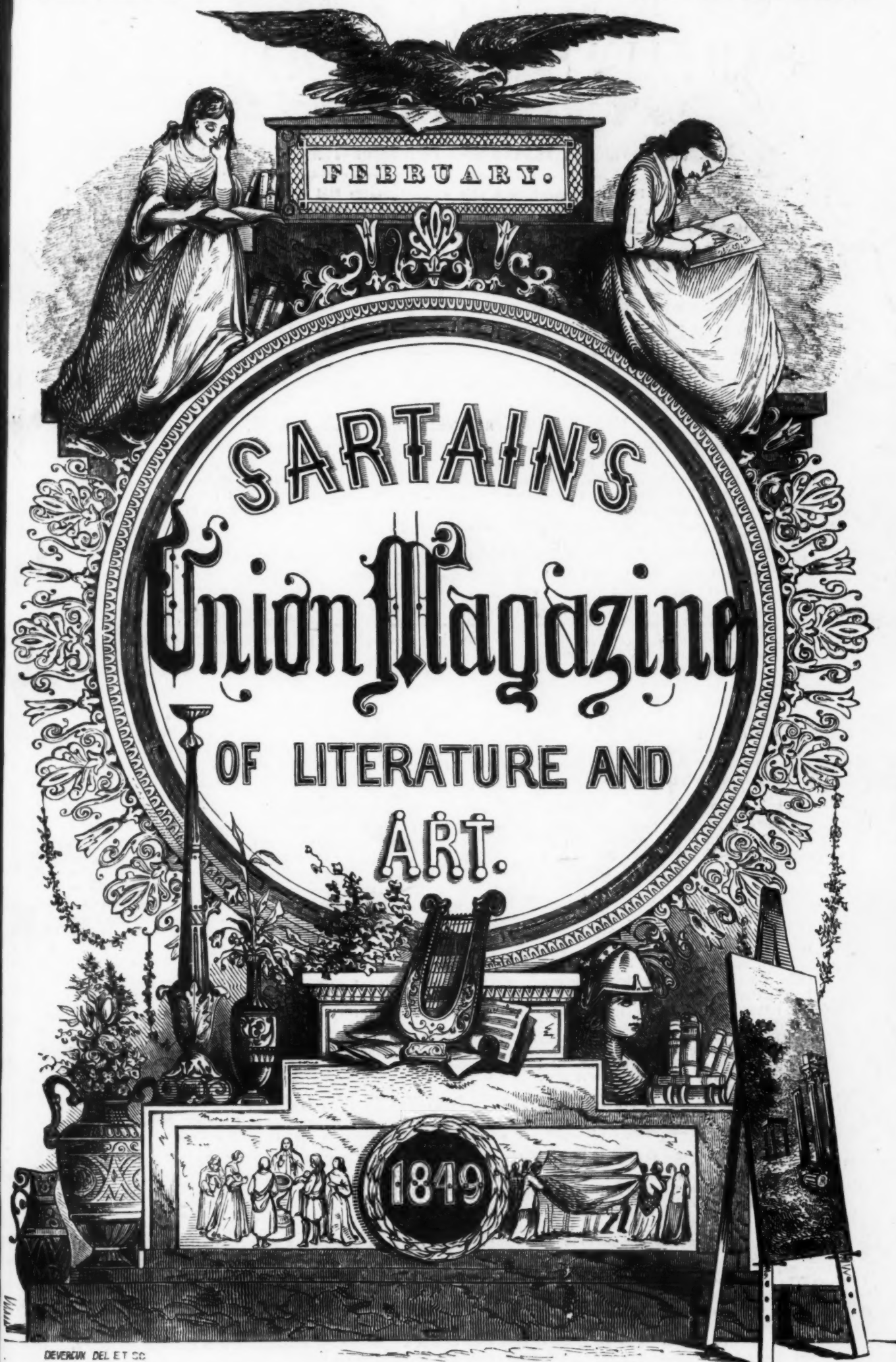


MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND,
PROFESSOR JOHN S. HART, } Editors.

Proprietors. } JOHN SARTAIN,
WILLIAM SLOANAKER.



DEVEREUX DEL ET SC

TERMS—Three Dollars per Annum, in Advance. Two Copies for Five Dollars.

JOHN SARTAIN & Co., Publishers,

Third Street opposite Merchants' Exchange, Philadelphia.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO A READING PUBLIC!

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE

OF LITERATURE AND ART.

MRS. CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND AND PROFESSOR JOHN S. HART, EDITORS.

The undersigned having purchased the subscription list and good will of the UNION MAGAZINE of New York, have removed the Office of Publication to Philadelphia, and commence with the number for January, 1849, under the title of

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

This Magazine was begun in July, 1847, and during the brief period of its existence, has risen so rapidly in public favour, as to have become already a firmly established

RIVAL OF THE OLDER MONTHLY PERIODICALS.

Notwithstanding its success under the management of its former proprietors, its future publishers feel confident of making it far more desirable still, by the intended improvements which their superior facilities will enable them to command. Besides the varied and occasional embellishments, the work will contain, every month,

TWO HIGHLY-FINISHED MEZZOTINTO STEEL PLATES,

from pictures of the highest merit, engraved by J. SARTAIN, under whose exclusive control the selection and management of the Pictorial Department will be. His partner in this enterprise has been many years connected with the oldest weekly and monthly publishing establishments in the country; so that with their united experience and earnest effort, added to a LIBERAL AND JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE, they feel assured of being able to cater successfully and to the satisfaction of a discriminating public, and of producing a *Magazine of real intrinsic value*,

Surpassing any Periodical of the class now issued from the American Press.

Their aim will be to furnish a Monthly Miscellany, that is not only lively and entertaining, but useful and instructive; in which

DOMESTIC HOME TALES AND SKETCHES,

calculated to elevate the moral and intellectual faculties, shall be substituted for the namby-pamby articles which occupy so large a space in the popular periodicals of the day. In short,—the pages of SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE will be such as *no parent will hesitate to place in the hands of a rising family*; while in the quality and character of the embellishments, it will be made to *DISTANCE ALL COMPETITION*. It will be emphatically a FAMILY MAGAZINE, and of the most attractive form.

The contents of each number will be original, and consist of articles in prose and verse, by AUTHORS OF ESTABLISHED REPUTATION. The Critical Department will be conducted with the greatest care and impartiality; and while personality and needless satire will be sedulously avoided, opinions of merit or demerit will be candidly and fearlessly expressed. There will be also a monthly record of all that is interesting to lovers of the Fine Arts, respecting the progress of Art and Artists throughout the country.

The utmost pains will be bestowed on the engravings, not only to furnish plates executed with care and skill, but in the selection of subjects, to adopt such as from their dignity and importance command attention, or from their beauty and artistic excellence, attract and charm. They will consist of transcripts, either of HISTORICAL OR SCRIPTURAL PICTURES of unquestionable merit, or of original paintings by CELEBRATED AMERICAN PAINTERS, and occasionally of compositions by the best artists, made expressly for the work. Portraits of remarkable or eminent persons will also add to the interest and variety of the series, together with free and spirited illustrative etchings. In the COSTUME DEPARTMENT, (which now appears to have become an indispensable adjunct to a Monthly Magazine,) we shall present *Coloured Plates of the Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter Fashions*, in a style no way inferior to anything of the kind now published.

In conclusion, we beg leave to state, that every promise made will be faithfully and literally fulfilled, (which those accustomed to compare the performances with the promises of Magazine publishers will hardly expect,)—that the first number of a volume will be found to be always a fair specimen of every other that is to follow, except in its possessing a beautifully engraved Title Page.

PREMIUMS.—The following splendid Engravings, suitable for Parlour Ornaments, have been engraved at an expense of more than \$1000, and are offered as Premiums in connexion with the Magazine. The price of either picture is of itself three dollars. These pictures are not from old worn-out Magazine Plates, as is the case with the premiums offered by others, but they are quite fresh and new.

A LARGE WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF GEN. Z. TAYLOR,

Represented resting on his War Horse, Old Whitey. Engraved on steel, in Mezzotinto, by J. Sartain, from Daguerreotypes taken from life expressly for this plate. Size of the work, exclusive of the margin, 21 by 16 inches.

GROUP OF PORTRAITS OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY,
Including Gen. Washington, Lady Washington, Eleanor Parke Custis, George Washington Parke Custis and Washington's favorite Servant, engraved in Mezzotinto, on steel, by J. Sartain, from the original by Savage. Size, exclusive of margin, 24 by 16 inches.

TERMS:

One copy of the Magazine, and one of the Premiums, \$3 00 | Five copies of the Magazine and one of the Premiums \$10 00
Two copies " " " " " 5 00 | and a copy of the Magazine extra to the agent.

Single Copies Twenty-Five Cents.

The money must accompany each order. No letters will be taken from the post office unless the postage is paid.

Address,

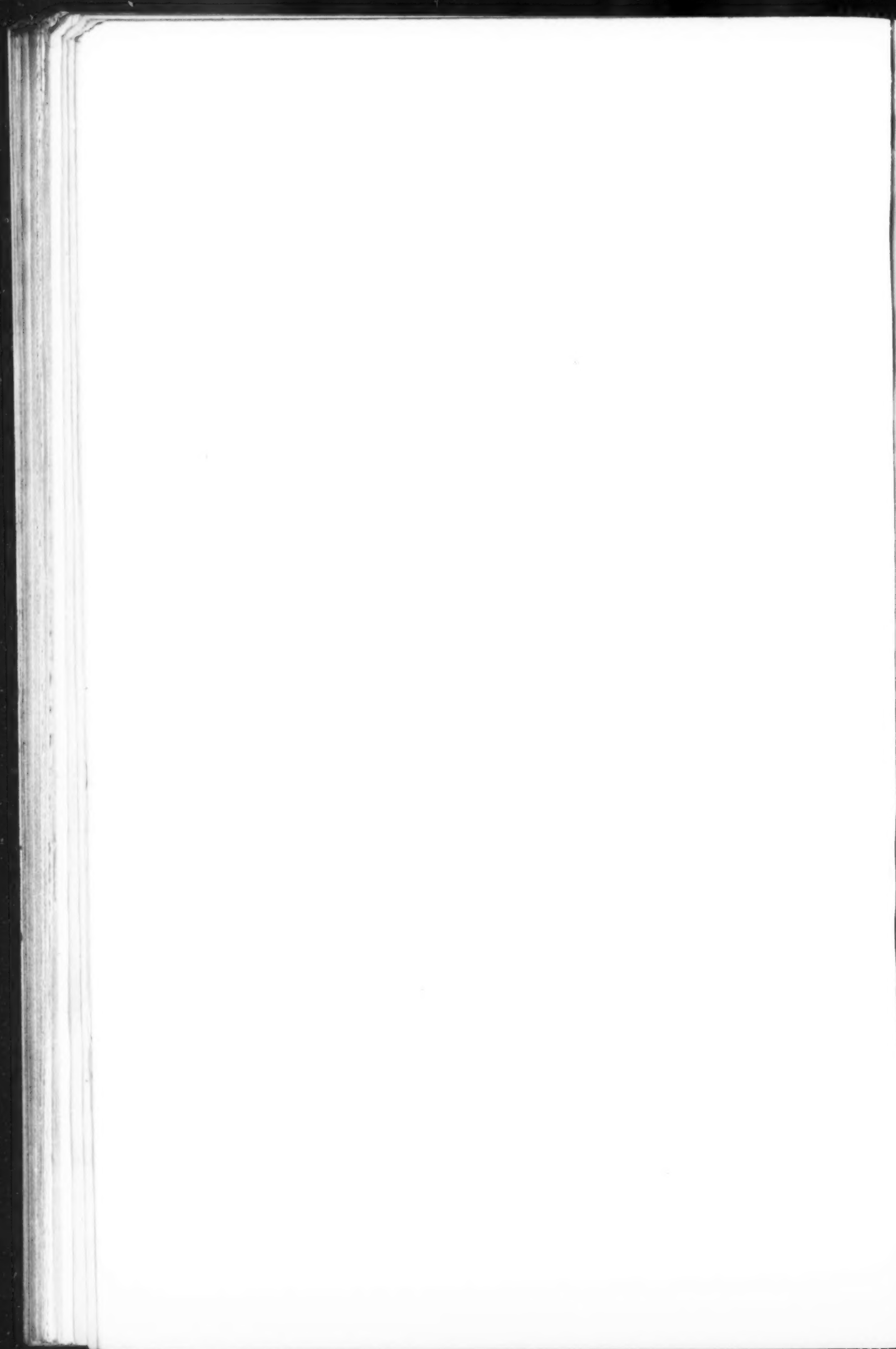
JOHN SARTAIN & CO.,

Third Street, opposite Merchants' Exchange, Philadelphia.

*** AGENTS.**—Persons desirous of acting as Travelling Agents, will be provided with an Engraved Certificate of Agency, and specimen numbers, on condition they furnish us satisfactory recommendations.

Before subscribing to a Travelling Agent, ask to see the Engraved Certificate. All Post-Masters are authorized to act as agents. Persons desirous of forming clubs, will be furnished with a specimen number by writing for it and paying postage.







SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1849.

No. 2.

FIRST LOVE.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

MUCH has been said for and against the first enkindling of this sentiment in the young bosom. All sixteen is for it, much experience, alas! against it. There is certainly something very enchanting in that first love to which all the freshest visions of youth are ministering and subsidiary—which copies its idol in the pure heaven of its own breast without spot or blemish—which fears no change, nor shadow of change—the love, while hope has never been cheated, expectation disappointed, or faith broken—the love that glows in the fire of its own enthusiasm, and is pure as innocence itself, and radiant with “clouds of glory” from our elder home. Most happy—most blessed are those on whose first love the seal of reality has been set, whose summer has developed and ripened the seed sown in spring time, and who worship through life, at the altar on which the vestal fire was lighted!

Something of this I said to a friend, who, with an equivocal smile, replied, that she would tell me a true story of the first love of a friend of hers. I record it here, as well as I can remember, in her very words, without exaggeration or change of any kind.

It is only necessary to depart from reality so far as to use assumed names. “I was staying,” said my friend, (the relator was an English woman,) “at Avonside, with Lady Anne Harvey, during a vacation at our boarding school. She was at intense sixteen. Lady Anne’s education was completely, up to fifteen, the English nursery education. At fifteen she was as ignorant and undeveloped in all that relates to the wonderful relations of man and woman, as the children of your country at five or six. Her dear, kind papa, was the type of all grown up men, and her teasing, tormenting, noisy, but still loving brothers, of the younger portion of that species. Boarding school is a hot bed that develops nature

very rapidly and unwholesomely. Lady Anne in the course of a few weeks, was born into a new world there. She read, clandestinely, with the rest of us, the romances—they were mere love stories in those days, or the passionate poetry that was smuggled into the institution—an institution of the severest order—of Madame Racine. Her Latin book would lie shut on her lap, and her glowing cheek rest on her French theme, while she listened to highly colored descriptions of charming young men, or heard related in still more glowing language, the real or fanciful love-passages of her young companions. I was two years older than Lady Anne. But time, in enlarging my horizon, had not chastened my imagination. I conceived a most passionate affection for my charming friend. Feeling very humbly about my own personal charms, my young love’s young dreams were for Lady Anne. She was my heroine of romance, and all my romantic lore was lavished upon her; so that precious sentiment which, as I now think, should be developed charily, was nourished into most premature and rank growth.

Sir Guy Harvey’s park grounds are some of the oldest in England, with long avenues, loving walks, bosky dells, and sparkling waters. There are points of most beautiful view, and many a painter goes there for sketches of that rich, old rural cultivation, characteristic of our country. Lady Anne, at her father’s request, rose one morning to show me the rising sun, from a point of view much celebrated, and which Sir Guy thought unrivalled. A winding path by a crisp little brook, overhung with flowery shrubs led to it. It was at the highest point in the park, and crowned with an oak, as old and more beautiful than the royal oak at Boscobel. Under this oak tree were rustic seats, and a table; and as we approached it, we observed a rustling of the high

shrubbery that screened the seat from us. Some one was, evidently, hastily retiring from the place, and when we reached it, there were proofs that a real person, and no ghost, had just preceded us. A pencil was dropped by the bench, and on it lay a highly finished sketch of my friend, as she had sat with me, (I was omitted!) the day before near a lovely rosary, trying her maiden fortune, in the fashion of Margaret, in Faust, by picking off the leaves of a rose. Lady Anne blushed as she perceived the unmistakeable resemblance. "How spirited!" she said. "How expressive! how like!" I said. "But who can have done it?" she asked. "Some poor, old artist," I replied, mischievously, "who has run down from London for a breath of fresh air. I have known a hundred in my father's studio, who could do it;" my little friend looked disappointed, and I added, "perhaps it is a *young* artist—an amateur—it is charmingly done; but then a mere amateur artist might have done it."

"I think it was an amateur artist," Lady Anne said, simply; "do you think it is right for me to keep it?"

"Certainly, it was designed for you, no doubt; and the designer will be very much disappointed if it do not prove an introductory epistle."

All day we discussed this incident, as girls only can discuss such a trifle. We expected from some one of our many daily visitors, to hear of an artist being in the neighbourhood; but, though we introduced the subject of painting and artists, and every topic connected with them, we obtained no light on our surmises. The next day, on a green bank, by a path we daily frequented, we found another sketch, lying under a stem of lovely roses, of a species that did not grow in Sir Guy's grounds. Here my pretty friend again appeared as she had sat the preceding day, under a tree overhung with flowering vines, while I read to her. The little brook was curling away beyond us, or rather beyond her, for the artist seemed never to take me into his field of vision. Her large black Newfoundland was lying at her feet, and her prettiest of poodles lovingly enfolded in its huge paws. "How very strange!" she exclaimed. "How very pretty!" I said, "but where on the earth, or under the earth, does this conjurer hide himself, that we get not a glance of him, or a suspicion of his presence?"

It was true, that the labyrinthine walk and dark woodlands of the park afforded abundant hiding places, where one might see unseen. For a whole week, each day, these mysterious sketches appeared, each lovelier than the last, each more stimulating to our curiosity, more flattering to my friend's inexperienced vanity.

From the beginning of our recreation, Lady Anne had been learning the art and mystery of driving; and every day, attended by a groom, we took a delicious drive in her mother's pony

phaeton, within the park. On the Sunday following the week of our artistic intercourse with her admirer, she had ordered the groom to open the park gate; and, tempted by the beauty of the coming evening, and more by the free spirit of youth, that ever longs to get beyond bounds, we sallied forth. We did not return till the last ray of the long English twilight was fading away. Lady Anne dreaded her father's disapprobation, (she had nothing from that gentle good man more severe to dread,) and she drove rapidly. There was a steep bank, and a sharp turn near the park gate, for which she was too inexperienced to calculate; and in bringing the horses round too swiftly, she upset the carriage, and we were thrown out, and down the bank. As soon as we could rally, for we were not much hurt, but palsied with terror,—we found ourselves, or rather Lady Anne found herself supported and aided by a young man, who had come, Heaven knows whence, to her rescue. The groom was compelled to give his attention to the horses, and the aid of the stranger was indispensable to support the trembling girl to her home. We were met at the door by the father and mother, already apprised of the accident, and amidst exclamations of, "Are you hurt, my child?"—"Nor you, dear Miss ———?"—"Thank God!"—"How could you be so indiscreet, Anne?" They did not forget civilities to our cavalier, who, whatever else he might be, was an unquestionable gentleman. He had lodgings at a few miles distance from Avon-side. "You will doubtless," Sir Guy said to him, "take the trouble to come to-morrow, to enquire after these young ladies, to whom you have done such essential kindness; do us the favor to come over to dinner, we dine at six." The stranger accepted, in a manner that proved him familiar with the offices of good breeding, and with a certain modesty that quite won Sir Guy's heart; for, like most persons well advanced in life, he deemed *that* the quality wanting in the young men of the day.

Of course, as soon as we retired to our own rooms, Lady Anne and I compared notes. The stranger could be none other, than her artist-admirer. There was a glowing expression, a tremulousness of voice, that betrayed an interest beyond that of a stranger; and if other proof were wanting, I had not been too much terrified to observe the paraphernalia of an artist, which he dropped, and left on the bank where we were upset. Lady Anne confessed she felt the throbbings of his heart, when she was obliged to lean against him; and she remarked, that the tone of his voice was musical,—or, certainly the most expressive she ever heard. Her aristocratic prepossessions did not, however, forsake her, even at this romantic beginning of her first romantic adventure. She was quite sure, "he was not *merely* a professional artist, he was well-born, that

was evident in his fine aristocratic features, his deportment, his voice, his turn of expression." "It is quite true," said my friend, continuing her relation, "that our English aristocracy have a cast of feature, rarely found among the lower classes; though quite common with yours, who, however, with their straight noses, and thin lips, have an intensely vulgar expression." I, however, laughed at Lady Anne, and told her that I thought the mind inspired the form, and that beauty and grace were the outward signs of the beauty chartered by Heaven alone.

Basil Astley, that was the name of our hero, made rapid advances in Sir Guy's favor. Sir Guy was himself an amateur artist. He had portfolios filled with sketches made in Italy and Switzerland, when he was a young man; his walls were adorned with pictures from his own designs. The dear, good man's perceptive powers were not sharp, and in the indulgence of his own innocent little egotisms, he never dreamed of the passionate love to which he was unwarily giving such opportunity of nurture and growth. He invited Astley to become his guest. He walked with him over his lovely place, suggested sketches, which were executed immediately and charmingly. He little dreamed of the episodes that were enacting in the bowery park, and during the moonlight evenings,—he was sand-blind,—for never did I see two young creatures more passionately in love than Anne and Astley. It was like nothing but the love of Romeo and Juliet. He was not more than one and twenty,—and she not seventeen, which to our cold northern blood is not more than the fourteenth year of the girl of Verona. She was Astley's idol, and the idol's love matched his idolatry. No woman's instinct could mistake the bliss that shone in the faces of these young people. The mother saw it, and the father was immediately apprised of her discovery. He had looked upon Anne as a child, and she was now caught in toils that no woman's strength is strong enough to break. What was to be done? The affair must be crushed, and at once. Astley was a poor young artist, of obscure birth. Anne boasted a long line of noble ancestry, and had a fortune in her own right. Justly considered, perhaps, these accidental advantages would have been but a fair offset against Astley's high gifts, and by uniting the two young people the social equilibrium would have been restored; but, in my country, society is cast in an inflexible mould. Lady Anne must be mated with her equal in social advantages. She was destined by her father for the son of a neighbor, the friend of his youth—of his life time. The young man well born, well educated, well principled, and amiable—the beau ideal, or rather the beau actual of discreet papas, was at that present travelling. Sir Guy, as prudent as Brutus, had not even communicated his secret hope and purpose to his wife. Sir Guy

was not the cleverest man in the world, but he had good sense, and what is better even than that, a good, most kind, most affectionate heart. The inspiration of such a heart's instincts is far better than the subtlest policy. Sir Guy at once asked a private interview with Astley. He told him that he was aware of the passion into which youth and opportunity had betrayed both him and his child. He did not reproach him, he did not even express a shade of displeasure,—but only sympathy and tenderness. He treated the continuance of their intercourse as simply impossible. He assured Astley that he had never for a moment doubted his honor,—that he was perfectly certain that he would not for the world, after a half hour's cool reflection, take advantage of the romantic fancies of a child. He expressed great regard for Astley, unbounded confidence in his genius, and hope of his future career; advised to his going immediately to Italy, and concluded by saying that, as Astley already knew, he had been enamoured of art in his youth,—that when he was in Italy, he had been struck with the struggles of his countrymen there, and that when he returned, he had set apart a certain sum for their aid and encouragement. That sum, well husbanded, had now become enough to support a young man for four or five years in Rome; and if Astley would go there, and permit Sir Guy to remit it to him from time to time, he would give him the great pleasure of executing a long cherished project.

To so much reason and kindness there was no answer but acquiescence.

Before they separated, Sir Guy said, "It will be a solace to you both, perhaps, to have a parting interview. As you will feel compelled to leave us to-morrow morning, you can have a last moonlight walk in the Park, where the starry influences will be no longer dangerous." A few more words of the kindest interest were spoken, and they parted. Lady Anne was then summoned to her father's presence. He communicated to her, with the utmost delicacy, the discovery of her love. He did not reason about or discuss it, but to her, as he had done to Astley, he spoke of its indulgence as simply impossible. He did not utter a harsh or a grating word, but was all love and tenderness, as if it were an inevitable sickness of a little child that he was treating. He told her, in conclusion, that Astley was to take his departure in the morning for Italy; and that she would meet him in the park for a parting interview, where he would be at nine o'clock, awaiting her and her friend. Anne left her father, weeping, trembling, heart-broken, but with not the smallest notion of resisting his will,—or rather her destiny, which to her it seemed to be.

She came to me, and remained in my arms, with throbbing pulses, sighs, drenching tears, and half uttered sentences of submissive wretchedness, till it drew near nine o'clock. We then went to

the park together, and by a sure instinct to the favorite haunt of the lovers, a closely sheltered walk. Astley was awaiting us. I left them, remaining near enough to secure to them the propriety of my proximity. Hour after hour they walked or sat together,—sometimes I heard the murmur of their voices, sometimes intermitted sobs. The day was dawning, and I was obliged to tell them so, to dispel the last shadows of their lovely dream. Ah! I never witnessed such a parting. They both seemed rooted to the ground. "Eternity was in their lips and eyes."—I was at last obliged to take Anne away, and to half drag, half carry her, more dead than alive, to her own apartment. Poor Astley was left lying on the ground. I heard dear Sir Guy still pacing his room, as we passed his door.

* * * * *

This all happened fifteen years ago. Last sum-

mer I was passing a week with my friend, Lady Anne, now Mrs. Charles Wyndham. A charming little matron she is, after the most approved models, 'fair and fat,' though not yet forty. She has four or five lively children, and is surrounded by the contentments that are in such perfection in affluent country life in England. We were one day at dinner, when her husband, a sensible, good humored man, and a right minded member of parliament, said, "Anne, my love, I saw in the London Times, this morning, the death of Basil Astley."

"Did you, indeed?" she replied, as she would to the announcement of the death of any other man. I involuntarily turned my eyes to read her soul in her face; but there was no writing there—not the movement of a muscle—not the change of a shade in her color. After one minute, she asked, "A little more soup, Charles?"

The "*first love*" was forgotten.

WATERS OF MARAH.

EXODUS XV. 23.

BY SARAH H. BROWNE.

"WATERS of Marah!" thus I mused in wonder,
"Waters of Marah, have ye ceased to flow?"
Then came a tone like low and distant thunder,
Or voice of many waters, answering "No!"

"Waters of Marah," then I questioned lightly,
"Tell me, I pray ye, where beneath the sun
That shines so warmly, lovingly, and brightly,
Where do your dark and turbid currents run?"

And the hoarse voice came yet again, replying,
"Where'er are human strife and human woe,
Where chidings rage or discontent is sighing,
There do the bitter waves of Marah flow!"

Deep in the heart of Hatred are they springing—
And up they gush 'neath double tongued Deceit;
And soft where Flattery's silver chime is ringing,
They glide, with ripple marvellously sweet!

They roar and dash where man assaults his brother—
Where foes with hostile words or deeds contend;
But where to ruin one would lure another,
Mellifluous murmurs to the ear they send!

But when across the Home's dear threshold pouring,
They coldly drench the sacred hearthstone there,
Till frightened far, the dove of heaven is soaring—
Oh, how intensely bitter then they are!

For there the limpid waves of peace eternal,
Should roll with strong and ever rising tide;
There Love—parental, filial, and fraternal—
In mingling streamlets should perpetual glide!

But oh, no plant of green and healthful growing
Can thrive by Marah's dark and poisonous stream;
And heart-born flowers with nectarous drops o'erflowing,
Steeped in its flood, like dregs of wormwood seem!

Ah, then beware ye hearts whose angel mission
Calls you to feed the altar flame of Home,
And make it of Earth's gardens most Elysian—
Thither let not these bitter waters come!

No—wheresoe'er Affection's eye discerneth
Of Marah but a single turbid rill,
Cast in the Branch,* the healing Branch that turneth
Its angry foam to waters sweet and still!

* Exodus xv. 25.

DUALITY.

BY GEORGE BURLEIGH.

I.

CALM, two-handed, self-possess'd,
In their vital centre,
Being's forces work, or rest,
And to all things enter;
Light and shadow, worst and best,
Wed their mutual interest,
And throughout creation stand
On their Parent's either hand.

II.

Into Nature flows a power,
Outward flows a beauty;
Things whose life is but an hour,
Yet fulfil their duty,
Taking in their little dower,
Cold or heat, sunlight or shower,
And returning to boon Nature,
Aptitude of work or feature.

III.

Life is dual, but the *goods*
Come not paired together,—
Twins, but differing in moods,
Bears the great World-Mother;
Alternating neighborhoods,
Ebb and flow of Being's floods;
Hope, that bears its shadow, Fear;
Life, whose Bridegroom, Death, is near;

IV.

Daylight with her locks of yellow,
Wedding the dun gloaming,—
Desdemona and Othello
Into nature coming;
Brow-knit Doubt, whose sweet yoke-fellow
Faith is; Discord with his mellow
Throated consort, Music, blend;—
So through all things without end,

V.

Good and ill in mystic bands,
Fact and hollow seeming,
Walk together, with link'd hands
Loosing and redeeming;
Feeding ruin's desert sands
From the wealth of greenest lands,
And returning crown'd from thence,
With a new magnificence.

VI.

Nature's law is, *give and take*,
Using, never keeping;
Lending for the borrower's sake,
Sowing without reaping;
Leaves the dew's pavilion make,
Dews the flower's thirsting slake,
Flowers give odor to the air,
Air divides it every where.

VII.

All have some good, nothing all,—
Having's taxed of Heaven,
Swift is slender, keen is small,
Kind, is overdriven;
Purest eates are sure to pall,
Greenest summer has its fall,
Storms are eloquent but fearful,
Lore is deep, but rarely cheerful.

VIII.

Every thing is at sometime,
Nothing always, sweetest,
The most precious in their prime,
To their end are fleetest;
Plague devours the sunniest clime,
Terror glooms with the sublime,
Day's fire fadeth to night's embers—
Yet in stars its life remembers:

IX.

Through and through the woof of ill
Run the threads of goodness;
Winds that shake the winged mill,
Feed us with their rudeness;
Frosts, that do the blossoms kill,
Ope the nut burrs on the hill;
Griefs that settled heart-swords tear,
Fit for greener blessings there!

X.

And the like innative check
With the good abideth,
Soundest rind without a speck,
A diseased core hideth;
Calmer seas have many a wreck,
Highest hills the dizziest peak,
Sweetest lays the saddest tale,
Tenderest voice the shrillest wail.

XI.

Honey hives the armed bee,
Wealth the secret robber;
Father of the wildest glee,
Is the saddest sobber;
Thoughts of grandest prophecy,
Verge upon insanity,
And the holiest joy we know—
Love itself—is kin to wo.

XII.

Hopeless fear, and fearless hope,
See not nature truly;
Dual, from the lowest up,
All her works rise duly;
And the wise their spirits ope
So to Being's sense and scope,
They can smile at grief, and weep
At their joys, so calm and deep.

THE PRICE OF BLOOD.

A TALE OF CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR;" "MARMADUKE WYVIL;" "CROMWELL;" "THE BROTHERS;" &c., &c.

PART I.

But it is not to list to the waterfall,
That Parisina leaves her hall;
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light,
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower.

Parisina

IN that remote and romantic district of old England, known in the north country as Milbourne forest, which lies close on the frontier of three counties, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire, there stood in the middle of the eighteenth century a fine old baronial hall, surrounded by a grand wild chase, of which the deep and solemn woods alone remain to attest its olden magnificence. About equi-distant from Appleby and Penrith, both of which towns were divided from it by a space above ten miles in length of wild, open moors, and huge heath-clad fells, as they are called in that part of the world, the manor-house stood in a deep sequestered lap of land, bordered on the south by a beautiful rapid trout-stream,—one of the tributaries of the Eden,—and commanded a striking view of the huge purple masses of Cross Fell to the north-eastward.

The little hamlet of Ousby adjoining the park on the northern side, and the village of Edenhall, about five miles distant to the westward, were the only human habitations in the neighborhood; and as neither of these small places contained any persons above the rank of peasants or small farmers, with the exception of their respective vicars, it will be readily believed that they contributed little to the society of the proprietors of Vernon in the vale,—a family of high and ancient lineage, from whose name their ancestral seat had derived its appellation.

Even at this day, that is a remote and wild region, traversed by no great road, and, as it lies a little to the eastward of that beautiful and much visited tract known as the Lake country, seldom traversed except by the foot of the grouse-shooter, the geologist, or the stray lover of the picturesque—the true "nympharum fugientum amator" of the nineteenth century. If such is the case even now,

when all England is intersected by a network of iron roads, and sped across in all directions with almost winged speed by the marvellous power of machinery, much more was it so a hundred years since, when travelling was slow and tedious—when even the great highroads were difficult and dangerous, and above all when it was the fashion of the day for all, or nearly all, the great, the rich, and the noble of the land to dwell permanently in the precincts of the court, and to regard a sojourn on their estates in the country much as a Russian would now look upon an exile to Siberia.

Up to the period of the great civil war of 1642, the nobles and gentry of England had resided constantly on their estates during the chief part of the year, among their tenantry partaking in their rustic sports, and possessing their affections, and visiting the metropolis only for a short period, much as is the case at present, during the session of the houses of Parliament.

After the restoration, however, the profligate and worthless son of the martyred king, with his vicious companions, introduced among other continental habits the fashion of residing permanently in the vicinity of the court, and visiting the country only at long and uncertain intervals. During the successive reigns of James the Second, the Dutch William, Anne, and the first two monarchs of the House of Brunswick, this foolish and injurious fashion continued to prevail; and it was perhaps as much, as to any other cause, owing to the simple habits, the love of rural life, and the quiet country-gentleman tastes of the third George, that the aristocracy of England were again seen to consult alike their dignity, their interest, and their duty, by dwelling principally among their dependants, and considering their estates as their home.

A century ago, however, this was very far from being the case; the country gentlemen were illiterate and coarse mannered, hunters of foxes and swillers of punch, of whom Squire Western may be regarded as the type, while the rudeness of the resident clergy is scarcely exaggerated in the well-known portrait of Parson Adams.

If a nobleman, in those days, retired to his country seat, it was, as they now-a-days retreat to the Continent, to economize the relics of their damaged fortunes, and to languish for the hour of revisiting the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*, as the termination of a long and weary banishment.

To this rule, as to all others, there were however exceptions; and even in that day there were high-born and high-bred men, habitual dwellers in the country, doing their duty to their dependents, and an honor to their class, as English gentlemen and landlords.

The greater number of these were, perhaps, at the time of which I write, of what was then generally called the old religion; for in those days of violent party strife and political animosity, the Roman Catholic gentry were, for the most part, out of favor with the Protestant princes of the House of Hanover, and were supposed to be at least wavering in their allegiance to that dynasty, if not openly attached to the king over the water, who held their own religious faith.

Neglected, therefore, if not actually slighted by the powers in London, obnoxious to insult and even violence from the bigoted rabble of the metropolis, and shunned, in some degree, by their own order of the adverse creed, it was natural enough that the nobles and gentlemen attached to the Romish church, who by the way were for the most part from the northern counties, should prefer living honored and respected among their tenantry and neighbors, a great number of whom were of their own belief, to enduring scant courtesy, if not palpable affront, at the court of St. James.

And many were the families throughout Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cumberland, as well as yet farther north, who had set up their household gods permanently on the hearth-stones of their own baronial halls, and passed their days in healthful sports, and their evenings in elegant and dignified seclusion, independent of the voice of venal senates, and careless of the prejudices or the partialities of foreign monarchs. Pity it was, that the injustice which was in truth done them, nurtured among their class a spirit of disaffection, and even of personal dislike, to the first monarchs of the house of Brunswick; who had indeed no natural qualities, such as conciliate estranged affections, and who as certainly made no artificial efforts to win the love of any portion, and of this least of all, of their new subjects.

Pity it was, I say—not that the first and second Georges should have failed to gain what they would not have valued if possessed, but that the good, the nobly born, and the high minded of their people should have been led to cherish, year after year, a vain and ill-starred affection for their banished princes—princes of a line the most disastrous to their countries, their adherents and themselves, that ever sat upon the throne; the most selfish and ungrateful in prosperity, and in

adversity the most self-seeking, pertinacious and unbending of all sovereign races.

Peace to their ashes! for if their crimes were great, their sufferings were in proportion, heavy; and if, through them many, the best and truest of their followers, fell on the battle field—fell on the bloody scaffold—fell weary exiles upon a far land's hated shore, they themselves likewise fattened the battle field, flooded the block, pined, far from crown and country, faint and forgotten exiles.

But true it is, however lamentable, that in those days—and in those only, for when else was it tried and found faithless—the heart of England's Catholic aristocracy was across the seas with the outcast and the stranger, and awaited but the blast of a foreign trumpet, ill-omened harbinger of a native monarch, to leap to arms against the foreign family which filled the royal chair of England.

And of this aristocracy the Vernons, of Vernon in the Vale, were neither the lowest nor the least influential members. So long as the banner of a Stuart had floated to a British breeze, so long had their feet been in the stirrup, and their hands on the hilt, beneath it.

Under the first and second Charles, Marston, and Naseby, and Dunbar, and Worcester—under the second James, the fatal waters of the Boyne, and the sad heights of Aghrim—under the cavalier St. George, Burnt Island, and Proud Preston, had each and all seen the Vernon, of Vernon in the Vale, in arms against the Parliament, the Dutch usurper, as the Jacobites were wont to term him, or the intrusive house of Brunswick. But though they had died by the sword, or by the axe, in century after century; though sequestration and confiscation had shorn the splendor of their fortunes—not for that had they in one iota abated from their ill-omened and almost insane adherence to the ill-fated house of Stuart; and not less fervently did the fire of that disastrous loyalty burn in the breast of Reginald Vernon, the last survivor of the family, in the year preceding the unhappy '45, than it had burned in the cavalier of the first fallen Charles.

Nay, if anything, it burned more fervently, and with a fiercer blaze; for in his heart it had been fed by the blood of a father butchered upon the cruel scaffold, and kept alive by the tears of a half heart-broken mother, who had inculcated with his first lessons, on his tender mind, the all-excelling virtue of loyalty to the living king; the all-engrossing duty of vengeance for the slain sire. And fully, fatally, had Reginald profited by the teaching.

From a musing, melancholy, moody boy, full of strange fancies and unboyish feelings, he had grown up into a dark, brooding, gloomy but most noble minded man, who seemed to live for himself the least of all men, and within himself the most.

His father had perished after the '15 by all the possible refinements of barbarity which the law

in that day still denounced, and popular opinion still sanctioned, against those guilty of high treason. His mother had survived, though existing much after the manner of that sainted queen

Who, oftener on her knees than on her feet
Died every day she lived,

long enough to fill his young soul with one all-overpowering idea—or, to speak more correctly, with two moulded into one—of everlasting faith to the House of Stuart, and of undying hatred to the House of Hanover; and had then passed away to join the lost comrade of her earthly joys, leaving her son to brood over what he regarded as the double murder of his parents, and to dream of a dreadful vengeance, already in his fourteenth year a precocious man of full grown intellect, and a premature rebel of stern and obstinate resolution.

Notwithstanding, however, the almost continual preoccupation of his inner being with this one fatal sentiment, he had found time to cultivate not only the faculties but the graces both of mind and body to the utmost, so that there were, perhaps, at that day, few men in the kingdom more perfectly finished than Reginald Vernon, in all accomplishments of a gentleman and cavalier of honor. In all sports and exercises, he was pre-eminent above all his peers, though, it was observed, that he ever seemed to partake in them without pleasure, and to excel in them without triumph. As a horseman and a mighty hunter, he was unexcelled in the North country, the home then, as now, of sylvan exercises, and the school for skill in the field sports. In the use of the sword, the masters at arms of Italy and Spain confessed him *facile princeps*. As a marksman and mountaineer, the land of fells and tarns, of the red deer and the eagle, proclaimed him its chiefest glory.

Add to this, that he was 'a scholar, and a ripe and good one,' that the lore of the old, and the languages of the modern world, were both familiar to him as his mother tongue—that in the exact sciences he was no slender proficient, and that in the theory, at least, of the art of war, he had been pronounced by competent authorities, a strategist second to none in Europe.

Of a fine person, and a noble countenance, although the last was colored by an habitual gloom which clouded the light of the expressive eye, and saddened the sweet smile which it could not otherwise impair—of a lineage which the noblest could not undervalue, of wealth amply sufficient for the largest wishes—for by great efforts of powerful friends, the attainder had been reversed, and the confiscation of his paternal property remitted, while a long minority had repaired the havoc of past sequestrations—what position could be thought more enviable, what fortune fairer than that of Reginald Vernon.

Yet, in his own eyes, all these advantages were

as nothing—or, if any thing, as means only for the attainment of an end, and that end vengeance. Hence, at all hours, amidst all occupations, his attention would at times flag, his eye would become abstracted, his mind would flee far away—forward, ever forward, grasping at the intangible, pursuing the unattainable.

In the summer of the year '45 he had arrived at his thirty-seventh year, and his superb and unimpaired manhood gave promise of a long life of utility—for, despite his preoccupation and abstraction, his life *was* eminently useful—and of a green old age and honored exit from this world of probation. By his tenantry and the poor of his neighborhood, he was more than loved, he was almost worshipped, and justly was he so esteemed, for proud as Lucifer himself to his superiors, he was humble as the lowliest to his inferiors, courteous to every one, kind to the deserving, charitable to all who needed it—the truest and most devoted of friends—the most generous and considerate of landlords—the most indulgent, apart from weakness, of fathers—and of husbands the most constant, and most unalterable in his calm, grave tenderness. For he had been wedded some four years to a lady of rare beauty, noble birth, and exquisite accomplishment, although many years his junior, and even at that day a minor. For he was the father of two beautiful, bright children, an heir to the father's virtue, an heiress to the mother's beauty.

And yet this marriage, which might have been looked upon as likely to be the crowning act of happiness to his life, which might have been expected to exert influences the most beneficial on his character, and perhaps, even to conquer the morbid thirst for vengeance, and attune his diseased spirit to a better and more wholesome character of sentiment, was perhaps, in truth, the least wise action of a not unwise man and had in reality aggravated what a different union might have relieved, if not cured.

Agnes d'Esterre, was, as I have stated, very young, very beautiful, and as accomplished a girl as any in the court of George the Second. For, although she was of a Roman Catholic family, and not very remotely connected with her husband's race, her line had held themselves carefully aloof from all partizan politics, and had, indeed, owing to some hereditary disgust at the Stuart's, been so far opposed to their restoration to the throne, as to hold themselves entirely neutral, when neutrality was considered by the more zealous Romanists, as little short of treason.

Thus sprung, and thus endowed with all the graces that charm in a court and fascinate in society, Agnes d'Esterre had been for nearly two years the bright particular star of the Hanoverian Court of St. James, and had been somewhat too conspicuous for her love of admiration, and something which her friends called gayety, but which the world at large had set down to the score of

levity, when she was suddenly called upon in compliance with one of those old family contracts which were still at that time in vogue, to give up the gay frivolities of the metropolis, and the court, and to take in exchange the noble gravity and decorous dignity belonging to the wife of Sir. Reginald Vernon of Vernon, in the vale, to whom she had actually been affianced before she was herself born, and while he was but a boy scaling the crags of Skiddaw and Illelvellyn, to harry the cyrie of the eagle, or luring the bright trout with the gaudy fly, from the clear expanse of Derwent water, or the swift ripples of the Eden.

It had been observed, during the last season of her unmarried life, that, in spite of her girlish humor for gayety and change, and of her volatile and coquettish love for admiration, the beautiful Agnes d'Esterre was sure to dance at least twice in the course of every fall with young Bentinck Gisborough, of late one of the king's pages, and now a dashing cornet in the crack corps of that day, Honeywood's dragoons; and that his charger was sure to be reined up beside the window of her coach in the park; and his gorgeous uniform regularly seen by her side in the avenues of the hall, or the pavilions of Ranelagh.

The quid nuncs of the town were already beginning to whisper sly inuendoes, and the gossips to say sharp spiteful sayings, amid their becks and wreathed smiles, about the true love tale that would ere long be told concerning the rich and beautiful coquette and the young penniless coxcomb. And it was already a matter of surmise how Marmaduke d'Esterre, the strictest of Romanists, and the closest-fisted of millionaire's, would be likely to regard the alliance of his sole heiress with her penniless cousin, within the forbidden degrees, and Protestant of the most orthodox and jealous lineage.

All this, however, was brought to an end by the appearance on the stage of Sir Reginald in the character of a precontracted suitor, nobler both in birth and appearance, handsomer, richer, more accomplished than his gay rival the cornet, and in every way his superior, both in all that becomes a man and in all that is most apt to win a woman, unless it were for the single drawback of the habitual gloom of the fair broad brow, the unsmiling sadness of the grave, serene features.

Yet when it was announced that Agnes was the affianced bride of this dignified and handsome gentleman, in whose very gravity and gloom there was mingled something of Spanish chivalry and grandeur, no surprise was manifested by any one at the perfect composure with which she abandoned the old lover and accommodated herself to the new bridegroom. Nor did this absence of wonder on the part of the public arise so much from any disparaging opinion of the young lady's constancy or good faith, as from the general consent that there were few girls who would be likely to object to the fortune and title of Sir Reginald Ver-

non, particularly when these were united to a person so superior in all qualities, physical and moral.

The marriage, like all other matters of the like nature, was a nine days' wonder; and then the world ceased wondering at what was in nowise wonderful; while the parties who were the most concerned, having been married, like the dog which bit the Duke of Buckingham, settled in the country, and were speedily forgotten by the gossips and quid nuncs of the court.

For above three years that happy oblivion continued, during which time the time wore onward peacefully and calmly in the sweet shades and among the wild mountain scenery of Vernon in the vale. During those tranquil days the two fair children of which I have spoken were born to Sir Reginald Vernon; and at times, when he looked upon the innocent, bland brow and smiling lips of his first-born, a gladder and more hopeful light would shine over the grave, dark features of the father, and sometimes he would seem to doubt and to debate within himself the virtue and the wisdom of that pursuit of vengeance which had been impressed upon him as the first of duties, and which he had ever heretofore hugged to his bosom as his soul's darling idol.

Perhaps, at this period and crisis of his life, had deep and earnest sympathy come to the aid of his paternal doubts and fears, had the tearful entreaties of a devoted and doting wife been thrown into the scale in addition to the apprehensions of a father for his son's welfare, the balance might have been restored, and the partizan have been subdued to the part of the Christian, of the patriot, and of the man.

But that sympathy came not, those entreaties were not uttered, the fount of those tears was dry. The novelty of her position over, the light and gay Agnes d'Esterre, the belle of a court and the cynosure of all eyes, soon grew weary of her grave and somewhat solitary dignity, weary of playing the Lady Bountiful to the uncultivated rustics, weary to death of the grand Elizabethan halls and gorgeously stained oriels of the Vernon manor-house,—of the wide sloping lawns and sweeping forests of the chase,—of the vast purple masses of the moorland fells, inhabited only by the heath cock, the hill fox, and the roe.

For a little while the novelty of a mother's care, the claims of the helpless innocent, flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone, awakened the latent sentiments of her woman heart, and of love for her babe there was born a sort of love for her babe's father. But the sentiment was evanescent, the love was not genuine, and when the freshness of the plaything had passed away, the tedium and the loathing of the place, the time and the things around her returned with tenfold force, and she began to regard herself as an exile from the land of promise, as an imprisoned slave to the whims of a tyrannic husband, as a much injured, much to be pitied woman.

At first in the very gravity and gloom of her noble husband's brow, in the sweet sadness of his voice, his smile, his expression, in the chivalrous stateliness of his serene and calm deportment, in the total absence of all passion, of any thing every-day, or low, or little, in his bearing, there was something which had touched her, something of mystery which had aroused her curiosity, of majesty which had kindled her admiration, of mournfulness which had called forth her sympathy. But as she saw it day by day, unchanged, impassive, regular, and calm as the career of the moon in a cold, cloudless sky, this, too, began to weary her, and ere long it came to pass, that had she asked herself of what she was most weary, of the great oak-floored halls with the shadows from the mullions of the sunlit windows sweeping across them slowly hour by hour; of the huge oaks like mighty gnomons casting their long dark umbrages from west to east, across the dial of the smooth, grassy park; of the gleams of light and purple mist, alternating with one another over the glens and gulleys of Cross Fell; of the regular routine and unexciting tranquillity of a country life, with few neighbors, few amusements, and neither balls nor drums, scandal nor dissipation; or of the constant, sad, serene, yet ever kind, ever attentive husband, she would have been, perforce, compelled to own that of all the accessories of Vernon in the vale, the most wearisome to her light and unresponsive spirit was the great tranquil sustained character of Sir Reginald.

In her light, frivolous nature, there was no touch of romance, though she would have been most indignant had she been told so, for she delighted to fancy herself the most impulsive and sympathetic of characters—there was nothing capable of feeling any grand or deep impression—of understanding or appreciating any thing above ordinary standards of humanity. Hers was a truly every-day worldly nature—she could have measured the colossal frame of the *Æthiop Memnon*, with the tape of a Finsbury man milliner, and gauged the mystic head of the Egyptian sphynx, with reference to the Duchess of Kendal's last new ear rings.

What, in the name of all that is almost divine in human nature, had such as she to do, that she should wed with such an one as Vernon!

She should have been the wife of Bentinck Gisborough; the painted butterfly, of the gilded reptile—and he, the noble and the doomed, he should have walked solitary in the solemnity of his dark career, or should have been won from it by the quickening communion of a high and sympathizing soul.

But there was no sympathy, no communion of motives or of thoughts between them, farther than those of every day existence. How should there have been any other—the one of the earth, all earthy—the other, of the spirit—but, alas! of what spirit—all too spiritual!

And yet, unlike as they were, ill-matched and incongruous in all things, they had by no means, during the brief space of their wedded life, become estranged or cold. No quarrel had ever broken the quiet tenor of their lives, nor had any marked indifference grown up between them.

The lady, although frivolous and light minded, was light hearted also, and good natured—easily pleased as she was wearied easily; and he was all too gentle, and too generous, too regardful of her slightest wishes, too indulgent to her child-like follies, that she could purposely or deliberately do any thing to annoy him. Indeed, there was something engaging in the very frivolity of the young wife, something in her utter thoughtlessness and abandonment to the whim of the present moment, which so strongly suggested to a superior mind the want of a guardian and protector for one so innocent and artless, as to create a sort of claim on the affections, similar to that felt by a powerful and athletic man toward a beautiful and sportive child.

And such in a great degree, was the feeling of Sir Reginald Vernon toward the young petted, and spoiled beauty whom he had taken in an evil hour, obedient to the will of his dead parents, to be the partner of his life and the mother of his children. He, perhaps, even loved her the more in that he could the less esteem her—loved her with a sort of paternal affection, leading to much endearment, many caresses, but to no confidence, no interchange of opinions, no community of sentiments.

And thus he never suspected that she was discontented with her changed sphere; that she absolutely loathed the quiet of that country life, which was so dear to himself; and that the cultivation of her garden, the care of her birds, the duties of her maternity, about all of which he saw her for the moment interested and apparently happy, lacked the variety and the intensity to fix her volatile and restless tastes. But leaving her to the pursuit of the trifles, which, as he believed, amply engrossed and occupied her every wish and sentiment, he went his own way, wandering alone in deep abstracted thought under his groves of immemorial oak, or rambling over the wild fells, carabine in hand, rather as an excuse for solitude, than in pursuit of game, or poring over ponderous tomes of casuistry, or of the art strategical, in his dark oaken library.

Thus had three years elapsed, since he had wedded the fair Agnes D'Esterre. The eldest son, a bright noble boy, whose dark locks and eagle eye, undimmed by the sadness of maturity and thought, were all the father's, while the resplendent smile and unwearied glee were of the mother's spirit, was in his second year, running already on firm fleet limbs, and even now beginning to syllable his first few words in that broken dialect so sweet to a parent's ear. His second, a daughter, a wee satin skinned, rosy, blue-eyed thing, with the golden curls and peach-

like bloom of Agnes, clung still to the nurse's bosom, nor had essayed its tiny feet as yet, on the hard surface of this thorny world. But at this period a strange alteration took place in the mood and deportment no less of Sir Reginald, than of his lady.

With the arrival of the winter of 1644, there began to spread throughout the people of England, and of the north especially, one of those singular bruits or rumors, which, scarcely even meriting the name of rumors, so unformed and indistinct are they, yet frequently arouse a nation's expectations to the highest pitch; and for the most part as surely indicate some coming convulsion or phenomenon in the political world, as does the strange unnatural murmur, rather felt than heard, announce the approach of the earthquake, the outburst of the volcano. Thus was it, through that long and dreary winter; and although the court sat unmoved, and drank and gamed at St. James, careless alike, and fearless of the coming storm, the people of the rural districts talked darkly of great changes, and portentous troubles, changes of dynasties, and troublous times of war. And though they knew not what it was they feared, they trembled and shook in their inmost souls; and heard strange voices in the winds; and saw wondrous apparitions in the moonlight of autumnal eves, or among the mists of wintry mornings, apparitions of marching regiments, and charging squadrons, with colors on the wind, and music in the air, on lonely heaths and wilds inaccessible to the foot of man.

At this time it was, that Sir Reginald Vernon shook off, as if by magic, the gloom and abstraction which had characterized his demeanor, and became, on a sudden, quick-witted, energetic, active, both of mind and body; and seemed to be possessed altogether by a kind of eager enthusiastical excitement, wholly at variance with his usual habits.

He, who had scarce for years absented himself for a night from his own roof, who had scarcely gone beyond the boundaries of his own demesnes, ten times in as many years, unless in pursuit of the chase, was now much abroad—at first for hours, then for days, and at last for weeks, and even months at a time. Twice he made distant journeys, once as far northward as to the wild country of the Clans, beyond the Highland line in Scotland, and once on a visit to some of the great Catholic families in Cheshire.

He was constantly now in the company of the neighbouring gentry, was often seen at fair and market, and all casual collections of the country people; and it began to be observed that Sir Reginald Vernon from having been a student of books, had become on a sudden a student of men, and from a suitor of the Muses, had become a courtier of the people's favor.

About this time, his horses, about the breed beauty and condition of which, he had been at all

times solicitous, were greatly increased in number and either personally, or by his agents, he purchased every sound young well-bred animal of sufficient bone and substance, till his own stables contained above a hundred excellent cattle, and more than twice that number were distributed, nominally as their own property, among the granges and halls of the tenantry, and neighbouring yeomen.

To account as it were for this, Sir Reginald now set on foot a pack of staghounds, and a fine mew of hawks, to fly which latter, a train of German falconers were brought to Vernon in the Vale, as well as several French riding-masters, to break the young animals to the manege; and it was noticed that all these men were grey-headed, moustached, weather-beaten veterans, many of them with scarred visages, and all with a singularly military port, and a great habit of bearing weapons.

Thereafter, grand hunting matches, such as had never been heard of before, became the order of the day. Matches at which the gentry of all the adjoining counties were often present with their mounted followers, to the number of three or four hundred horse. And, though it was noted only at the time to be admired by the rustics, great evolutions were often performed in driving the open country, and every thing was done at sound of bugle, and with fanfares of French horns.

Great foot-ball plays were also held, both by Sir Reginald and other gentry, in their parks, at which the rural population were gathered, sometimes to the number of a thousand, and then were taught to march orderly to and from the dinner tents, and were once or twice set to practice with fire-arms provided for the purpose, at targets in the chase.

Thus far, all was done openly and above board, but it was well known to the initiated few, that on every moonlight night regular drills were held of troops of horse, and companies of foot, in every park for miles around; that all the tenantry and households of the Catholic gentry were regularly enrolled, and mustered under arms; and that twice or three times in every month grand parades of battalions and squadrons were called together, in the loneliest places among the hills, at the dead hour of midnight. And these moonlight musters it was, these bands of men hurrying to their trysting places, or returning at the dead of night, or in the mists of morning, that were construed by the superstitious hinds of Cumberland and Durham into arrays of shadowy apparitions, portentous of coming evil.

And portentous of evil they in truth were; for of a surety they were the harbingers of civil war, the cruellest and most frightful of all earthly evils; the tokens that, ere another year should have run its round, the banner of the Stuarts would be abroad on the winds of England, and the clash of arms and the din of preparation resounding from Land's End to Cape Wrath. And this it was which had aroused Reginald Vernon

from his life of dreams, and hurried him at once headlong into a life of action. And then was it seen how wondrously he had prepared himself during that period of seeming inaction, how he had sharpened his faculties, and filed his spirit to the keenest edge, for the emergency which he had long foreseen; how he had girded up the loins of his soul for the pursuit of that vengeance, the scent of which had been for years before hot in his nostrils.

At once he stood forth—not among, but above all his co-religionist conspirators, not only as the shrewdest and the wisest plotter, but as the undoubted man of action, the undeniable leader, the manifest and confessed chief of the rising.

Still, though he had been closeted for many days with his man of business, rummaging musty parchments, executing deeds of trust, and alienating property—perhaps to put it out of reach of forfeiture or confiscation, Sir Reginald put no trust in the wife of his bosom.

At times his eye would dwell anxiously on her beautiful young face, and his features would work with the internal strife, and his lips would move as though he were about to disclose his hidden griefs; but then again he would shake his head, and mutter a few faint words to himself, and walk aside without casting off his burden.

Perhaps he feared to trust her discretion with the fate of thousands; perhaps he dreaded to involve her in the perils of his enterprise, for the laws of treason and misprision in those days were awful instruments, which had no respect of person or of sex; nor would the axe of the executioner have spared the white neck of the delicate and tender lady, more than that of the harnessed veteran.

And she—she too was changed. Hitherto, she had been weary only; weary of her home, her life, her companion. Hitherto she loathed only her pursuits, and the place to which she held herself condemned as a captive, without, as yet, loathing him to whom her lot had so unmeetly linked her.

She had regarded him, at first, with a sort of mysterious admiration, not all unmixed with fear, as if of a superior being, this custom and companionship had, in the earlier years of their union, been converted, with the aid of his unvarying kindness and attention, into a sort of calm and tranquil liking, wholly passionless, it is true, and unfervent, and even superficial, but at the same time honest and sincere.

Usage, however, his uniform stateliness, and his want of sympathy with her pleasures, or of confidence in her powers of consolation, had converted this faint liking into total indifference. She ceased to love, yet did not hate him. She did not love him enough even, paradoxical as such a phrase may seem, to learn to hate him.

But now there was a change! She saw the

man energetical, alive, awake, active, full of enthusiasm, full of excitement, interest, daring! Had he been always thus, she could—What? alas! woman, what?

And now this very awakening up to action, and spirit-stirring thoughts and deeds, was an insult—a proof that his indifference to her and her pursuits was not, as she had believed, constitutional, and not to be amended, but studied, personal, intentional—the child of contempt, of scorn. And what will a woman not endure, rather than a man's scorn, and that man a husband.

Meanwhile the days rolled onward; the snows of winter melted into the lap of spring, and the sunshine of '45 clothed the uplands and vales of England with fresh verdure, alas! to be more redly watered than with the genial dews of heaven, or ere the frosts should sere one blade of the meadow grass, one leaf of the woodland shade. And, with the summer, rumor waxed more rife, and the advent of the Stuarts was bruited through the land, but scarce believed of any, while the court sat secure in London, in reckless or obtuse tranquillity.

In the north all things went on as before, Sir Reginald even more actively employed than during the past autumn, and rarely now at home, save for a few hours in the early morning, after which he would still ride forth, not to return until the night was far advanced toward another day, and the stars paling in the streaky skies, his lady lighter and more gay and reckless than her wont.

For in the early part of that eventful summer, a squadron of Honeywood's dragoons marched into Carlisle, and there took up their quarters; and in that squadron was Bentinck Gisborough, now elevated to the rank of Captain. He was a cousin, as I said, of Agnes, and his two sisters—they were orphans, had accompanied their brother to the north, and accepted the hospitality of Vernon in the Vale, where they were received cordially by Sir Reginald, who was pleased to secure female companionship for his young wife, and that of her own connexions, during the continuance of the strife which he knew was at hand, and his own absence with the army.

Carlisle was not so far distant, nor the garrison duties of that day, when military discipline was relaxed and slovenly, so onerous, but that Bentinck Gisborough was a frequent visiter at the manor house. And being a gay good humoured youth, who followed his own careless pleasures, scarcely appearing to notice any thing that was going on around him, Sir Reginald was rather pleased than otherwise, to see him often at his house—the more so, that the presence of a king's officer in his family was a sort of guarantee for his loyalty, in those days of general distrust, and effectually prevented any suspicion of his movements or intentions.

The young officer rode out with the ladies, or loitered with them in the gardens, tuned their spinets, and sang duets with his fair cousin, once his flame; and appeared to pay no attention to the movements of his active host, unless when he was invited to join him in the chase, or to partake of a day's shooting on the hills—invitations which he never failed to accept, and to enliven so effectually by his frank temper and ready wit, that he became ere long almost as much a favorite with Sir Reginald, as with his gay ladye; and all at Vernon in the Vale, while the atmosphere was in that nursing calm abroad, which ever portends a loud convulsion, "went," in the words of the poet, "merry as a marriage bell."

How long, alas! should that merriment continue. It was the evening of a lovely day in June, and the heat which had been almost oppressive had subsided into a fresh sweet softness, tempered by the falling dews, and redolent of the refreshed flowers. The hall, which had been so gay of late, and lively, was quieter that evening than its wont, for Sir Reginald had ridden forth in the morning, followed by two servants, intending to be absent for a week or more in Durham, and Bentinck Gisborough, who had been an inmate during the last three weeks, had accompanied him a few miles on his way, at the end of which he was to strike off for Carlisle to rejoin his regiment, so that the ladies had been left alone during the day, and had grown perhaps a little weary of each other, for they had separated early in the afternoon and retired to their own chambers, and now the Ladies Lucy and Maud Gisborough, tall, elegant and handsome girls, were lounging upon the terrace before the door, playing with a leash of beautiful Italian greyhounds, and wondering where in the world was Agnes Vernon.

And where was Agnes Vernon?

At the north-western angle of the park there is a deep and most romantic glen, feathered with yews and other graceful evergreens on the farther bank, and divided from the chase by a long hill of young oak plantations, intersected with walks and pleasure drives, forming the most beautiful part of

the grounds, as commanding many views of the falls and rapids of the swift clear mountain torrent which rushes through the wild boar's cleugh, as the glen is named from a tradition that the last of those fierce animals slain in the north country there held his secret lair.

On this tumultuous stream there is one fine cataract, known, from the foamy whiteness of its waters, as the "Gray Mare's Tail," leaping, in a fine arch of fifty feet, over a sheer limestone rock, on the very verge of which, overlooking the shoot of the fall, and the foam brine at its foot, stood a small gothic hermitage, or summer house, overshadowed by a superb gnarled oak of many a century's growth.

In this lone hermitage, on that sweet evening, after the summer sun had set, and the purple horror of the woodland twilight had sunk dim and drear over the shaggy glen, sate the young lady of the manor, alone, apparently expectant, listening for some sound, which she could scarce hope to hear above the rush and roar of the falling waters.

She was very young, slender and graceful as a fairy, and with her soft blue eyes and long floating golden ringlets, and white dress, with no ornament but a long scarf of deep green sendal, she might well have been taken, in that superstitious day, and that simple neighborhood, for a spirit of the wild wood, or the stream, a thing intangible and aerial, almost divine.

But there was light in those blue eyes that was not of the spirit, a hot flush on those fair cheeks that spoke volumes of earthly passion, a smile on those parted lips, all too voluptuous for any thing above mortality.

She was listening with the very ears of her soul—it is—it is! There was a rustle among the foliage, a rush as of stones spurned by a climber's heel, down the steep gully's side, a footstep on the threshold.

With a faint cry she sprang forward, and was caught in the arms, was clasped to the bosom of a man.

Alas, alas! for Agnes!—that man was not Reginald Vernon. (*To be continued.*)

SPRING.

BY JOHN BROWN, JR.

Oh, I love the Spring time;
Blue birds sing so sweetly,
Little wrens come home again,
And build their nests so neatly.

Spring has gentle breezes,
Spring has pretty flowers,
Spring has pleasant sunshine,
Spring has genial showers.

Gentle breezes, fragrant
With the breath of flowers;
Pleasant sunshine smiling
Gay between the showers.

Boys and birds are happy,
Girls and gardens pretty;
Spring enlivens every one,—
I have done my ditty.

THE PROPHET OF IONIA.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

~~~~~  
We hurt the stories of the antique world  
By thinking of our school books, and the wrongs  
Done them by pedants and fantastic songs.  
Sweet Hero's eyes, three thousand years ago,  
Were made precisely like the best we know;  
Looked the same looks, and spoke no other Greek  
Than eyes of honey-moons begun last week.—*Leigh Hunt.*

IN the pleasant clime of Ionia, dwelt a man named Hermotimus. He was early remarkable for the keenness of all his senses. He heard sounds inaudible even to the quick ear of his playmate, the hound; and the perfume of a rose made him faint before he was old enough to speak its name. When, in vintage time, processions in honor of Bacchus passed through the village, his mother carried him away from the noise, because he fell into fits at sound of the shrill pipes and clashing cymbals. The vividness of his dreams was the talk of all the gossips in the neighborhood. The visions of his sleep were so singularly distinct, that nothing could persuade the child, he had not actually seen and heard them. Sometimes, when they gave him his supper, he would cry for the little lamb with blue wool, that had eaten milk from his bowl the night before. It was useless to tell him there was no such thing as a blue lamb; for he insisted most pertinaciously that he had seen it and fed it. As he grew older, he sometimes hummed tunes which he said were sung to him by maidens with white robes; and they were often unlike any tunes known in the neighborhood.

People naturally became superstitious about the child. Some remembered that his mother, before he was born, had often fallen asleep in a grotto, where stood a statue of Apollo. They said the god had played to him on his golden lyre, and he would be endowed with the gift of prophecy.

But he gradually grew stronger by playing in the open air, and tending sheep on the hills. His father cared much more that he should be a thrifty man, than the inspired of Apollo. He made no allusions to his childish dreams, and never liked to hear what old women said concerning the sleep in the grotto. But his mother believed in her heart that her boy would be either poet or prophet. There was at times a dreaminess in his deep eyes, that impressed her with reverence; and in the most common tunes he played or sung, there were thrilling little whisperings, that went farther into her soul than any

other tones she heard. The lad perceived there was something mysterious about him, which his mother pondered secretly, and his father was unwilling to speak of. This induced early self-consciousness, and probably increased a tendency to lonely wanderings and profound reverie, unusual in one of his age.

His father thought the best cure for this was matrimony, and the cares of a family. As the bashful youth seemed to take less notice of maidens than he did of the clouds sailing over his head, he saved him the trouble of selection, by singling out for him a buxom lass, who was so healthy, she never had but one dream she remembered in her life; and that was about pelting young vintners with grapes, till the wine ran down their chins, and made her wake with laughing. Certainly, if she had been consulted, she would have chosen quite another mate than Hermotimus, with his soft voice and visionary eyes. But it was the belief then, and it is not altogether obsolete now, that a woman has no right to have an opinion of her own. So the fathers settled it between them, that Hermotimus should marry Praxinoë; and the passive young couple found themselves united under the same roof before they were well aware what had happened to them.

At first, the bridegroom began to consider it rather a pleasant arrangement, and the bride, growing familiar with his quiet gentle ways, rather thought she should learn to like him. But it was not long before he became conscious that her restless activity made him weary, and her volubility bewildered him. It was, in fact, as if a cackling hen had continually waked him from moonlight dreams, with triumphant accounts of another egg added to the market stock. For Praxinoë was much infested with worldly ambition, and prided herself upon the superior cloth she wove, the number of cheescs she made, and the quantity of grapes she dried. When Hermotimus was buried in profound contemplation, revolving in his mind, whether the gods ever did unite themselves with mortals, and whether those

spoke truly who said there was a divine essence within the human body, which would lay aside its earthly garments, and reascend to its celestial home; at such moments, Praxinoë would call to him to ask if he remembered how many cheeses she had sent to market; and it vexed her if he did not know, when she had told him half a dozen times. He felt very kindly toward the lively little creature, and tried his utmost to be interested in her thriftiness. But the mismating of temperaments was so obvious, that a modern caricaturist would have painted it as the marriage of a solemn young owl with a chattering wren.

In process of time, her cheerful temper became overclouded with consciousness that the energy and industry, on which she prided herself, were unappreciated, and well nigh useless. It was a heavy disappointment for one of her temperament; for she was born to possess this world, and enjoy it, and she had no wings to carry her beyond its limits. Hermotimus would have pitied her if he could; but he never was in that region where she lived, and he did not know what people enjoyed or suffered there. Praxinoë had as little idea of the worlds in which he wandered. Such glimpses as she gained from his occasional remarks, were by no means attractive to her. The shadow-land of disembodied souls, brought to her mind no pictures of right comfortable housekeeping. She had a much greater liking for fine linen and glossy silks, than she had for wings. Her favorite theme was the attainment of large flocks, and vineyards flowing with wine. If Hermotimus replied, that wealth was not for such as they, she answered impatiently, "Why not? The Greeks got into Troy, didn't they?" She added, in an under tone, "To be sure, they were not such Greeks as thou art."

He certainly *was* a vexation to an earth-born woman; the mild, dreamy, saintly man! The distance between them grew ever wider and wider; and the process was hastened by singular manifestations of disease in Hermotimus. From infancy, there never had been a real healthy union between his soul and body. The inward and outward circle of his being, instead of clasping at all points, touched only at one; and so ever remained strangers.

Not long after his marriage, he had a violent fever, which left him subject to very peculiar fits, of frequent recurrence. Praxinoë, who was very kind hearted, nursed him tenderly; but she became very much afraid of him. The words she heard him utter in these fits, and the changes that came over his countenance, impressed her with an awful conviction that he was some sort of a spirit, and no mortal. If she were alone with him during these strange visitations, he did not answer when she spoke, or seem to be in the least degree aware of her presence. But there was one person to whom he always responded. It was Panthoides of Clazomenæ, a disciple of Pythagoras.

He heard rumors of the singular childhood of Hermotimus, and the strange trances that came upon him after the fever; and he went to visit him. When he entered the apartment, the invalid lay stretched upon his couch, apparently dead. But when he touched the cold and rigid hand, a change passed rapidly over the countenance, like light which drives shadows across the fields; and Hermotimus said, "I am glad you have come again; we have had such pleasant talks together, as we walked in the groves." This seemed marvellous to Panthoides; for, never to his knowledge, had he spoken with the stranger. But when he asked questions concerning their conversations, the sleeper revealed many thoughts, which he recollected had passed through his mind at various times, and which seemed at the moment as if they were not from himself, but transmitted from some source beyond. Praxinoë listened to their talk, and shuddered to hear her husband describe distant cities he had never seen, and wondrous birds and flowers, in unknown climes, and familiar interviews with relatives and friends, who no longer lived in this world.

This phenomenon, of course, attracted much attention. Priests and philosophers came to listen to the conversations with Panthoides; and the populace flocked thither to inquire for stolen goods, and what would cure the diseases of their children. In these days, he would have been called a clairvoyant; but in those times, when animal magnetism had received no name, though it existed as an unaccountable fact, they called him a prophet. The old talk was revived of his being the son of Apollo, and on several occasions he was carried to the temple to deliver oracles.

What to make of all this, busy little Praxinoë knew not. But she said very naively to one of her neighbors, that she thought it was pleasant to know whether one's husband were really dead or alive.

Several months passed on, and the crowd of curious visitors became very annoying. The continual questions the invalid was called upon to answer, and the distant places of the earth he was required to visit, exhausted his bodily strength more and more. He himself assigned these reasons for his increasing weakness, and said, moreover, that the air of the valleys did not agree with him. Therefore, his friends removed him to a lonely habitation on the hills. It was not agreeable to Praxinoë's lively temperament to hear no sounds but owls hooting, and the winds sighing through the trees. But though her too spiritual mate had not called forth all the warmth of her loving nature, she cherished genuine friendliness toward him, and would cheerfully have gone to the ends of the earth for the recovery of his health. The mountain air gradually restored him to his former condition; but as strength increased, the gift of prophecy departed. This circumstance, and the remoteness of his dwelling, diminished

the crowd; before two years had expired, Panthoides was the only one who continued to visit him; and he came but rarely.

Hermotimus was now more silent and abstracted than ever. His eyes were so nervously sensitive to light, that he avoided sunshine, and continually sought the shelter of grottoes and thickly shaded groves. Sometimes he attempted to resume former occupations, but his thoughts were even less in them, than they had ever been. His childish habit of vivid dreams returned, and the explanation of these dreams occupied his mind continually. One day he told Praxinoe he had dreamed that she held in her hands a chrystal globe, which reflected all things in the universe. She threw it in the fire, it cracked asunder, and a radiant spirit with white wings rose therefrom, and ascended into the air. She laughed, and said if she had such a globe, she would not throw it away, till she had taken a few peeps at Corinth, if it were only to see the famous Persian silks, and embroidered mantles of the women. If he had noticed her remark, it would have seemed to him very much like looking into the globe of the universe to find a butterfly's feather. But brooding over dreams, and wandering alone in groves and grottoes, rendered his soul more intensely self-absorbed than ever. The sights and sounds of the visible world passed before him like the shadows of a magic lantern. When he thought of the body at all, it was as an incumbrance; and if he spoke of it, his talk was ever of mortifying the senses, that the soul might resume its lost wings.

Praxinoe was not edified by such discourse. "To think," said she, "of *his* talking of mortifying the senses, when he never *had* any senses to mortify! Why he never ate enough to keep a nightingale alive. For my part, I think it is a blessing to have good food, and a good appetite to eat it."

Such thoughts she uttered to her only gossip, Eucoline, the wife of Lipodorus, a rich vintner, who lived a mile from them, in the dale below. Praxinoe often sighed, when she compared her situation with that of her friend, for the vintner was a handsome, vigorous man, who grew richer every day, by aid of his own industry and enterprise. Such robes as he bought for *his* wife! It did the eyes good to look at them. "I can weave two yards of cloth to her one, and I am sure I am as handsome," thought Praxinoe to herself, "but I can never wear such robes. Ah, if my good Hermotimus only had a little more life and spirit."

The discontent induced by such comparisons was comparatively harmless, until her friend Eucoline died suddenly. But then the idea *would* come into her head, "Ah, if I had only married such a man as Lipodorus! What a span we should have made! Perhaps in time we might have rode in our own chariot, inlaid with gold and ivory. Who knows? Did't the Greeks

get into Troy?" She tried to drive away the pleasing vision, but it would obtrude itself; and worse still, the handsome energetic vintner often presented himself also in person. He came to bring baskets of grapes and figs, and cheer her in her loneliness. Perhaps he knew he was a dangerous contrast to the pale silent husband wandering in woods and grottoes, thinking only of wings to his soul. Certainly Praxinoe thought the glances of his dark eyes were unusually expressive. Sparks seemed to fall from them into her heart, and glow through all her veins; and when she avoided looking at him, the melting tones of his voice produced the same effect. Did he know what he was doing? Whether he did or not, it was a hard trial for Praxinoe. Her nature had such tropical exuberance, poor child! She was such a lover of sunshine, and her lot had been cast in such cold and shady places. But if her pride had sometimes been an evil companion, it now proved a friend in need. She thought to herself, "The haughty dames of Clazomene shall not point at me and wink. If I cannot wear embroidered robes, I will at least preserve my character. And if my thoughts *will* play truant in spite of me, nobody shall know of them, but myself." In obedience to this wise resolution, she kept out of sight, when Lipodorus came, and allowed the old nurse to receive the figs and wine he brought for Hermotimus. On her birth-day, he sent a rich mantle that had belonged to Eucoline, but she returned the munificent gift, though it almost broke her heart to do it. She was a brave woman. Not one of her prudish acquaintance could have understood half how brave she was.

Lipodorus had his secret thoughts also. It seemed to him a pity, that the lively Praxinoe, with her mantling complexion, and laughing eyes, and springing step, and ever active industry, should be the wife of a pale devotee, who considered the body a mere incumbrance to the spirit. If the amiable Hermotimus had conjectured their mutual wishes, he would willingly have transferred his pretty wife, as the laws allowed. But he was in a state of too great exaltation above the things of this earth, to admit of any such ideas.

Things were in this condition, when a boy came running in one day, to say that Hermotimus lay in the woods, apparently dead. He was brought in, cold and rigid as a corpse. Praxinoe was somewhat startled, but she said she had often seen him so, in those times, when he used to lay senseless for hours, and tell of wonderful countries he was visiting in his sleep. She sent a messenger to Clazomene to summon his friend Panthoides, but he had gone to Athens. Two days passed, and the sleeper gave no signs of life. Lipodorus, and other friends began to make preparations for the funeral, though Praxinoe insisted that he was not dead. But when the

third day passed in the same manner, she began to admit the idea, that possibly his soul might have departed, never to return; and it came to her like a ray of hope. The next moment, she burst into tears of self-accusation. "Poor Hermotimus," thought she, "thou wert always so kind and gentle; and I, ungrateful one, am glad to bid thee farewell!" She would not admit to others that he might be dead. Again a messenger was sent for Panthoides. He had not returned; but others came from the city, and after seven days had elapsed, they reared a funeral pile, and laid the body thereon. As they lifted him from the couch, he looked so natural, that a sudden terror came over Praxinoe, and she exclaimed, "Let him remain another day, my friends. It has so often been doubtful whether he were dead or alive." They waited yet another day, and then burned the body of Hermotimus, and gathered his ashes into an urn.

Still the natural look haunted Praxinoe with a strange fear. That night, she dreamed she held a chrystal globe in her hands, and threw it in the flames. The globe parted asunder, and a white winged spirit soared thence into the air. As he passed her, he smiled, and said, "I foretold this." And the tones were like the voice of Hermotimus. Was it the power of memory, or some other unknown influence? She knew not; but she was afraid, and told no one of the dream, lest evil tongues should say it was a guilty conscience. When she mentioned it to Lipodorus, some months after, he said, "Why do you disturb yourself? You certainly intended to do no wrong. Many a time, it puzzled wiser folks than you or I, to tell whether he were alive or not. Besides, you know he was always longing to get wings to his soul; and the spirit that spoke in your dream, smiled and seemed pleased with his wings."

Praxinoe could not help the human nature that was in her. It was easy and pleasant to be consoled by the handsome neighbor; and it was highly agreeable to him to be her consolation. When her relatives were aware of this, they were well pleased; for it was a wealthy match, and if the gay hearted woman was personally suited, they admitted it was all the better.

So Praxinoe at last realized her ambitious dreams. In due time, she married an energetic, enterprising husband, with acres of grapes and

olives; and not the proudest dame in Clazomene wore garments of finer texture. Her Lipodorus knew full well, that the world is for those who will take it by cunning or strength. There was no occasion to remind him that the Greeks entered Troy. He could have done it himself.

Every one ought to have rejoiced in her good fortune; for she had suffered a cheerless probation in youth, and had bravely avoided temptation. If she had fretted more than was necessary or useful, it was because the active nature within her was grievously tormented by circumstances she was unable to comprehend.

But all were not good natured enough to rejoice in her prosperity. Her mantles of Persian silk excited envy in women, who craved such luxuries as much as she had done. But they did not possess her kindness of heart; and they said malicious things. They intimated, that if every body could burn a poor husband, for the sake of marrying a rich one, perhaps other folks could wear silk mantles, too. So it passed from mouth to mouth, that Hermotimus was merely in a trance when they laid him on the funeral pile. When Panthoides returned from Athens, he expressed great regret that he had not been present, to test whether the soul of his friend had actually passed from his frail body; and rumor exaggerated these remarks into an assertion that he had been burned alive.

Praxinoe was not one of those strong characters, who can lean quietly on the consciousness of her own good intentions. Like most women, she needed to be sustained by others. She recalled the dream of the chrystal globe, and almost persuaded herself that she had been as much to blame as the gossips represented. Poor Praxinoe! it seemed as if Hermotimus was destined always to cast his shadow across her sunshine. Yet they had both of them meant so well; and they could not help it that their natures would not harmonize.

Lipodorus was vexed and impatient that she should be thus disturbed. He would not stay where his wife was annoyed by winks and innuendoes. He sold his vineyards, and went to Corinth; then the seat of elegance and gaiety, as Paris now is.

The inhabitants of Clazomene built a temple to Hermotimus; and through classical history and dictionary, his name is handed down to us as a prophet of Ionia.

## SONNET.

BY THE LATE W. S. GRAHAM.

DEAR, wandering Ellee, five long nights and days  
Have dragged their slow and tedious length along,  
Since last I heard the music of thy tongue,  
Or met thy smile, or felt the gentle rays  
Of those dear eyes, whose softest glance allays  
Sad thoughts of fear, and makes my spirit strong;  
Like the old Bard and blind, who sent his song

13

Complaining to the glorious orb of day,  
E'en in this gloom of loneliness, a lay  
I wake to Thee, my Light—unseen too long,  
And claim thy swift return, and blame the throng  
Of circumstance that keeps thee thus away;  
Dear as the light to orbs long blind, shall be  
The first bright ray thine eyes shall send to me.

## RICHES AND GENIUS.

### AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. MARY S. WHITAKER.

RICHES and Genius once started on a journey; but they soon parted company, for Riches rode in a splendid car, and was carried by large and rapid coursers, while Genius walked by the wayside, and often paused to contemplate the skies and earth—with her mountains, rivers, trees, and flowers. Riches had not proceeded far, before he perceived the castle of Pleasure, in a green and sunny meadow. All around and within it was enchanting. The air was soft and balmy, blowing freshly, fraught with odors, and reviving to those on whom it breathed,—the birds sang melodiously—the streams fell with gentle murmurs,—and the fruits were golden. Pleasure, lightly and magnificently arrayed, came smiling forth to meet her guest. Bowing gracefully, she invited him into her luxurious halls, which, wide and lofty, were filled with musicians, dancers, and all who could in any way contribute to charm away the hours. Her tables, covered with inviting viands, were set in the midst. The mistress of all things delightful was herself surpassingly fair. Dimples beautified her delicate cheeks; her silken hair fell, in wreathed tresses, around her marble neck; her eyes had a laughing and sweet expression, blent with a soft dreaminess. Poor Riches, not knowing her to be a coquette, soon became violently enamored,—while she, amused at her power over him, smiled more bewitchingly than ever. Long time he tarried in the abode of Pleasure; but, at length, becoming ill, and chancing to groan, she became offended,—told him that Pain was her mortal foe, and that she thought it best for him to leave the castle. Riches obeyed with reluctance, for Pleasure seemed more charming in his eyes when he knew himself obliged to leave her. Being forced, however, to comply with her commands, he ordered his proud chariot, and, melancholy and dispirited, again commenced journeying.

Meantime, Genius pursued his path towards the dwelling of Knowledge—a memorable and wise sage. He paused, it is true, at Pleasure's attractive abode, but, after some consideration, resolved not to halt—knowing Riches to be there, and distrusting the smiles of the siren. Now Riches was gaily dressed, while Genius wore garments that were threadbare. He was proud and sensitive, in spite of this, and feared Riches would insult him. Continuing on, he soon arrived at the habitation of Knowledge. The old man rose to receive him. His countenance was dignified, and his bearing noble. Time had shed its snow on his head, and had increased instead of diminished his strength and majesty. He led Genius into his well filled library, and addressed him thus: "Here, O Genius, is food for the mind. I am glad to see thee scorn Pleasure and seek better things, for her voice is deceptive, and she often leads to death. I know that thou wert tempted to her hall—for who is not? but the wisdom of thy choice will appear in the end. The way to renown, O Genius, is before thee! It is steep and thorny; yet he who has conquered the wiles of deceitful Pleasure, evinces greatness of mind,—and thou hast but to persevere in the path I show, to win fame." Genius bowed himself to the earth, assured that the words of the sage were those of truth.

Riches, oppressed with pain—a weary pilgrim—at last died in a wretched hovel, never ceasing to deplore the loss of his beloved Pleasure, though she had proved so false and heartless. Neglected and obscure was his end, and there is no record of his vain life to be found.

Genius climbed the hill of Renown, lived to a good old age, died lamented, and left a name dear to the world. Pity weeps at his urn, Glory unfolds her banner over the place of his repose, and his memory is honored among men.

### LINES.

BY JOHN BROWN, JR.

WHILE around the setting sun,  
Gorgeous hues in waiting gather,  
Like a monarch's train attendant,  
When he seeks his stately rest;—  
Man enraptured, as thou gazest,  
See instruction painted there.  
'Tis when clouds reflect the sunlight,

'Tis when vapors fill the air,  
'Tis when mists obscure the horizon,  
Then these heaven-born glories brighten.  
So it is with love and friendship,  
Scarcely seen while skies are clear;  
But when gilding dark misfortune,  
Bright as summer's brightest sunset.

## THE COUNTESS.

### A ROMANCE.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.
~~~~~

"Oh, the saints, what will become of us, my lady! All alone in this dismal old Chateau, and two gay young officers billeted upon us.—*O ciel*, what shall we do!" And it was piteous to see the distress with which poor Lisette wrung her hands and rolled up a pair of sparkling black eyes.

With a look of surprise, the Countess raised hers from the embroidery on which they were bent, and demanded:

"What are you talking about, Lisette? Officers billeted upon us—what mean you?"

"Ah, my dear lady, you heard the drums this morning—*mon Dieu*, a whole regiment has marched into the village, and every house, even the good *curé's*, is filled with these terrible soldiers, and then they cannot all find lodgings; and so the *curé* has sent them to the Chateau—and, oh, my lady, you will be frightened to death, I know you will, for there they are already below in the court, with their swords, and pistols, and horrible moustaches, as if for all the world they had come here to devour us!"

"This is, indeed, embarrassing, my good girl. Send Jacques hither at once." And rising from her embroidery frame, the Countess walked to the window which commanded a view of the court yard.

Ah, no wonder the pretty young Countess blushed like a damask rose, as she looked down upon the two gay chevaliers thus forced upon her hospitality!—bold, dashing soldiers—their splendid uniforms glittering with gold, and their long white plumes floating on the breeze, as they paced to and fro the broad limits of the court! It was, indeed, as she had averred, very embarrassing! For ever since the death of the old count, her husband, she had remained like the beautiful princess in the fairy tale, shut up in the chateau, seeing no one, save Father Ambrose, the *curé*, and the faithful domestics who shared her solitude.

"How is this, Jacques!" she cried, as the old man tottered in; "what is it Lisette tells me—is our chateau, indeed, turned into a garrison? Methinks our good father Ambrose has gone beyond the limits of forbearance, in sending hither such guests!"

"Ah, my dear mistress, pardon the good

L. of C.

father!" answered Jacques, "he is half bewildered—and, indeed, the whole village is turned topsy turvy, by the marching in of this regiment. Every house is filled, and some of the men, I am told, have even to quarter in barns—*les pauvres*—boys are shouting, women and children screaming, and then such a hubbub in the poultry yards. Ah, my lady no wonder the *curé* is beside himself!"

"Jacques," said the Countess, "you must transfer these chevaliers elsewhere—alone, as I am, it is impossible for me to receive guests of such a character under my roof. Go, and look to it at once, my good Jacques."

"But, alas, Madame, they already refuse to go! I begged of them to retire from the chateau—I told them with tears in my eyes, that my lady, the Countess, was young and beautiful, and had not seen a soul since the old count's death, now a twelvemonth, and——"

"Jacques, Jacques," exclaimed the Countess, impatiently, "you surely were not so absurd as to say this!"

"Indeed, my lady, I did, for it is the truth; and I cautioned them to reflect how very disagreeable their presence would be to you; and that, as you were a young and charming widow, it would not be proper for them thus to intrude upon your ladyship!"

"*Mon Dieu*, Jacques, how could you be so imprudent!" exclaimed the Countess, starting up, and pacing the room hurriedly. Then, with something of a smile, already chasing away the frown, she added, "well, *mon ami*, and what said they to such forcible arguments?"

"*En vérité*, my lady; one would have thought I had related some excellent jest, by the manner in which they laughed; thanking me for the agreeable information I had given them, adding, that they certainly could not think of tearing themselves away from the Chateau, after the many inducements I had given them to stay. Then they handed me their cards, bidding me present them to your ladyship, whom they doubted not, was as beautiful as an angel——"

"Coxcombs!"

"And with their most profound respects, to say, that, however they might regret being thus forced to intrude themselves, their necessities must

compel them to demand the hospitality of the Chateau."

"Cool, at any rate!" remarked the Countess, with a toss of her pretty head. "These cards,—let us see who it is thus honors us. "Louis, Auguste, Francois Bellegarde, Colonel &c. &c." "Eugene Montespan, Lieutenant &c. &c." *Tres bien*, Jacques, we must see to the entertainment of these guests."

The Countess mused for a moment; then a saucy smile dimpled her rosy little mouth, and mischief sat in her large blue eye. "Jacques," she cried, turning suddenly to her old servant, "Jacques, it would not become us to be inhospitable to the brave soldiers of the Emperor."

"Ah, vous avez raison,—Vive L'Empereur!" exclaimed Jacques. "Ah, I was once a soldier myself,—yes, under the banner of——"

"Never mind now, Jacques," interrupted the Countess. "Conduct these gallant officers then to the east-wing of the chateau; be attentive to all their wants, let Adolphe wait upon them, and bid him not fail in any mark of respect due such distinguished guests. Let dinner be served in the great banqueting hall; there—go,—and send Lisette to me."

The old man hesitated, took a step toward the door, then returned, played with his fingers, rubbed his eyebrows:

"My honored lady—ahem—pardon an old man, but these are no doubt, wild young scamps,—I—my lady—I was going to say,—*grace à Dieu*—I think I know how to wait upon these gallants, and so if you please, I will serve dinner for my lady, the Countess, in her private apartment."

"Ah, my good Jacques," said the Countess, smiling, "then you think I had better not appear before these gay gallants?"

"Pardon, my dear mistress, you are so young and charming."

"Never fear, *mon ami*, only do as I bid you, and listen, Jacques, whatever I may say, or whatever you may see me do, show no surprise. In an hour, I will in person, receive our guests."

"But my lady,——"

"Well, Jacques!"

"My dear young mistress, let me entreat, you will not."

"Ah, my good Jacques," cried the Countess, laughing, and playfully patting the old man's cheek, "be easy, you shall see how soon these dashing chevaliers will fall in love with your mistress! Now go, and send Lisette speedily."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come here, Lisette,—now can you be secret?"

Lisette bit her lips, as if to caution them of what they might expect, should they be tempted to blab, and folding her arms tightly over her neat little boddy, protested, and vowed, she would be as secret as—as—

"As most women, doubtless," answered her mistress. "But you must promise me, that no

consideration shall induce you to divulge the secret, with which I am about to entrust you."

"Ah, my dear lady, you may safely confide in me; I betray my dear mistress, I prove unfaithful to your commands! The saints forbid! I will not tell even Adolphe, no, not even if he should give me those red ribbons he promised to bring me from the fair!"

"Very well, Lisette, I think I may trust you, even against so tempting a bribe, as a new top-knot," answered the Countess. "As for Adolphe, let me see; yes, Lisette, I think we must positively let him into our secret. And now tell me, Lisette, have you seen these officers?"

Quite in a passion, apparently, did this question throw the little *femme de chambre*; her eyes grew rounder, and brighter, and her cheeks redder, and redder, as she proceeded to relate how she had just met them in the gallery, as she was walking along, and singing to herself, and not thinking or caring, she was sure, about them; for if they did wear epaulettes on their shoulders, and feathers in their caps, they were not half so handsome as Adolphe, she could tell them. "And then, one of them, my lady, swore I had d—sh fine eyes, yes indeed he did, my lady, and then squeezed my hand, in such a fashion, that—*ha! ha! ha!* I warrant his cheeks tingle yet, with the blow he got from it! And then, the other came up with a mighty sweet smile, and asked me, if my lady, the Countess, was not the most beautiful creature in the whole world,—and, may the saints in glory forgive me, my lady, I told him No,—that you were old, and ugly, and——"

"Bravo, Lisette! Well, and what said he?"

"He only laughed, and chucking me under the chin, vowed I had spoken falsely, for that if my mistress was old and ugly, he knew very well she would never employ so pretty a maid! Ah! I wish the chateau was well rid of them; for, would you believe it, this bold fellow then said," here Lisette came close to her young mistress, and whispered,—"yes, said he would run away with you! *Mon Dieu!* run away with my charming mistress!"

Was her young lady bewitched, or why that merry peal of laughter! Instead of the overwhelming indignation Lisette expected to witness, the Countess appeared to think the idea of being run away with, a capital joke; clapping her little hands, and even embracing the bewildered *femme de chambre* in her glee.

"*Eh bien!* Lisette," said the Countess, at length abating her mirth, "we must punish these gay gallants for their assurance. You have unconsciously assisted my project. Now remember, you are to be very secret; you are to do just as I tell you, and under all circumstances to appear perfectly unconscious that any thing unusual is going on. Take courage, my poor Lisette; I warrant these gay fellows will soon turn their backs upon the chateau. Now, come with me to my

chamber, and we will prepare to receive these cavaliers as they deserve. *Allons !*

\* \* \* \* \*

In another wing of the old chateau were our two officers, whose unlucky advent had caused so much confusion. Hungry as wolves, for they had tasted nothing since daybreak, they were impatiently awaiting a summons to the *salle-à-manger*.

Silly little Lisette had no need to trouble her head about them ! What if the gallant Colonel did press her little brown hand, as plump as a young pigeon, or chuck her dimpled chin ; more did he care for the smack of a fine fat capon, than for the rosiest lips in all France ; and I'll warrant that the sight of a sparkling wine cup would, at that moment, have filled him with more pleasure than a glance from the brightest eyes he had ever pledged therein !

"Will that infernal dinner bell never sound ?" exclaimed Bellegarde, the gallant Colonel, impatiently.

You see, dear reader, the truth of my assertions.

"Patience, patience, *mon ami*," interposed his companion, who, it is but justice to affirm, was gazing with evident pleasure upon the enchanting landscape spread out before him—not even the keen cravings of appetite could blunt his appreciation of the beautiful in nature.

"*Ma foi !* you may well preach of patience to a man who has fed only upon sour bread and garlies for a month ! *Diable*, Eugene, what has come over you ? An hour since, and you were as famished as myself, and now, with the air of a well-fed *berger*, you cry "*Patience ! patience !*" Methinks you must find the air of this crumbling old pile vastly invigorating !"

Thus grumbled the Colonel—but the more he grumbled, the more cheerful became his companion ; it was thunder and sunshine at the same moment.

"Come, come, Bellegarde !" exclaimed Montepan, "cease this railing, and tell me, what think you of the very opposite portraits drawn of the mistress of these fair domains which we have received from the lips of her attendants ? Quoth the old steward—'My lady is a charming young widow, and beautiful as an angel ; begone, therefore—you cannot enter here ;' while, on the other hand, that little vixen of a *fille-de-chambre* would make one believe her mistress as old as my grandmother ! What say you, Colonel ?"

"That I care not whether she be fair as Venus, or ugly as Hecate, so that her viands be but tender, and her wine old," replied Bellegarde, drawing forth his watch.

"Incorrigible gourmand !" cried his friend ; "Have you then no curiosity to solve this enigma—no desire to behold this wonderful woman, in whose person youth and beauty, old age and ugliness are synonymous ! Ha, ha, ha ! *ma foi !* I shall not soon forget the perplexed and anxious

look with which that old fellow, the steward, I suppose, entreated us to continue our march ; the very arguments he enforced defeating his own object ; like a man in haste to arrive at his journey's end, first laming the steed that is to bear him."

"And I will lay you a wager," interrupted the other, his thoughts for a moment soaring higher than his stomach, "that, after all, his picture is the right one. Yes, yes, *mon ami*, we shall find our Countess beautiful as an angel. *Ma foi !* well thought of—eh, Eugene, am I presentable ? The toilet of a soldier on march is but a rough one for a lady's boudoir ; tell me, shall I not shock the fair one by my bearish appearance !"

"*N'importe*," replied Montepan, laughing, "attend to her ladyship's mutton, if you please, and —"

"Leave the lamb to you, you would say ; *tres bien !* agreed ; now, hark ! *grace à Dieu !* there sounds the dinner bell—*allons !* and here comes our crusty old friend to marshal us, I suppose."

Yes, it was Jacques at last, who bowing, conducted our two friends to the *salle-à-manger*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jacques threw open the large folding doors leading from the lofty corridor into the dining room. At the same moment, as if governed by the same impulse, two other doors, directly opposite, silently flew back, and at the instant when the Colonel and his friend stepped over the marble sill on one side, Lisette, assisted by her lover Adolphe, appeared upon the other, wheeling in a small couch, covered with black velvet, and over which was suspended a canopy of black lace, fringed with gold.

Beneath this canopy reclined an elderly lady, dressed in the deepest mourning weeds. As her attendants wheeled the couch nearer the table, she bowed coldly to her stranger guests, and motioned them to be seated, the one upon her right hand, the other upon her left. Her hair, already silvery white, was parted smoothly on her brow, brought far down over her temples, and confined by a close widow's cap of plain white lino. Yet what added greatly to the singularity of her appearance was an immense pair of green goggles—so huge, in fact, that they almost obscured even her nose !

"The little shrew was right ; confound her black eyes, how they twinkle," thought Bellegarde. "Ugly ! she is a perfect ogress."

"*Peste !* what stuff was the old man prating, about his beautiful young mistress, the charming widow. Widow ! *ma foi !* Yes, and likely to remain so ; heavens, what a fright !" soliloquized the Lieutenant at the same moment.

"Gentlemen," said the unconscious object of such slanderous thoughts, "although we have for many months eschewed all society, nor since the death of the master of these domains have admitted other to our presence than the few faithful attendants you see around you ; we, nevertheless,

bid you welcome to our chateau, and to such poor fare as is in our power to place before you."

Saying this with the most stately air, she motioned Jacques to fill the glasses of her guests, and merely touching her lips to her own, gracefully bent her head in token of the sincerity of her words.

"Have we, then, the honor of addressing the Countess D'Argentine?" said the gallant Colonel.

The Countess bowed, but in so stately a manner as to check all further attempts at conversation.

Bellegarde, however, soon buried his chagrin in a fine venison pastry, and with copious libations of her ladyship's excellent Bordeaux, washed down his disappointment.

Not so Montespan. All the delicacies in the world would now have failed to tempt his appetite. Besides he felt embarrassed—ill at ease in the presence of this singular Countess, who caused herself to be thus borne, like some effigy of sorrow, hither and thither upon a funeral car. For as such seemed to him the sombre equipage on which she reclined. How many thoughts flitted through his brain!

She was lame then—perhaps paralytic! And then those goggles—heavens, was she nearly blind, too? Perhaps she had but one eye! perhaps she squinted! And drawing a long breath, the poor Lieutenant looked another way. But, as if by some magical influence his eyes again rested upon the Countess.

Her complexion, what little her hair, and those horrible goggles left exposed, he discovered must have been fine in youth, for it was still quite fair and smooth; while her chin might serve for the model of all chins—it was really a love of a chin, and either her teeth were in excellent preservation, or the dentist had accomplished a *chef-d'œuvre*, when he supplied her ladyship's gums.

He felt tempted to knock down old Jacques. Just as if it was his fault that his mistress was so old and ugly; and as for Lisette, how he did long to shake her, looking at him as she did with such saucy, knowing eyes. In fact, he was getting quite savage, when suddenly the Countess, with another bend of her aristocratic head, was borne from the presence of her guests.

The heavy folding doors silently swung together, and they were left to their wine—alone, save Jacques.

"*Pardieu!*" cried the Colonel, seizing the old man by the arm, "did you not tell me your mistress was young?"

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

"And very beautiful?" quoth the Lieutenant.

"*Oui, Monsieur*—my lady is young and beautiful; for goodness like hers never grows old or decays."

"Bravo! a sentence worthy of Fenelon; your health, old *garçon*."

At this moment Adolphe entered with the compliments of the Countess d'Argentine, and would

be happy to see the gentlemen in the drawing room.

"*Peste!*" whispered the Colonel, "I'd much prefer the bottle; an agreeable time we shall have, *ma foi*, with the old lady. I leave her to you, Eugene, and will make love to that arch little coquette, the maid."

\* \* \* \* \*

The immense drawing room was blazing with light. There was, in fact, but one dark spot—it was the little old Countess, still reclining upon that hearse-like appendage, and half buried within the black velvet cushions. At her feet knelt Lisette, with an enormous fan of peacock feathers, which she waved incessantly, as though her mistress suffered from faintness. Nothing could be more *recherché* than the taste which marked the adornments of this splendid apartment; no particular style, no particular date had here its portraiture, but there was a grouping together of the rare and beautiful, most charming to the eye. Here was music, too; a beautiful harp rested its golden frame against cushions of azure velvet—a piano, its keys glittering in the mellow light of waxen tapers, and, as if carelessly thrown by the same fairy hand that had swept its strings, a guitar lay upon a small table within a little recess, over which curtains of crimson velvet swept to the floor.

"*Ma foi!*" whispered the Colonel, with a shrug of his shoulders, as his eye took in this brilliant scene, and then glanced toward the black mass in its centre. The spot upon the sun, "*Ma foi*, our hostess well befits this temple of beauty! But, *allons*, let us lay our laurels at her shrine." Then with something of a swaggering air, approaching the Countess, he attempted to pass off a few witty compliments. Abashed and crest-fallen, he soon fell back, for an empress could not have assumed more haughtiness than did that same old Countess behind her horrible goggles!

Montespan was not more fortunate in his advances, and turning away, sought for amusement among the numerous gems of art which adorned the walls. Leaving all others, his eye rested upon one picture alone.

It was a portrait—the portrait of a charming young girl, but so life-like, so fresh, so beaming with gladness, as she stood there, the very personation of "heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne," that our chevalier involuntarily opened his arms, as if to catch the nymph in the airy descent she was about to risque. This charming portrait represented a young girl tripping beneath a broken archway, as if in playful chase of the little fawn skipping and leaping before her over the grass grown ruins. A robe of pure white, confined at the slender waist by a scarf of pale blue silk, floated with airy grace around her lovely form—save a narrow fall of lace upon the shoulder, her fair, round arms were bare—one little hand gathering her robe above the tiny foot, just poised

upon a fragment of the ruins, as if to spring therefrom—the other swept back from her beautiful brow the long, golden tresses, wherein a few wild flowers were carelessly entwined. What could be more graceful than her attitude—what more charming than her sweet, youthful face! Ah! Montespan was very sure the world could not produce its equal!

The Countess saw a great deal behind those goggles—yes, and she saw the start of surprise which marked our chevalier's first view of the portrait, and she saw what an impromptu pantomime was performing before that senseless canvass!

A low, musical laugh broke the solemn silence!

Could it have been that little, impudent *fille de chambre*? Eugene turned round. The Colonel turned round. Well—the Countess was as motionless as a statue, while Lisette, with a face half an ell long, was sweeping the ponderous fan with the regularity of a Chinese *puntah*. It must have been a bird—yes, it is astonishing how some birds will imitate the human voice, thought Eugene. And this reminded the Colonel of music, so once more approaching the couch of the 'dark ladye,' he ventured:

"Your ladyship, I see, is a patroness of the goddess Melpomene—may I presume to inquire, do you play?"

"When I am in the mood for music," was the reply.

Another silence—and again the brave Colonel hazarded a few remarks, which were met with the same chilling reserve.

"You have really some exquisite paintings, Madame," exclaimed Montespan; "pardon my curiosity, but will you have the kindness to inform me whether that beautiful picture which hangs opposite, is an original portrait, or some ideal sketch of the artist—if so, like Prometheus, he must have worshipped the creation of his own genius!"

"Lisette, does the gentleman allude to the picture in the oaken panel?" asked the Countess, without turning her haughty head.

"Ah, *oui*, Madame."

"It is an original, Monsieur," with a slight, very slight inclination of the head.

"*Mon Dieu*! how lovely! And, will Madame excuse the liberty—this beautiful creature—she—she still *li-ves*?"

Another slight bow was the only response. The Countess then blows a small silver whistle—Adolph glides in, and stations himself behind the sombre couch of his lady. Lisette, with a coquettish air, throws down the fan, and stands by the side of her lover. A slight effort—a gentle pressure—and slowly the strange equipage moves forward—slowly—slowly, and with a formal "good evening, Messieurs," the Countess D'Argentine disappears.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ah, was there ever such a fright!" quoth the wicked little Countess, viewing herself in the full length mirror. "What think you now, my good Lisette, are we in danger of being run away with?"

"Ah, but my dear lady—*c'est dommage*—you so young—so charming! *Ciel*, that odious cap—that horrid wig—ah, let me tear them to pieces!" cried Lisette, preparing to disrobe her young mistress.

"Carefully, carefully, *ma bonne*—remember we have need of this same odious cap and wig again."

"But these goggles—ah, *mon dieu*—suffer me to break them."

"Not at all, Lisette—these goggles, too, must do their duty."

Lisette assented, with very bad grace, to her ladyship's whim, and while she braided the long, fair hair of her mistress, and prepared her toilet for the night, continued to chatter about the handsome chevaliers, and what a pity it was after all, that they should think her beautiful lady was such a fright! While the Countess, it must be owned, listened to the idle prating of her *fille de chambre*, with praiseworthy patience:

"Lisette, he is very handsome—heigho!"

"The Colonel, my lady?"

"Oh, no—the Colonel—he is very stupid!"

"It is Monsieur Montespan, my lady thinks is handsome."

"Heigh-ho!"

"Yes, my lady, he is very fine."

"Such magnificent large eyes!"

"*Oui, Madame.*"

"Such a splendid figure!"

"Ah yes."

"And so graceful!"

"So graceful, Madame!"

"Lisette."

"Madame."

"No matter,—you may go." And resting her dimpled chin in the hollow of her little hand, the thoughts of the Countess got entangled in such a maze, as—but no matter,—we must not betray our little heroine,—so good night, charming Countess.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ha! ha! *mon ami*, what say you now, to running off with our fair hostess!" cried the Colonel laughing, and slapping Montespan upon the shoulder.

"Why, as the lady does not seem to have the use of her limbs, I must give it up, Colonel."

"Good. But what a misfortune; had this widow been but young, and charming, we might have crossed swords, for the possession of these fine domains."

"But listen, Colonel,—that portrait, tell me, was there ever such an angel, such beauty, such sweet innocence! Ah, *mon ami*, could I but behold the heavenly original."

"Charming,—and find her a grandmother, perhaps."

"Ah, impossible; who knows, my friend, perhaps this lovely being dwells within these walls. O rapture! yes, it must be so, the harp, the guitar, the paintings, the books, all proclaim her presence; I tell you there is some mystery here."

"Yes, yes, you are right, Eugene. Some step-daughter, perhaps, held in 'durance vile,' through jealousy,—some dependent niece,—yes, yes, for only fancy the old lady at the harp, or sweeping the guitar; *ma foi*, the idea is too absurd. *Allons*, let us summon Jacques."

"Ah, Jacques, come in, Jacques. Charming old lady, your mistress, you have lived here, I suppose, at this old chateau,—fine place—beautiful scenery—I say, you have lived here, I suppose, many years, good Jacques."

"Yes, you may say that, Monsieur, six and sixty years man and boy, have I dwelt within these old walls; and never, until the death of my honored master, the Count, had I cause of sorrow."

"But now, I suppose, it is different—the Countess has it all her own way, you understand."

"*Non, Monsieur*, I do not understand—but if your honor means any thing disparaging to my beloved mistress, I—I am an old man, but *pardonnez-moi*, I should feel constrained to knock your honor down!"

"Ha, ha; bravo—no, nothing at all disparaging, Jacques. She is an excellent mistress."

"Ah, Monsieur, she is the kindest, the loveliest, the sweetest young lady."

"How—what—Jacques!—*young*—ha, ha, come, that won't do!"

"Pardon me, Monsieur, I have known my lady ever since she was a child, and I forget—"

"Yes, you forget that you have grown old together."

"Did your master, the Count D'Argentine, leave any children?" said Montespan, for the first time joining in the conversation.

"Children—oh, no, Monsieur; why they were only married a few hours before my honored master breathed his last!"

"Then, whose portrait is that which hangs in the drawing room, good Jacques?"

"That—why, that is the Countess herself."

"*Fi-donc!* That is impossible; the colors are as fresh and glowing as if painted yesterday, and it should be more than fifty years old. No, no good Jacques, you mistake."

"Ah, your honor, just like that picture does my beloved lady look to me, even to this day!"

"Then, by all the saints in the calender, I wish I saw with your eyes! But the harp, the piano, who plays?"

"Why, my lady plays and sings like an angel; a-hem, I mean—that is—she did play like an angel."

"But her fingers are getting stiff—eh, Jacques?" added the Colonel, "no offence, Jacques—thank you—good night."

\* \* \* \* \*

A week—how soon it passed even in that old chateau—and the little circle thus strangely thrown together, became quite agreeable and confidential. The Colonel sings

"Combien j'aime,  
Hors moi-même,  
Tout ici!"

while he ogles Lisette, whose blushes and smiles, render poor Adolphe quite beside himself with jealousy. He also hunts in the forest, and drinks wine with his comrades below in the village, where all is mirth and jollity. Montespan, in the mean time, cannot account for the strange interest which keeps him within the chateau. He spends a great deal of time before that mysterious portrait. He feels unaccountably attracted toward the old Countess—at the sound of her low, soft voice, he becomes confused, and wonders why it is so much sweeter than any other woman's he ever heard! He is now almost constantly by the side of that funeral couch—he sometimes takes the fan from the hands of Lisette; yes, and more than once assists Adolphe to place his mistress where she directs—it is such a pleasure to serve so amiable an old lady!

The reserve of the Countess rapidly wears off; she condescends to converse agreeably. She is fond of reading—so is Montespan; it is surprising how their tastes assimilate. Together they read Racine, Rousseau, and the charming Sevigné, and the Countess is several times thrown into an agitation quite unsuited to her years. Montespan is a musician, too—he plays the piano with superior skill, blending therewith the tones of his rich voice. Sometimes the Countess is prevailed on to touch the guitar—she certainly makes sweet music; but it is an effort, she says, and she dare not trust her voice to sing; it is tremulous—*query*, with age? She begins to abhor that odious cap and wig, as much as Lisette, and substitutes a pair of spectacles for those horrible goggles!

"Strange," said Montespan, one day with his eyes fixed on that charming portrait—"strange, when I listen to the Countess, I sometimes forget, like poor old Jacques, that she is no longer young and beautiful!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"You are not well this morning, my friend!"

"Perfectly so, honorable lady; but my regiment leaves to-morrow."

"To-morrow; ah, so soon!" and there was a slight tremor in the voice of the speaker.

"The thought of parting, perhaps forever," continued Montespan, "with one to whom I am indebted for so much kindness, fills me with pain!"

The Countess turned away her head, and Montespan saw she grew very pale.

"Ah, it is you, Madame; you who are not well—alas, you have exerted yourself too much!"

"No; it is only a faintness with which I am sometimes seized. I am better now."

For the first time, he ventured to take her hand—that hand so fair and delicate—its touch thrilled him—he carried it to his lips.

"Pardon me, estimable lady, your kindness to a stranger has called forth feelings such as I never before experienced! *Helas*, Madame, I am alone in the world—an orphan from my earliest childhood. No mother's love, dear lady, ever blessed me; pardon me, but since I have had the happiness of knowing you, I have for the first time realized of what an inestimable treasure death has deprived me! Ah, Madame, that you were indeed my mother!"

"Your mother! A—h!" screamed the Countess, and buried her face in her handkerchief—suddenly she became convulsed—there was a merry peal of laughter—then low, deep sobs succeeded.

"Oh, heavens, you are very ill!" exclaimed Montespan, not doubting the poor lady was in hysterics, "and I—I have caused it; *Ah, quel malheur!* Lisette,—Adolphe—" and seizing the fan, he began to wave it rapidly, over the head of the unfortunate Countess.

In a moment, however, she recovered herself. "*Helas*, my friend," said she, "you touched a chord, of whose vibration you little dreamed." Then drawing a valuable ring from her slender finger, "Accept this, my dear young friend, in token of the regard with which you have inspired me. If, at any future day, you have a boon to ask of the Countess D'Argentine, send me this ring, and it is granted. *Adieu, mon ami!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark, how mournfully echo the drums, as the regiment slowly winds through the rugged defiles of the mountain.

And the Countess and Lisette stand watching them from a turret of the old chateau.

"*Ah, les pauvres!* and they were such charming chevaliers! *Helas!*" exclaimed Lisette, wiping her eyes, "And now, my lady, as they are gone, I suppose I may as well put away your venerable grandmother's wig."

"Ye-e-s, Lisette,—heigh-ho!"

"And the cap, and the——"

"Yes, Lisette, take them all, all away,—*Helas!* I wish I had never seen them."

But whether her mistress meant the wig, or the Chevaliers, Lisette could not determine.

\* \* \* \* \*

All Paris, that is all the musical world of Paris, was in ecstacy. Radiant with the most lovely countenances, with eyes more sparkling than the brightest jewels, and smiles so beaming with the happiness of the hour. The Opera House presented one blaze of magnificence, from pit to gallery.

These happy people,—yes, they are happy—forgetting, for a few brief moments, the vicissitudes of the world without, they have met beneath this splendid dome, to greet once more their favorite

Prima-donna, who, after a twelve-month's absence is again to thrill their souls with her ravishing notes. Even Royalty itself has stepped from the throne, to smile upon this nightingale of the hour.

It was rather late, as a party of officers entered this scene of brilliancy. Chatting, and laughing gaily, their eyes appeared far more engaged in surveying the galaxy of beauty which surrounded them, than their ears, in listening to the magnificent trills gushing forth from the enchantress of song. One of the party, however, must be an exception; for after an indifferent glance around, he seated himself listlessly, in one corner of the box, and resting his head upon his hand, made his own thoughts his companions.

"Come, come, Montespan, a truce to your melancholy, for to night, man," exclaimed one. "How can you remain so insensible to the peerless charms around; see, there is the beautiful Marchioness D——, one glance at her bewitching face, would warm the heart of an anchorite; and there, too, is that superb Madame, with her gazelle eyes, and the charming little Baroness,—but, *mon Dieu!* who is that lovely creature, just entering the box of La Duchesse De B——! Look! look! what an angel; tell me, Baraton,—La Fleur, tell me, do you know who she is?"

No, they do not know; so they level their eye-glasses, and swear a great many oaths, that she is the most divine creature they have ever beheld.

Scarcely conscious of so doing, Montespan languidly raised his head, and cast his eyes to the box of La Duchesse. Heavens! what does he see, that he thus starts to his feet, and with trembling hand, clings for support to one of the gilded pillars? Mark how his cheek flashes, and pales, by turns, and how wildly his eyes rest upon that fair young creature, whose whole soul seems only intent upon the stage.

Ah, well may he gaze,—for it is the living image of the picture, which hangs in the parlor of that old chateau, afar off among the mountains, and which, fresh and immaculate, has hung in the inner chamber of his heart, for a whole year, that he sees. Fortunately, surprise and joy, do not often kill one,—if so, alas for poor Eugene, he must have given up the ghost on the spot.

As a lily, swayed by the breeze, the lovely unknown suddenly inclines her graceful head to the spot where Montespan is still clinging to the pillar. Their eyes meet. By what strange sympathy, should this fair creature also evince so much agitation? As if involuntary, she half rises from the velvet cushions, and with her small hands clasped together, bends toward him, and then suddenly sinks back, nearly fainting.

Again her eyes met his, but this time she did not withdraw them, while a blush like the shadow of a rose, mantled her sweet face. To render her resemblance to the portrait more perfect, she was dressed in pure white, with a few flowers en-

wreathed among the beautiful tresses which fell untrammelled around her. Montespan hid his face in his hands a few moments to assure himself this was no illusion; he looked again—oh, happiness! she was still there!

Convinced, now, that his imagination had not played him false—that he really saw before him the original of that ravishing picture, Montespan scarcely knew how to deport himself in the first delirium of his joy. Then a thousand conflicting thoughts chased through his brain. Who could she be? what connection could she possibly have with the inmates of that old chateau? why did his venerated friend the Countess, whose parting gift still sparkled upon his finger—why did she always shun inquiry, when he ventured to speak to her of that beautiful portrait. True, Jacques had affirmed this picture was that of the Countess herself; but the fallacy of this assertion was now fully established; yet, strange anomaly, so inseparably was the Countess associated with the picture, in his mind, that now to separate the two he found most painful. Suddenly the conversation he had held with the Countess at their last interview, her agitation, when he alluded to the ties of parent and child, and her remark, “*you have touched a chord of whose vibration you little dreamed,*” occurred to him, and with it the rapid conviction that this beautiful creature, whose resemblance to the portrait would almost challenge belief, could be no other than the daughter of the Countess D’Argentine. Yes, he was sure of it, and some unhappy difference had led to the estrangement of mother and child—*quel malheur*, and so young and beautiful! Could she be married? *Married!* ah, heaven forbid! And raising his eyes with almost an imploring look to the spot where he had beheld her, he finds, alas! the fair unknown has vanished, leaving no trace by which he can hope to see her again.

\* \* \* \* \*

“If to meet an old friend will be agreeable to Monsieur Montespan, the Countess D’Argentine will be at home to-morrow morning at twelve. Hotel De B——. Rue Chaussée D’Autin.”

Such was the billet which awaited our hero upon his return from the opera.

“Ah, happy moment! The excellent Countess was then in Paris; he should behold her again, that estimable, venerated friend; and ah! rapture—her daughter—that beautiful impersonation of all the loveliness which once adorned her mother—her, too, he should see—he should speak to her—perhaps touch her fair hand, perhaps——”

Ah! to what heaven his imagination would not have soared, it is impossible to say, had not his aspiring thoughts been suddenly dashed to earth by the thought that he was only a poor Lieutenant, without friends or fortune; which reflection caused him to beat his breast and tear his hair in such a tragedy fashion, that his kind land-

lady begged a set of merry lodgers in No. 10 to be quiet, as the poor young gentleman in No. 12 had a grievous headache—listen! they might hear him now pacing his room, *pauvre jeune homme!*

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, at twelve o’clock, precisely, Montespan was at the Hotel De B——. He was introduced into a charming saloon, where he was told the Countess would soon receive him.

The certainty of so soon meeting this beloved friend, drove all other thoughts from his mind; even the portrait and its lovely counterpart were forgotten! The same delicious feeling to which he attributes all the sweetness of filial regard, and which he experienced so forcibly at the chateau, again stirs his bosom. He wonders through which of the many doors the couch of the Countess will be drawn; he listened eagerly for her approach, when suddenly the tapestry at one end of the apartment is slightly raised, and the same lovely girl whom he had seen in the box of La Duchesse De B—— glides in, and, with a graceful bend of the head, desires him to be seated.

Conceive, if you can, his emotion! It was with difficulty he could even return the salute of the fair lady, and I am sure you would have felt quite ashamed of his awkwardness, dear reader, had you been there. At length he ventured to ask, “Have I the pleasure of addressing the daughter of my honored friend, the Countess D’Argentine?”

A mischievous smile played over the young girl’s features as she answered:

“I am the Countess D’Argentine, monsieur.”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Montespan, turning pale, and forgetting all in this one apprehension, “do you tell me, *hélas!* that my excellent friend is no more?”

“Did you, then, esteem her so much?” and the voice of the fair querist trembled.

The tones of that voice made him start; how much like the sweet accents of her mother!

“Pardon my agitation; but tell me, when did this melancholy event take place?” said Montespan.

“*Hélas!* it was on the 19th of August, 182—.”

“The 19th of August! *Mon Dieu!* why that was the very day I left the chateau! alas! and was her end so sudden?” exclaimed Montespan.

“True—it was. We buried her forever, Monsieur; we bade farewell to her silvery hair, and— and her green goggles—and—”

“But you smile! Good heavens! what mean you?”

The young girl extended her little hand, so much like the hand of her departed mother, and with an arch smile, and a blush which well became her sweet face, said:

“And when we skipped away from the funeral rites, we laughed at the *ruse* we had played our gay gallants. Hither, Lisette, and tell Monsieur of our masquerading in the old chateau!”

## THE POOR STUDENT'S DREAM;

OR, THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY C. H. WILEY, A. M.

### CHAPTER I.

"AND you think, Tom, I'll never be rich or happy," said Andrew Lindsay.

"You cannot be happy and poor," answered Thomas Weatherly, "and that you'll always be poor is as certain as that you are a visionary."

"Then, the conclusion that I cannot be happy, depends upon three propositions, not one of which I admit," replied Lindsay. "I believe, in the first place, that a man can be poor and happy; but tell me why you think I am a visionary, since my being such is to be the cause of my poverty."

"Because," spoke Weatherly, "because, Andrew, you differ so entirely from the rest of the world in your opinions. You are too confiding, too generous, and too *peaceful*, so to speak. All history, biography, and tradition, as well as our own experience, teach us that men, in this world, are in a state militant. When you leave these classic shades, every man that you meet upon the street, or on the highway, by the fireside, or by the altar, will be your enemy, and will, whenever occasion offers, make you feel the truth of what I say. You must arouse yourself, sir, and be ever ready not only to strike in your own defence, but also to be the aggressor when an unowned argosy comes in your way. We are all on a pirate-sea: all the world is divided into two classes, the devourers and the devoured."

"Weatherly," said Lindsay solemnly, "that is most detestable doctrine which you teach; I am almost afraid of you."

"Come, come," replied Weatherly, smiling, "you construe me too literally. I spoke in tropes, and yet, alas! did I not speak truth? The other day I was reading Waddy Thompson's book on Mexico, and when I came to that part where he speaks of the Sacrificial Stone, on which the ancient Aztecs slaughtered their human victims, I began to moralize. Here, in Mexico, the original inhabitants offered human victims at the shrine of their Deity; the Spaniards sacrificed the Aztecs, and the Americans will sacrifice the Spaniards. Is not the abomination of human sacrifices still continued in that unhappy country? This is but a single instance, and I cite it to illustrate my position. As it is with nations, so is it with individuals; in some way or other, every

man is warring with his fellows, and he that is not armed with selfishness, deceit, and cunning, will stand no more chance of holding his own, than would a government without navy or army."

"All this is the result of false philosophy, and improper education," answered Lindsay; "there are a few pirates, I acknowledge, in all communities, but the majority are honest, peaceful, and liberal. What the world wants, is confidence; each man knows himself to be just and reasonable, but he fears his neighbor—his neighbor fears him. Now, for one, I intend to reverse this rule; I intend to hold a window to my breast, and deceive no one. I shall take it for granted, that all are like myself until the contrary appears by their conduct."

"And I shall act upon the opposite principle," said Weatherly, "and we'll see who is the more successful. And, by the way, how did your rule work with the Cleavelands? From what I've heard, I should judge that you've made a bad beginning, and sacrificed a fortune to a whim."

"I don't know what you've heard," answered Lindsay, "but I do know that the facts in regard to the matter alluded to, have not transpired, at least from me. They are simply these, (and I tell them to you to show you how mistaken you are in your suspicions.) You know how I stood in my native village; you know that, poor as I was, any father in G., would have been willing to see me a member of his family. In the academy, I took the first distinction; in the debating society, I ranked first, and and at every party, I was a not unwelcome guest. Now, you must remember, that from my boyhood, I had been taught to venerate the name of Cleaveland; the old General was the richest man in the county; he stood at the head of society, and he was foremost in every good work. Of course, his children came in for a share of his popularity, and Harriet Cleaveland was thought to be as near perfection as it is possible for a child of mortality to be. While a mere girl, the fame of her wit, grace, gentleness, and beauty, interested me; I thought of her in every place, and finally, I loved her in a certain way, before I knew her except by sight. I have reason to believe she thought of me in the same way; each was the other's good angel, and our future union was a matter fixed on in our minds,

and in those of the whole community. We often met as we grew up; we were intimate, and yet when I left for college, I had never breathed love to her in any way.

"When I returned down on a visit some time ago, she was nearly grown, and as she already had several suitors, I thought it time to put in my claim. I did not wish to address her: I desired only to let her know I intended to address her at some future day. This was a delicate task, and fearing that I should not be able to do it satisfactorily *ore tenus*, or by word of mouth, I had recourse to my pen. Delicate, too, as the matter was, and sensitive as I am, I felt it to be my duty under the circumstances, to inform Harriet's parents of my intentions, and I never shrink from the discharge of any duty. Accordingly I wrote her a note couched in language neither too cold nor too tender, informing her of my wishes and intentions, and to give her a full opportunity of knowing me well, requested permission to write to her. This note I requested her to show to her father, and remarked that if it did not return to me I should consider my request as granted. It did not come back, and I wrote to her weekly; I wrote, not love letters, but letters full of love, full of my heart. I wrote as I think and feel; I wrote of books, of human life, of God and Heaven, of life, death and immortality. In a word, she read all my thoughts; she saw my soul in a picture, and I flattered myself, too, that her taste might be somewhat improved by the style and subjects of my letters. Finally, in a fit of extreme tenderness, and when my lonely situation was pressing heavily upon me, and she was about to go to the North to finish her education, I wrote a long, a very long letter, requesting an engagement, and enclosed the letter to her father. It came back to me exactly as I sent it, excepting only the envelope directed to General Cleaveland. I was indignant, and hastily went home, wrote to her and gave the note to a servant of her father's. The servant came back, telling me that she would not receive it; I called and she was not to be seen. I then requested an interview of her father; he declined it, and I wrote him a long letter, giving him all the facts and justifying myself, and then came back to college. Now wherein have I done wrong?"

"That question displays your simplicity," said Weatherly, lighting a fresh segar. "In the first place," continued he, "you ought never to have given the girl formal information of your intentions, and *secondly*, you ought not to have hinted the matter to the old man until you had got the girl's consent." "In such treaties," says Judge R., from the Bench, "a certain degree of deception is allowable as necessary and is practised by both the contracting parties." You must not woo a timid and giddy girl as if you were treating for the purchase of a tract of land, you must dress to her taste, flatter, insinuate and tease. You must study her

weak points, humor her whims, and in a word, secretly and surely wind yourself about her heart before she suspects you, and then, when she is unguarded and unprepared, assault her suddenly and violently with a warm and eloquent speech, and press your point until you force her consent. Then bind her to you by the most solemn pledges, commit her out and out before you break the matter to her father. Thus you can then picture to him your mutual pledges; tell him of your own fervent passion, and alarm him with the prospect of having a heart-broken daughter."

"I would not have any woman who had to be thus wooed and won," said Lindsay, pettishly.

"Then you will have none," replied Weatherly.

"Be it so," answered Lindsay: "be it so. If Harriet Cleaveland is what I thought her, she has no whims to gratify, and she would like me all the better for my candour and my straight-forward, manly course: if she is not what I thought her, I do not want her."

"And this straight-forward, manly course, as you call it, will get you into trouble with all the world," said Weatherly: "it will not be appreciated. You will only be giving others the advantage over you, and they will use it."

"I don't believe it," answered Lindsay: "and by the way, let me tell you of a dream I had last night, and which impressed me much."

"I dreamed that I was walking over the fields where I sported in the joyful days of my boyhood, and that many tender and melancholy recollections came crowding into my mind. My early hopes and their too early blight were remembered, and my thoughts were taking a gloomy turn, when a very old man suddenly overtook me. His locks were long and white, and his limbs withered, and yet his face looked hale and hearty, while his clear gray eyes twinkled with a kindly lustre. He moved nimbly and noiselessly, without a stick or crutch, and carried on his back a large wallet which he handled as if it contained something extremely valuable."

"After our salutation and a few words of conversation, he looked me closely in the face as he said, 'Do you wish to buy any books, young man? I am old and way-worn, but I have all my life been a pedlar and still follow the pursuit, tho' sooth to say, I have never found my trade a profitable one. Did I carry trinkets instead of books, I would doubtless have met with more purchasers; but still I manage to make a living and to instruct mankind, which is my chief aim.' At this we sat down, and as he opened his wallet and began to tumble its contents on the ground, he observed the sparkle in my eyes and continued: 'Here is a handsome lot, is it not? See how tempting are the titles! Here is 'The Road to Wealth,' here 'The Ladder of Fame,' and here 'The Multiplication Table of Pleasure.' Here is a treatise on 'Hope,' and here is one on 'Immortality;' here, Sir, is a book on the 'Wonders of the World,' and

here is one concerning the 'Science of Witchcraft.' Rare, curious and wonderful they all are; which will you take?"

"I must look into them first," I said; "I see they are all fastened with curious locks; will you please to open them?"

"You must buy at a venture," replied the old man; "I'll teach you how to open it after you have made your purchase. You seem to take an interest in a work which has been a drag on my hands; I sell very few copies of that, and they only to very old or very sick people, who buy when it is too late." This was said in reference to a very small volume which I held in my hand, and which was entitled, "How to Die," and which I finally determined to purchase. "What," exclaimed the pedlar, "and you so young?" "Yes," I answered, "this is a subject which has always interested me most: what's the price?" "Young man," said the old dealer in books, "when I find a true philosopher I charge him nothing for that book. It is, indeed, the most valuable of all; the great business of life is to learn how to die, and wise are they who learn this lesson in time. I am Time; in all my other books the purchaser finds only the word Death, the sole legacy that I leave for all. You have a treasure; you have the keys of death; farewell!" At this, he vanished, just as things suddenly disappear in dreams, and I opened the book, and found in it the simple and single word, *Love*. As we can, in dreams, I lived years after this; I was lucky, and I was happy. I found a great heap of gold, a countless treasure, the Cleavelands made up with me, Harriet and I were married, and we lived in great harmony, blessed and blessing. Now, what does all this mean?"

"It means," said Weatherly, "that before you went to sleep, you had been building idle castles in the air, and that your mind still kept at work after your body was locked in the embraces of Somnus. You surely cannot think it means any thing more?"

"One part of it is prophetic," answered Lindsay; "the only happiness is in preparation for death, and the only preparation necessary, is to love God and man."

"Truly," said Weatherly, "you are worse off than I had supposed: how do you understand that commandment about loving our neighbor as ourself?"

"I understand by it, that we are not, like the vain heathen, to scorn our own flesh and blood. They, in their vanity, traced each one, his descent from some god; we know, or ought to know, that all men are one flesh; that we are all *fractions*, parts of each other, and that the simplest and only way, therefore, to be happy, is to be kind to one another. We are all of the same household, and when this household shall cease to be divided against itself, then, and not till then, will it be happy."

"Lindsay," said Weatherly, "what on earth put all this stuff into your head?"

"My dream set me to thinking," answered Lindsay.

"And turned your brain," replied his friend.

"We'll see," was the answer. "Yes, we'll see," said Weatherly; "good night, and golden dreams to you again."

## CHAPTER II.

ANDREW LINDSAY began the world poor, and in the language of his friend Weatherly, he seemed destined to be a poor man all his life. He had a mother and one sister, who were not immediately dependent on him, but who lived on the proceeds of an estate so small that nothing but the high character of the one, and the beauty and accomplishments of the other, could have kept them in good society. As to Andrew, his abilities and his virtues were undoubted; and yet, although regarded by all as a most promising young lawyer, he got very few cases, and was never paid for what he did. He was a favorite in every family except that of the Cleavelands, and even there he was kindly received, especially after Miss Harriet had been sent to a northern city to finish her education. At length, however, Lindsay's ambition was aroused, and he determined to try his fortunes in a larger field. His friend, and college chum, Thomas Weatherly, had established himself as a merchant in Baltimore, and to that city, famous for its great lawyers, Andrew Lindsay started without the means of half a year's support and with a very slender library. He had no letters of introduction, and he knew no one but Weatherly, and a few young men whose acquaintance he had made in the country.

These young men belonged to a class familiarly known as "drummers," a designation which they have acquired while *drumming* over the country for the purpose of extending the business of the houses in which they are clerks. They are a peculiar race, an anomaly in the population of every city; they are, many of them at least, well-educated, well-bred and most respectably connected, and yet their employments exclude them from the first society in the cities in which they live, while their accomplishments unfit them for the enjoyment of low and vulgar pleasures. Thus they are, in a measure, isolated from the rest of the world, while they become, in consequence, animated with a strong *esprit du corps*, and eminently sympathetic in their feelings. With a large number of these Andrew Lindsay soon became acquainted, and between him and them a sincere and strong attachment soon sprung up. This saved him from starvation; his jolly young companions drummed for him as well as for themselves, using their utmost exertions in his behalf, and never failing to give him a puff whenever an opportunity offered. Through their influence he was employed to write a series of tales for a literary periodical, and these stories, displaying as they did, a mind strong in native energy and

richly stored with useful and entertaining knowledge, very soon gave the author a name in the world if they did not put money in his purse. Still he did not prosper; he gave to every beggar who assailed him in the streets, indulged his debtors, and never stickled for the best end of a bargain. He was not wasteful or profusely generous; but he rigidly adhered to the maxims which he had inculcated while at school, and felt it to be his duty always to assist those who called on him for aid and who were worse off than himself. This was his rule, and though he would not furnish any one with means to be used for unworthy purposes, he was ever delighted to help to the necessities of life those who were not able otherwise to get them. In a word, he looked on all mankind as being a part of himself; he was the friend of his race and tried to make himself pleasant to all. In the mean time his own wants multiplied; his business did not increase, his clients would not pay him when they could and his creditors began to complain. He could not endure the slightest imputation of dishonesty, and the reflection that he was unable to pay his debts now tortured him every hour. He thought he deserved success and would therefore be favored by Providence; but ill-luck attended all his speculations. His lottery tickets never drew anything; his clients generally failed, and his literary labors, although very acceptable to the reading public, brought him less compensation than authors generally received. Lawyers not half so able, and writers infinitely his inferiors, made more money than he did; men less useful and less deserving drew prizes in the lotteries, and worse characters were more respected. Still the good nature of Andrew Lindsay was unconquerable. Still he conscientiously followed what he conceived to be the right, even though the Golden promise of Old Time had not been fulfilled.

One day, while laboring under a heavy depression of spirits, and while listlessly sauntering along Baltimore street, meditating on the utter vanity of all human hopes, his ears were assailed by a melody to which they had long been strangers. It was the sound of a violin, touched by no "prentice hand," and the air was one of those plaintive, simple melodies, which even in the hardest heart conjure up a thousand tender recollections of home and childhood, and the good old times that are gone. It was strange to hear such music in such a place, and stranger still was the musician who discoursed it. He was a feeble old man, whose white locks were streaming over his shoulders, and whose withered limbs were trembling with age. His sightless orbs were deep-sunk beneath his furrowed brow, his worn and shabby garments hung loose upon him, and he moved with a feeble and faltering step. A small boy held him by a torn and faded strip of handkerchief attached to the collar of his coat, and slowly the old bard moved along, his lips moving as if in silent song, and his heart "holding commerce with the skies."

What a sight was that for the contemplation of the young philosopher, and what a train of thought did it awaken! Here was one on whom the world had bestowed its rudest buffets; one who for three-score years, perhaps, had borne the whips of Time, and "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," even until his eyes had grown dim, his strength wasted, and life had lost its savor, and yet his heart had retained the freshness of its youth, and he groped about, discoursing the Heaven-born harmony of his soul among the children of strife and discord.

Poor, and wan, and shabby as he was, his sublime calling instantly arrested universal attention; "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," and all the toiling, striving sons of men felt at once rebuked by the lesson which the old man taught. For an instant the merchant, the usurer, the lawyer and the pharisee, the laborer, the beggar and the hardened rogue, forgot, each one, his vocation of strife; for a moment the Old Adam left their hearts, their eyes met in kindness and they knew themselves for brethren. Such was the effect of melody; such the effect produced by the sight of an old man making his way through the world by harmony. Heart-strings and purse-strings were opened; faces long used to the scowl of hate and selfishness relaxed for a moment as their owners dropped silver into the old man's pockets. Boys, old men, and meek-eyed maidens crowded about the aged fiddler; the pouches at his sides were a common ground, where hard and horny, and white and jewelled hands were for once mingled together, and he himself an object around which the high-born and the low, exchanged for once fraternal glances of recognition. He passed on, and Harmony, bright-eyed daughter of the skies, walked by his side, flashing a momentary light of Heaven around, and then leaving the grim spectres of discord to take her place and torment the world.

As for Lindsay, he was so fascinated with the vision that he followed it,—for a while scarce knowing what he did, and lost in his own meditations. He followed, that the spell which had come upon him might not be broken, and he wished, too, to find out where the singular musical apparition lived. He managed to escape the notice of the boy who led the old man, and as the street became less frequented, he fell back farther in the rear. Thus he continued until he reached a poor and squalid portion of the city, and then the old man's music ceased. He still moved on, however, mending his pace, and as Lindsay thought walking more firmly, when suddenly he disappeared through a cellar door. The young lawyer, determined on an adventure, followed after, arriving in a damp, dark, subterranean chamber, just in time to hear the old man order his boy to bring him immediately a plate of oysters! The command rather surprised Lindsay, and he was still more astonished at the tone of voice in which it was given, and so he concluded that the aged fid-

bler was stouter than he looked to be. He had not time, however, to make many reflections, for he soon found himself confronted by the person who had so strongly interested him.

### CHAPTER III.

THE fiddler, after a time, yielded his confidence to Andrew Lindsay, and briefly told him his history. He was, he said, not quite as old as he looked, and instantly shedding his wig and beard, and some portions of his dress, revealed himself a hale and handsome youth, whose eye had not yet closed on the beauties and good things of this world. In short, John Mason (for such he announced himself), was the son and heir of a wealthy and aristocratic house; but for the last year he had been hard run for money. He had been rather extravagant while at college near a large city, and far from home and friends; and finally, his father refusing to permit him to leave, he ran off, determined to see the world. In a short time his money gave out; then went his watch, and at last in an evil hour, and while in Baltimore, he pawned a jewel, to part with which on any terms was an ineffaceable disgrace. Remorse, soon, with its thousand scorpion stings pierced his soul, and his conscience became to him an intolerable hell. He went back in two days to redeem the pledge, but he lacked twenty-five dollars; for this he offered in vain his trunk and nearly all his clothes. After a fierce conflict with himself his resolution was taken: he paid his bill at the hotel, removed to a miserable cellar in the suburbs, and determined to redeem, in some way, his pledge.

He remembered having seen a blind fiddler in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; and the effect which his appearance and his music produced, and as he was himself a good musician, he hoped, by exactly imitating the old fiddler, to create a similar sensation. The result of his first effort the reader already knows. Lindsay here saw a fair field for benevolent enterprise; here was a chance of making himself happy for a time at least. He looked upon the youth as having been thrown in his way for the good of each, and forgetting his cares, his poverty, and his creditors, he devoted himself to young Mason with as much cheerful energy as if he were engaged in some grand invention. He assured his young friend that he should get his pledge, and be restored to his friends. "I may get the pledge," said Mason, "but my friends I shall see no more. I have disgraced myself, and lost my own self respect; there is a taint on my soul, and there it will stick till the day of doom. No sir, no sir; my resolution is stern and fixed. When I leave here I shall change my name, join the army or navy if I can—and if not, become a wanderer over the earth, sick of life, and yet afraid to die."

Lindsay, animated with a noble purpose, long and anxiously combated this mad resolution; long and kindly, wisely and tenderly, nursed his patient, and soon began to hope to be able entirely to re-

deem the mind of the erring youth from that deep slough of despond into which it had fallen. It is godlike to create, thought he; I cannot make a man, but I can help to build one up, to rescue his soul from eternal shame. With such generous views, he attached himself to Mason, visiting him often, sleeping with him, and gradually purifying his heart and infusing into it a healthful feeling. At last the two friends, by their joint efforts, raised one hundred dollars, and with this sum they hastened to the pawnbroker's shop. Mason himself fairly flew along the streets, leaving Lindsay far behind him, and exciting the wonder of every passer-by. When Lindsay arrived at the door of the pawnbroker's office or shop, Mason, seizing him by the arm, hurried him away, and neither spoke a word until they arrived at the former's office, when the latter, falling on his knees and clasping his hands, cried, "Oh God, I thank thee!" The friends rose, the eyes of each swimming in tears; and Mason, silently handing a massive golden locket to Lindsay, the latter opened it, and found, set with diamonds, the miniature of Harriet Cleaveland! Yes, the more he gazed, the more was he confirmed, until his eyes grew dim, his brain reeled, and he staggered to a chair, stammering, "And is it her, sir? is that *her* likeness?" "It is," answered Mason, "the likeness of Harriet Cleaveland." "Did *she* love *you*?" asked Lindsay, his eyes rolling wildly in his head. "I see the sarcasm," said Mason, "but you must know I was not always what I now am. She does not—she cannot love me now, sir; and when I return her this 'counterfeit presentment,' we will part to meet no more." "We must part," muttered Lindsay with a choked voice; "if we do n't, I'll hate you."

They did soon part; Mason to return to New Orleans, as he said, and Lindsay to indulge in the bitter reflections awakened by the disastrous results of all his benefactions. Well, thought he, God made man and the devils, and they rebelled; shall I hope for more gratitude than the Deity received?

### CHAPTER IV.

THE affairs of Andrew Lindsay had arrived at a crisis, and he considered himself a ruined man. His debts were not large, but he could not pay them; his business fell off, his creditors abused, and even Thomas Weatherly neglected him. It is said, that a good man struggling with adversity is a sight pleasing to the gods; no doubt it is, thought Lindsay, and this makes them keep good men in trouble. However, he had the *mens sibi conscia recti*, the pure conscience, and he defied all the storms of Fate, resolving still to adhere to his early opinions and habits, and if he fell, to fall a good man. About this time, when knocks at his door made him nervous, he was roused by a gentle tap, and admitted a servant, who handed him a note, and vanished. Another dun, thought he, as he tremblingly broke the seal; but what was his astonishment as he read what follows:

"Dear sir:—This letter is *confidential*, and I must rely on your honor to return it when called for.—Do you not wish a fortune? and will you agree to take one *with my daughter*? She is young, handsome, amiable, and agreeable in conversation, and what is still more to the point, *she loves you*. There is no mistake in this, and all I wish to know is, if you would marry such a girl, and take a large fortune with her—her secret love for you, and your high and estimable character, are my only reasons for making this offer. I had rather have you than any man living, for my son-in-law, and I am sure she herself prefers you.

"Show this to no one, and address A. B., through the post office."

Although Andrew Lindsay was perfectly satisfied that this was a mere trick, and intended for sport by some heartless wag, he did not hesitate to reply. He made it a rule to act always as if he believed what was asserted, until he caught the writer or speaker in a falsehood; and he was himself candid to all persons and on all occasions.

Accordingly, he replied to A. B.'s note, as follows: "Dear sir:—I *do* want a fortune, and I do want a wife; but I do not want your daughter. I doubt not she is more handsome and worthy than you have described her; *but I do not love her, and I cannot love her*. Your note is herewith returned."

This did not satisfy the scheming or mischievous "A. B.," for soon he addressed another and longer letter to Lindsay, solemnly declaring his sincerity, and asking if that was all Mr. Lindsay wished to be satisfied of. The young man candidly admitted, that he believed the whole to be a quiz, but reiterated his inability to love Miss B., should she be a reality. Thus the correspondence was kept up for several days, Lindsay, in the meantime, avowing his attachment for another, and telling, too, where she lived. No sort of inducement could induce him ever to think of marrying another; and this he persisted in, although he knew that he could never hope to wed the one he loved. He agreed, however, to see the fair Baltimorean, who had so honored him by her preference: and on a certain night, repaired to the house designated for the meeting. He was to call for Miss B., and the old man who declared that his daughter did not see his letters, although she saw Lindsay's, was to meet his young friend at the door, usher him in, and disappear.

All things happened according to appointment; an old man, muffled up, met Lindsay at the door, and carrying him through a dark passage, ushered him into a private parlor, crying, "My daughter, Mr. Lindsay." Was the latter in a trance? He thought so, for he gazed at the beautiful, blushing, trembling girl before him as if she had been a fleshless visiter from another world, while she seemed herself ready to swoon. At length he took her cold white hand, muttering, "Miss Harriet—how—where—who—*are* you?" "I thought you had forgotten me," said she with a voice

choked with emotion, and suddenly releasing her hand from his. "I wished," she continued, striving in vain against the tears that dimmed her eyes, "I wished to see you once more—I thought you might be glad to see your early friend—"

"But John Mason, who, what and where is he?" asked Lindsay, again taking her hand, and gazing like a madman at her face. "He is my brother—my brother, John Mason Cleaveland, whom you have seen when he was a boy. You are his savior, and we have come to thank you." As the girl spoke she trembled more and more, and nearer and nearer was Lindsay's face approaching hers; tighter and tighter he grasped her hand; faster and faster the tears of each fell upon the floor, until the arms of Andrew clasped the tottering form of his early beloved, and she finished the last sentence sobbing on his breast.

"Well, Andrew," said Mr. Cleaveland, Sen., on the next day, "you rescued my daughter's likeness, will you take it in pay?" "I'll take the original, if it so please you," answered Andrew, taking the hand of the blushing Harriet.

"Take her and my blessing," said the old man, laying his hands on the happy couple: "take her, may God bless you both as you deserve to be! You have loved thus far unfalteringly, under trials and separation, and your devotion is rewarded by this blissful meeting: still love on so through all the trials of life, and God will bless you forever in Heaven!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Andrew Lindsay, who went to reside with his father-in-law, was considered by those who enriched him as their benefactor, and by those whom he enriched as their *friend*. He was more generally esteemed than any man of his day; he used to say he was afraid he would not get to Heaven, so happy was he here. Soon after he was married, an old miser and misanthrope sent for him and said: "When I was a boy I was poor; I asked favors and got abuse, and I became a scoundrel. If people had been like you, and spoke to me as you do to every body, I should have been a good man. I am dying: you are the only man in the world fit to use my fortune, and I have left it to you."

This single incident displays the character of Lindsay: when he gave alms he gave as if to his *brethren*.

And, Weatherly, what of him? This life was a state militant to him; he *fought* the world for thirty years to get money to *buy* the world's esteem: he made some money, many enemies, and no friends, and died begging those about him to keep him from the grasp of death. He left funds to build a house to perpetuate his name; and yet his name is never mentioned, except to be abused, or coupled with a jest. Lindsay spends his money, too, in building monuments, but they are monuments for eternity; they are redeemed souls that will shine to his honor and enhance his happiness in the everlasting Mansions of the Just.

## THE STUDENT-SOLDIER.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

(Continued from page 56.)

### CHAPTER II.

THERE were many things in the camp of liberty which were far from pleasant to the student soldier. He saw small proof of the love of country which swelled his own bosom, and which he supposed was the controlling motive in causing officers and men to gather around the standard of Washington. Feelings of disgust and discontent were fast gathering within him, when an interview with the commander-in-chief led him to repress those feelings, and to persevere in the high path he had marked out. He looked above the selfishness around him, to the pure example of Washington.

One night, the colonel of his regiment informed him that he was to hold himself in readiness to take command of a small body of troops, charged with an important and perilous service on the morrow, or the day succeeding. He was told that his designation to the command, was by the order of Washington, from whom he would receive his instructions, at a personal interview.

He retired to his quarters, and when all his companions were wrapped in slumber, he penned a letter to his parents, and after much hesitation and mental conflict, the following to Agnes.

"MISS ALLERTON:

"Had a prophet foretold that I should, in a few months, substitute this formal address for the familiar and endearing epithets you permitted me to use to you, I certainly could not have given credence to his predictions. Since then I cannot address you as of old, perhaps it is wrong for me to address you at all; but in the solemn circumstances in which I am placed, my heart claims it as a momentary relief, in view of the sacrifices I have made. The chances of war are about to place me in a situation of great peril, and very possibly, ere you receive this, my parents may be childless. If it be so ordered, I have no complaint to make. The progress of freedom in every land has been made at the cost of the life blood of her sons. Shall other countries have those who shrink not from the sacrifice, and shall America be found wanting? Shall the descendants of those self-sacrificing men, who reared the altars and laid the hearth-stones of New England, draw back when perils come?

"Perhaps it is well that your destiny is not

linked with mine: perhaps it is well that you are to retire beyond the noise of war and tumult. Still, it were delightful to me, could the country for which I peril, and perhaps part with, my life, be your abode, and in the *fullest sense your country*. You can have no conception—yes you can—but no other mortal can have any adequate conception of the strength of my affection for you. I must relieve my pent up heart by making this declaration, though my reason tells me it is unwise to do so. Perhaps I may be pardoned in view of the possibility hinted at above.

"Death to the soldier is the same solemn event that it is to other men. It would appear terrible to me, fraught as it is with eternal consequences, but for the support of that faith which was implanted by parental teachings, and fostered by parental prayers. We shall never meet again. You will cross the waters, and will never return. My heart tells me that you will never love another. A prejudice, which the folly of ages has graven upon the human intellect, keeps asunder hearts which are as truly formed for each other as any two which have beat since time began its course. I do not censure you: far from it. You are bound by your promise. Your uncle can never look with complacency upon one who is in arms against the king, and who is fast coming to the conclusion that the power of all kings is usurpation.

"There is another world. Shall we not recognise and love each other there? I must cherish that belief.

"If I fall, console as best you may my beloved parents. They anticipate with joy our future union. Unless it is necessary, let them not know of the insuperable bar that is placed between us. There are no terms in which I can adequately express how entirely I am yours.

"HENRY ERSKINE."

The messenger by whom his letters were dispatched returned to Erskine with the sad news of his father's dangerous illness, and brought a request from his mother that he would, if possible, visit her in her sore affliction. As an offer from the enemy to evacuate the beleagured city rendered the proposed expedition under Erskine unnecessary, he found no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence. He left the camp in the midst of the rejoicings of his fellow soldiers, and hastened towards his home. The emotions with which he

drew near that sacred spot were far different from those with which he had approached it on former occasions. Old familiar objects no longer rejoiced in the sunlight, or gave signs of welcome under the influence of the passing breeze. Though clothed in the richest foliage of summer, the landscape wore to his eye a hue of sadness, deeper than is caused by the sear and falling leaf. He turned up the lane which led to the house: no sound broke the stillness, no living being was in sight. A presentiment that the stillness was the consequence of death, quickened the throbbings of his heart, though it delayed his footsteps. He entered the open door, and proceeded with noiseless tread to the sick chamber. His father was sleeping, and Agnes was watching by the bedside. Placing her finger upon her lips, as a sign that no word should be spoken, she rose and extended her hand, but made resistance as he pressed her, with almost frantic energy, to his bosom. Renewing the signal for silence, she pointed to the seat she had left by the bedside, and in a moment placed in his hand a slip of paper on which she had written, "the crisis is past—he will recover." Strange that the sweet smile with which the paper was handed him should have carried a pang to his heart. That smile faded before his melancholy gaze, and he saw the lines of care and sorrow which were already graven upon her features. He closed his eyes, and supported his head by his hand. He was strongly tempted to resign his commission, to take no further part in the struggle for liberty, and to claim at once the hand of the fair being who did not disguise the fact that her life was bound up in his—who could not conceal the traces of that sorrow which was occasioned by their hopeless separation. A slight rustling of the covering of the bed arrested the current of his thoughts. His father awoke. He recognised his son, and, as appeared from the upturned eye and moving lip, rendered thanks to God. Agnes came to the bedside, and requested that no conversation should take place between them. She then gave Henry a brief account of the progress of the disease, and of the hopes they were now permitted to entertain. The mother now came in, having enjoyed a brief season of repose; and at the whispered suggestion of the sufferer, they all knelt around his couch, while Henry led them in prayer with a depth of feeling which was understood by Agnes,—and by her alone.

Evening was at hand, and Agnes prepared to return to her uncle's. "Poor dear girl," said Mrs. Erskine, as she left the room, "she has been here day and night, ever since his illness became alarming; she needs rest, I cannot ask her to remain longer." Henry made no remark: his mother did not comprehend the meaning of the deep sigh with which her words were followed.

As Agnes came in to bid her friends good evening, Henry rose to attend her home.

"Pray do not leave your father," said she, "I can go very well alone."

Henry hesitated, and she renewed her request; but there was that in the tones of her voice which constrained him to follow her. She took his arm, and they walked a path often trodden by them, when they had little thought of the weary, heart-wasting hours they were both to experience.

"We never anticipated this," said Erskine.

"Never," was the reply.

"There can be nothing in *your* views to prevent our union; cannot the obstacle be removed or overcome?"

"My own views on the subject to which you allude, have changed somewhat since we last met, or rather since we last parted: but whatever they might be, they would interpose no obstacle on my part. But my uncle's feelings have become much embittered towards those who have taken arms against the king—do not forget, I beseech you, that he was not born in this land. You cannot wish me to become yours, by the violation of a solemn promise."

"The promise should never have been given."

"It was given, and to my sainted father."

"Let me at least make one appeal to your uncle."

"I do not object, but warn you that it will be utterly in vain. We must hope for more propitious times. It is doubtless for our good, that these crosses are thrown in our way. I can almost say, that I have faith to believe that they will one day be removed. There is my uncle coming for me, farewell. Your heart told you the truth, when it told you I could never love another."

Mr. Allerton drew near, and requested his niece to take a seat in the carriage. The chilling courtesy, not to say *hauteur*, of his manner towards Erskine, convinced him of the justness of Agnes' opinion, in regard to the proposed appeal.

Erskine remained at home, until his father became decidedly convalescent. He concealed from his parents the cause of that anxiety which blanched his cheek, and rendered sleep, in a great degree, a stranger to his eyes. Agnes came not to the house during his stay. Illness (by no means feigned,) furnished a sufficient reason for her absence. It was painful to Henry to deceive his parents, and foreign to the habits of his whole life; but he deemed it a merciful deception. After all, it was with less despairing feelings than before, that he set out again to join his regiment. Greater anxieties oppressed him, but the encouraging words of Agnes caused a faint ray of hope to light up the darkness of his heart.

## CHAPTER III.

IN a small parlour of an inn which stood near the Brooklyn ferry, in a street now peopled solely by the busy sons of trade, sat Mr. Allerton, his wife, and Agnes, on the day of the Long Island battle. They had reached New York too late for the vessel in which they designed to sail for England. The roar of the combat was distinctly heard, and heavy columns of smoke rolled from the Island over the bay. "This is dreadful," said Mrs. Allerton, "I wish we were at our home again."

"I wish you were on the other side of the water—beyond the reach of rebel malignity," said her husband.

"If we had remained quiet at home, I do not think we should have been molested."

"That may be, but it were treason to remain quiet when the king's authority is trampled upon."

"Mr. Allerton then left the parlour in order to gain some intelligence respecting the work of death."

"What *will* become of us," said Mrs. Allerton, with increasing alarm, "if the rebels should be victorious?"

"The soldiers of Washington have not been charged with any acts of cruelty," said Agnes, "we shall not be exposed to personal danger, unless the city becomes the scene of conflict."

"They may not have been cruel, but it is because they have been restrained by fear. If they should gain the victory, this fear would be removed."

"I think you do my countrymen injustice."

"Rebellion is one of the blackest of crimes; those who can participate in it, will not shrink from robbery and murder."

Agnes felt her cheek burn as these charges were brought against her countrymen. True, she still regarded them as rebels, but rebellion did not seem to her so great a crime. There was one at least in its ranks who was free from blame, and those with whom he acted could not be base and cruel. She deemed it unwise to reply to her aunt's remark. For an hour or more they sat in silence, listening to the sound of the distant strife, which now rose louder, and now died away.

Mr. Allerton returned in a state of joyful excitement. "The king's troops are victorious—the rebels are retreating." His wife clapped her hands, exclaiming, "the rebellion will soon be at an end."

"I trust so," replied her husband, "I do not see how the rebels can escape. It would seem as though the rebel leader had placed them on the Island in order that when defeated, their overthrow might be final."

"If any of the rebels escape, will they not come into the city?"

"There is no possibility of their escaping. They must surrender, or be cut to pieces."

"Suppose other rebel troops take possession of the city, and attempt to hold it: should we be safe?"

"Yes; the king's troops will not fire upon the city, for a very large majority of the inhabitants are loyal. We are safe, unless the rebels should destroy the city on account of its loyalty."

"Washington will never do that," said Agnes.

"You seem disposed to stand security for the rebel chief. I have some hope that we shall not be troubled with Washington after to-day."

Agnes retired to her chamber, and passed the remainder of the day in deep anxiety. As she thought of the danger to which the young soldier was exposed—as she pictured him stretched bleeding upon the plain,—she could scarcely restrain herself from giving violent expression to her feelings. Night came at last, and with it sleep; but her sleep was troubled with dreams and visions of the ghastly slain.

Early in the morning she was aroused from her troubled slumbers by the discharge of several heavy guns in the immediate vicinity. In the street was the sound of frequent and hurrying footsteps. She rose and went to the window. The street was filled with armed men. Their dress, equipments, and countenances, so different from those who wore the livery of the king, told her that the skill of Washington had saved his army. It was so. The cannon which broke her slumbers were those placed to cover the retreat, and were discharged as the foe appeared on the opposite shore, just as the last detachment of the American troops had entered their boats.

Why did Agnes watch so intensely the long line of men that passed? Why did a half suppressed exclamation, now and then, find its way to her lips? And why, when the last troop had passed, did she turn away with an expression of deep disappointment, if not of despair, upon her countenance? The face and form mirrored so faithfully in her heart of hearts, had not appeared. She drew the conclusion, that he had fallen in battle, or was a prisoner, destined to meet a rebel's doom.

She was ere long called to the window by the footsteps of another procession: they were carrying the wounded to the hospital. Again every pale countenance was scrutinized. A shriek, and a heavy fall upon the floor caused her parents to rush to her chamber. They found her insensible.

A long and dangerous illness followed. The best medical skill that the city afforded, was put in requisition. The physician wondered that his medicines had lost their power. He knew not the cause of her illness. His drugs could not minister to "a mind diseased." For many weeks the beam trembled between life and death. During that period, she was happily unconscious of suffering. Though it was apparent that her wandering mind dwelt amid the wounded and dying of the battle field, yet she never once mentioned the

name of Erskine. Her friends, therefore, remained ignorant of the fact, that he was near them, in life or in death.

Autumn was far advanced when she began to recover, and reason resumed her sway. The city was in possession of the king's troops. Her uncle wore the uniform of a British officer. As soon as her strength would permit, the family removed to a small house in the suburbs of the city. All thought of going abroad was abandoned. Allerton had joined the royal army, and had received a major's commission. His house was the frequent resort of the officers of his regiment. Among them were men of talent, education, and refinement, yet their most respectful attentions awakened no interest in the mind of Agnes. The bloom of health which once mantled her cheek, did not return, and the smile once almost as natural to her as light to the morning, was seldom seen. Those around her could not remove the anxiety which was a bar to returning strength. They could not tell her whether the well nigh insensible form of Erskine, (whom she had seen from her window,) had been consigned to the Potter's field, or whether he yet lived to do battle for his country. They could only inform her what prominent American officers had fallen in battle, or had been taken prisoners. Her inquiries, though cautiously conducted, did not fail to awaken in the minds of her visitors, a suspicion, that she was deeply interested in one, at least, who had foresworn allegiance to the king. A sportive allusion to her lover in the rebel army, caused the eloquent blood to rush with such violence to her pale cheeks, that a young lieutenant, whose respectful and constant attention had given Agnes some uneasiness, was led to discontinue his visits.

Her interest in the American cause was not diminished in consequence of her new position. She was surrounded only by those who were devoted to the cause of loyalty; the contempt and injustice with which they regarded her countrymen, filled her with disgust and indignation. Her sympathy with the cause of liberty soon became as deep and strong as even the warm enthusiasm of Erskine could desire. She no longer spoke of the contest as a rebellion. She no longer spoke of the soldiers of Washington as rebels. She was earnest in the defence of their motives and their courage. When thus engaged, her former color returned to her cheek, and the brilliancy, once the object of unusual admiration, again lighted up her eye. Her visitors often provoked the contest that they might gaze with admiration on the beauty thus suddenly restored.

Winter at length passed away. The spring birds came again, but they were scarcely welcome to Agnes, for they brought no news of Erskine. Summer wore on wearily, for no light gilded the future. She dared not request her uncle to make inquiries respecting the object of

her solicitude, for that would reveal the fact that the events which had cost him so much anxiety and toil were occasioned by one whose name and cause he held in detestation. She was, therefore, silent, and took counsel only of her own thoughts and fears. It was only at intervals that a hope, that he was living, would spring up in her heart. For the most part, she thought of him as numbered with the dead, and she looked forward to the grave as the end of her anxieties and sorrow.

Her decreasing strength at length alarmed her friends. It was plain, that the restoration of health could not be secured without a change of residence. But what could be done? Armed ships alone crossed the sea in safety. Her uncle was bound to the service, and could not leave his post. And yet how could he see his adopted daughter wasting away before him without an effort, at least, to save her. "Agnes," said he one day, as he took her thin hand in his, "you are far from well: what can I do for you?"

"I do not know that you can do any thing which will improve my health," said she, with a faint attempt to smile.

"A change of air would, perhaps, be beneficial. Would you like to leave the city?"

"O, I should like to go to our old home," said she, with a flushed countenance.

"That is impossible. I can visit with you only such places as remain subject to the authority of law. They must be also in the immediate vicinity."

"I know it," she replied, the color departing from her cheeks.

"If there is any place in this vicinity which you think it advisable to repair to, I will do all I can to meet your wishes."

"Thank you; you are kind as ever. I do not think any change which it is possible to make, will be of service. If we could all go home, and be as we once were, I should soon be well." She could no longer refrain from tears and sobbings, and Major Allerton was deeply moved. The unusual tear stood in his eye, and for the first time he indulged the thought, that, perhaps, it would have been better, had he remained quiet, and suffered the king to manage his own affairs. But it was now too late to retreat; he was no longer the master of his own actions. Of this he was soon feelingly convinced by receiving an order to depart with his regiment to the south, where war in its worst form was raging. He was compelled to bid his family farewell, and to leave them strangers in a strange city. The cup was bitter, but it was of his own mingling. The day of his departure, however, was not one of entire sorrow to Agnes; for on that day he casually communicated facts which he had just learned—that Erskine had been severely wounded, and had languished long in a hospital, in the city—had recovered from his wounds—had been a prisoner—had been exchanged, and had again joined the Provincial army.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE knowledge of the fact that Erskine lived, had a surprising influence upon the health of Agnes. She gained in strength, and was soon able to perform the labors which would otherwise have fallen upon Mrs. Allerton in consequence of the absence of her husband. Those labors were cheerfully performed, and every possible exertion was made to promote the happiness of her aunt. Agnes had, it is true, many hours of loneliness—many difficulties to encounter; but of what will not hope supply the absence?

Year after year rolled on, and the bloody contest still continued. The accounts which met the ear of Agnes were always unfavorable to the cause of liberty. New defections, disasters, and defeats were continually reported. Still she came to the conclusion that the cause would ultimately triumph. Hope was strong within her, her native strength and beauty became fully restored, and she was almost happy.

But sorrow was again on its way to meet her. In one of those battles in which the gallant soldiery of Green beat back the invader, and gave freedom to the South, Major Allerton fell, pierced through the heart with a rifle ball. The blow was a stunning one to his poor wife. Agnes bore up under it, from the felt necessity of sustaining her by whose tenderness her own infancy had not been suffered to lack a mother's care. The whole direction of domestic affairs devolved upon her. Labor by day, and watchings by night, became her portion. She was soon convinced that her aunt would never recover from the shock—that ere long she herself would be called to pass through the trials of a second orphanage.

To add to her difficulties, their pecuniary resources threatened to fail. This was carefully concealed from the widow. Practising self-denial herself, Agnes supplied her aunt with her accustomed comforts, and hoped that their funds would enable her to do so to the end. But in this she was disappointed. The progress to the tomb was slow. The last penny threatened to fail, ere its portals should be reached. Agnes practised a still more rigid self-denial. Often, while ministering food to her aunt, she herself suffered the keen pangs of hunger. Her powers of invention were tasked to devise some means of increasing their resources by her own labor; but in vain. To appear cheerful in the presence of Mrs. Allerton, to conceal from her their gloomy prospects, to toil hopelessly on—what a task for one who had seen "little more than twenty summers!"

At length she procured employment from one who was a sort of factor-laundress to the British officers. From her she received the soiled linen; and preparing it while the invalid slept, she secured a small pittance, and thus kept pinching want at bay. This she preferred to applying to the invaders of her country, and receiving the

boon of charity. The degradation, if such it was, was unknown to her for whom it was undergone. She lingered on for a few weary months, and passed away as the autumn leaf was falling.

By the aid of the woman for whom she labored, and one of her next door neighbors, Agnes prepared the body for the grave. The public hearse was sent, and Agnes followed it alone to the place of burial. She wept not as she passed those who looked with surprise at the hearse followed by a single mourner, or stood in the midst of those who gathered around, and gazed idly on as the coffin was laid by the side of others in a common grave: she hastened to return to her chamber, to weep there. But she found that even that consolation was to be denied her. The landlord, with his attendant, waited at the door. She stated her inability to pay the rent, and requested him to take such articles of furniture as he should deem necessary to satisfy his claim. She sat down, and watched his proceedings with a tearless eye. The landlord seemed touched by her appearance, and inquired, with something of kindness in his manner, if she had no friends?

"There is but one person in the wide world whom I am authorised to call my friend."

"Is that person in the city?"

"He is not."

"Where does he live?"

"He is in the American army."

"In the American army! Is he a relative?"

"No."

"Do you approve of his being there?"

"I do."

He stepped to the door. "Here, John, bring back those things: the rent is settled."

"Yes, sir."

"Just put things as you found them, and go home." This was speedily done.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the rent," said the landlord, after his attendant had retired; "I am cramped by the times, it is true, but I can afford to help one who is a friend to the country. I thought you were the daughter of a traitor—and I care not about helping such. If you wish to send a letter to your friend, perhaps I can help you to do it."

"I do not know in what part of the continent he is."

"What is his name?"

"Erskine—Lieutenant Erskine."

"Erskine—Lieutenant Erskine—there is a Colonel Erskine in the Massachusetts line—Colonel Henry Erskine."

"His name is Henry," said she with a throbbing heart: it was the first time for years that she had pronounced his name.

"Was he from the Bay state?"

"He was."

"When did he enter the army?"

"In 1775."

"I feel almost certain it is the one. He has

had time enough to become a colonel. If you will have a letter ready to-morrow night, I will see that it reaches him. You must ask me no questions; you must repeat nothing that I have said; you must make no allusion to me in the letter. Write it so that he will know from whom it comes, but do not put your name to it; and tell him to reply to it in the same way. I will call to-morrow night. If any one chance to be here, it must be understood that I call about the rent. Good-bye."

If Agnes ever offered up sincere and hearty thanksgiving, it was after the departure of her generous and unexpected friend. Strength had been given her at the very moment when it was most needed. The letter to Erskine was penned; and she lay down upon her pillow, and slept the sleep of innocence and hope.

The appointed hour arrived, but she waited in vain for the promised call. Had she been deceived? Had her professed friend been sporting with her credulity? The circumstances forbade that conclusion: still the night passed, and the day following, and the mystery remained unsolved. On the third day, her employer informed her that her landlord had been arrested and imprisoned on a charge of treasonable correspondence with the rebels. Again might the victim of a twofold orphanage exclaim, "there is no hope!"

## CHAPTER V.

THE surrender of Cornwallis had convinced the British ministry of the truth of Chatham's declaration—"you cannot conquer America." The war was ended: the American rejoiced in the freedom of his country. The British troops were withdrawn from the city of New York, and the army of Washington entered it. Patriots, long exiled, returned to their homes. Sounds of joy were heard on every side; but they fell dully on the lone ear of Agnes. Want pressed heavily upon her. She dwelt in the garret of her employer, having been compelled to leave her house by a new landlord, the justice of whose claim she suspected, but had no means of testing. Her form was wasted, her strength had well nigh departed: she felt that she was standing on the verge of the grave, and looked calmly into it as her place of rest.

The news of peace roused her to make one more effort. She would write to Erskine, direct-

ing the letter to his native place, whither he would be sure to repair on receiving his discharge. She went out to procure materials for writing. Her clothing was barely sufficient to allow her to appear abroad with decency. She was passing along with slow and trembling steps, when she saw two American officers approaching. Having no veil, she dropped her head as they drew near, but raised it as one of them placed himself before her, and pronounced her name in a voice that six years of absence had not caused her to forget. A film gathered over her vision. She would have fallen to the pavement, had he not caught her in his arms. Turning to his astonished friend, he said, "Will you oblige me by procuring a carriage as soon as possible?"

"Colonel," replied he, "are you sure you are not mistaken in the person?"

"No, no; she is the dearest friend I have on earth. I have neither seen or heard from her since I entered the army."

"Take her in your arms then: it is but a step to the Hotel. I will give such assistance as may be necessary."

"I think I can walk," said Agnes, "at least with your assistance; but ——" She looked at her humble dress.

"Not a thought of that," said Erskine. "Have you a home?"

"A garret!"

"The Hotel is near," said the officer, bowing with the profoundest respect; "let us conduct her there—it is but a step."

"Oh, no," said Agnes.

"Do not hesitate, I entreat you," said Erskine. She did hesitate; but yielded at length to his passionate entreaties, and was supported to the Hotel. They entered the parlor. A few whispers passed between Erskine and his friend, and the latter withdrew. "Agnes," said Erskine, after a long and silent pressure to his bosom, "my heart is too full to speak. I can ask you no questions until you are my wedded wife. Do not object: my friend has gone for the chaplain of the regiment. Let us be united in bonds that death only can sever; and then ——" The door opened, and the chaplain stood before them. Without speaking a word, Erskine raised her, passive and trembling, from her seat. The brief ceremony was performed, and they were declared to be husband and wife.

The mansion formerly occupied by Mr. Allerton became the residence of Colonel Erskine and his bride; and their hours of peace were not the less delightful in consequence of the storms through which they had passed.

## THE BLACK ROVER.

### A STORY OF THE WEST INDIES.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

(Continued from page 44.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

This, by his tongue, should be a Montague!  
Fetch me my rapier, boy.

*Roméo and Juliet.*

HARDY arrived at Havana in a condition of the most hopeless despondency. During the ride his mind had been occupied wholly in endeavoring to unravel the mystery that enveloped Inez. He could come to no conclusion, except that she was bound, by some old promise or other, to marry Cordova, though she did not love him. But our hero was equally convinced, that she did not love himself. Her agitation he attributed to the pain she felt in checking the hopes of one to whom she owed her life.

He would have sought in activity some resource from sorrow; but the consul had not yet learned in what direction to find the pirate, whom Hardy was sent to seek. For some weeks prior to the arrival of the brigantine, this dreaded rover had suddenly disappeared from the Gulf, and though it was believed he had only changed the scene of his operations, and not abandoned his profession, there had been, as yet, no information received of his whereabouts. Hence Hardy was forced to continue inactive. To find relief from regret, he mingled in the amusements of the place.

He had been at Havana about a week, when, one evening, he lounged into a public gambling house, then in Cuba, as now in Mexico, a species of fashionable exchange. As he entered, his ears were greeted by an unusual hubbub. Every body seemed crowding around one of the tables. Curiosity impelled him to push forward, when the first person that met his sight, was his half brother, conspicuous in the centre of the group. The youth appeared considerably excited, but not less so than many around him. What astonished Hardy most, was that all seemed to be addressing James, some telling him to try again, others advising him not to tempt luck too far.

Pushing his way through the crowd, our hero

soon found himself at the faro table. He laid his hand on the shoulder of his half brother, and said, somewhat sharply,

"What does all this mean, James?"

The lad appeared abashed, on recognizing our hero, and coloring, hung down his head. Hardy did not have to wait long for an explanation, however, for a dozen of the bystanders immediately began the story.

It appeared that the lad had entered the hall that night, with one of his fellow midshipmen, and had, for the first time, been induced to play. He happened to have several hundred dollars with him, belonging to the ship, all of which was soon staked and lost in the excitement of playing. When he found himself a beggar, remorse awoke. Almost frantic, he turned away, and was about to leave the place, but recollecting that he had a real remaining in his own purse, he drew it forth, and staking it, desired the banker, with bitter irony, to allow it to remain until he returned. He then suffered himself to be dragged, rather than led by his companions, into the next room, where the midshipman, thinking to rally his spirits, ordered some wine, and insisted on his drinking it. The two were still discussing the liquor, James almost stupified with remorse, when several gentlemen rushed from the gambling hall, inquiring for him; and, on finding him still present, fairly carried him back. The real, which he had staked, never expecting to see it again, had won every time, by one of those extraordinary chances which sometimes happen, and, doubling itself at every throw, was now augmented to a heap of gold. The cards had been dealt the fourteenth time, just as our hero approached.

"Come away, James," said Hardy, authoritatively, when he had heard this explanation. "You never should have been here."

"It is his brother," remarked a spectator.

The banker gave a sneer, but said nothing. However, some companion remarked,

"Brother or not, this is a pretty time to stop. Show the bank a chance."

"I say you must come away," quietly remarked Hardy, laying his hand on his half brother.

"There is two thousand and twenty-four dollars down," said the banker, shuffling the cards, and looking at the lad. "Will you bet again, sir! The table must go on."

Our hero made no answer, but swept the gold aside, and nodding to his brother's companion to take care of it, led the lad away.

"I say that was cool," said a voice in the crowd.

"It is next door to robbery," said the confederate, "the luck would have turned the next time; gentlemen ought not to play unless they play fair, and keep at it."

"It's a piece of swindling, in my opinion, arranged beforehand," said a new voice. "I don't believe the lad is the fellow's brother at all."

Hardy by this time, reached the door, but something in the tone of the last speaker, struck him as familiar, and giving his brother into charge of the midshipman, he turned back into the room. The remarks he had heard had chafed him a good deal, but this last one sent the angry blood in torrents to his brow.

"Who said I and this boy were confederates?" he asked sternly, walking straight up to the table, and looking around. Almost the first person his eye fell upon, was his successful rival, Cordova, who, with a sneer on his lips, was regarding our hero from the other side of the table. Hardy thought he had recognized the voice.

"I said it," replied the Spaniard; "and I say it again, swindler."

This opprobrious epithet, thus hurled in his teeth, almost made our hero beside himself with rage: he sprang over the table at one leap; and the next instant Cordova lay on the floor, felled by a single blow of Hardy's arm.

The Spaniard rose to his feet, livid with rage. His eyes flashed like those of a tiger, and drawing a dagger from his bosom, he rushed at our hero. But the crowd had interposed by this time, and the two combatants were forcibly separated. The tumult was already attracting the attention of the guard, and as both parties were in danger of arrest if they remained, Hardy and his antagonist were immediately hurried away by officious well wishers.

"You will hear from him before an hour," said a French naval officer, with whom our hero had an acquaintance, and who, happening to be present at the fracas, had attended Hardy home. "By the bye, do you know he is the best swordsman in Havana, as well as the best shot?"

"I am not the advocate of duels," said Hardy calmly, "but in this case I shall not hesitate to fight. The insult was wholly gratuitous. Besides, by insulting me thus in a foreign port, he insulted my flag. Whether he is a good or bad shot does not influence me a whit."

"Pray, do not misunderstand me—I did not suppose it would. I made the remark only with a view to learn your own proficiency with sword or pistol, or both. As the challenged party, you have the choice of weapons."

"I shall choose pistols," said our hero. "I may depend on you, I suppose, to settle preliminaries?"

"Certainly, *mon ami*."

"By the bye," said Hardy, "do you know much of this Cordova?"

"The very question I was going to ask you," replied the French officer. "I thought him an old enemy of yours, for, do you know, there was an asperity in his tone that was full of meaning. He evidently knew something of you, and intended to insult you. It looks to me as if the scene at the faro table was only used as an excuse to get up a duel with you."

"I have met him before," said Hardy, "and we were not exactly on the best terms; but neither ever was rude or insolent. It was under circumstances, however, where I could learn nothing of him. What do you know?"

"Very little. I believe he is very rich, and talks of settling here. I often see him at the faro table, where he plays high. One or two persons there seem to know more of him than they choose to tell. He is, perhaps, some fugitive from the Spanish Colonies, who has plundered the patriots and fled—a man of that stamp, you know, would not care to be recognized."

Here the conversation ceased, for a servant informed our hero that a cavalier was below, who desired to see him. The stranger proved to be an officer of the garrison, with a message from Cordova. Hardy referred the visitor to his friend, and withdrew, leaving them to settle the arrangements for a meeting. These were soon determined. It was agreed that the parties should meet at day-break, at a designated spot just without the city. The French officer promised to call for our hero in time, and then took his leave.

It was not until he was alone that Hardy began coolly to reflect on his position. His early education had taught him that it was wrong to take the life of a fellow-creature in private combat; but this opinion had been considerably weakened by the sentiments prevalent in the navy: so that, on the whole, he could not regret the step he was about to take. It would never do, he said to himself, for an American officer, after giving a public blow, to decline affording satisfaction for it. Perhaps some personal feeling mingled in this decision, though he was not aware of it: his antagonist was his successful rival, and our hero hated him none the less on that account.

He wrote a letter to his half brother, and placed it where it would be found, in case of his death; after which he examined his pistols, and then laid himself down to sleep. But, for some time he could find no repose. He had taken life in battle more than once, but never in a duel; and the

approaching meeting, therefore, filled him with solemn thoughts. Finally he fell asleep, and slumbered so soundly, that he did not awake until the French officer laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You sleep soundly," said his second, "and I am glad to see it. Your nerves will be all the better for it. I have a slight breakfast laid for us: after partaking which, we must be off, for it is getting late."

In half an hour they were on the road, and in half an hour more had gained the appointed ground. Day was just breaking. The other party had not yet come, and so they sat down to wait. But minute passed after minute, without the arrival of Cordova; and after an hour had elapsed, the French officer insisted on returning to the city.

"You shall post him as a coward," he said. "This is a pretty poltroon for you."

The surprise of the officer was not less than Hardy's, when, on regaining the city, they found Cordova's second, who informed them that, on going for his principal at the appointed hour, he discovered that he had left the city.

"No one can give any clue to his whereabouts," he said. "He has shown the white feather. Had I known what a craven he was, gentlemen, I should have had nothing to do with him."

Before noon the city rang with the flight of Cordova. Those who only knew him casually, attributed it to cowardice, but others who understood him better, were convinced that some imperative reason existed for his sudden disappearance. Our hero was among the latter. He could not shake off the feeling that the departure of Cordova was, in some way, connected with Inez, and he feared, forboded harm to her.

## CHAPTER V.

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?  
Was ever woman in this humor won?  
I'll have her.

*Richard III.*

We must now go back a few days, and resume our narrative at the mansion of Don Jose. Taking up the thread of events then on the morning of Hardy's departure, we shall account for the appearance of Cordova in Havana.

The approaching footsteps, whose sound had produced the final separation of Inez and our hero, proved to be those of Cordova, who, emerging into sight at the end of an avenue soon after Hardy disappeared, joined Inez. Before he reached the latter, she had a moment to compose her agitated countenance. He noticed, however, the traces of tears in her eyes, which confirmed him in the impression that he had heard another voice beside hers. But of this he said nothing.

"You are alone, fair Inez," he remarked, gallantly raising his hat. "I did not know you were so early a riser. Do you always come forth thus to watch the wakening of day?"

Inez was more than half inclined to believe that Cordova knew who had just left her, but she felt his affectation of ignorance to be a relief, and thanked him from her heart for it. She answered, therefore, smilingly,

"I would I could persuade myself oftener to rise early, Senor—I used to do it in England frequently—but here the sloth of the tropics infects me, though morning is the sweetest part of the day."

"I am always up with the lark, as they used to tell me in England."

"You have been in England then, Senor?"

"Many years ago," he replied, "fair Inez," and his eyes sought her face with unequivocal admiration.

"And do you like the country?" asked Inez, who seemed somewhat uneasy, and began to move towards the house.

"Passing well only," he answered, taking his place familiarly yet courteously at her side. "There are other countries I like better, and other faces than those of English beauties." He spoke these words in a low, meaning whisper.

Inez was now hurrying her pace. She knew what was coming, yet she dreaded to hear it. True, she had pledged herself to this man, or allowed her father to do it for her; but this was before she knew her own heart. Her late conversation with our hero had revealed to her that she loved another than Cordova, and though she gave that other no hope, and left him with the impression that she would wed his rival, yet nothing now seemed to her so terrible as such a union.

Cordova quickened his steps with hers, and walked on beside her some moments in silence. He bit his lip too with vexation, and the blood went and came perceptibly over his swarthy countenance. At last he seemed to have come to his resolution, for he laid his hand on the arm of Inez, and said,

"Stop a minute, beautiful Inez, for I have much to say to you, and, perhaps, there will never be another opportunity like the present."

Her face was perfectly colorless, and she trembled violently, but she allowed him to lead her to a garden-seat, where, with palpitating heart, she awaited what he had to say. Full well she knew what its tenor would be, but she knew also that she could not avoid listening to it, if not now, at least soon, and so she determined to hear it at once. Cordova stood respectfully before her, his natural haughtiness subdued, and in spite of his air of sternness, he was a really handsome and noble-looking lover.

"Your father, sweet Inez," he said, "has, as you well know, promised me your hand—promised it to me long before you returned from England—

and his promise only wants your sanction, to render me the happiest of men. I say it only waits your sanction, for though Don Jose has informed me that you have already given it, I will not take it as conferred until received from your own fair lips."

The tone and manner, as well as the words of this address, were those of the most earnest and deferential lover; and Inez, misled by their air of chivalrous entreaty, suddenly resolved to make an appeal to Cordova.

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands, and looking up eagerly into his face, "what a relief your language is to me. Forget, Senor, all that has passed—forget that my father ever promised for me, or that I sanctioned that promise—let us be

friends—but do not ask me to be yours, for indeed, indeed I cannot love you."

The countenance of her listener grew darker and darker, as she proceeded, and when she had finished, he was for a moment silent, though the working of his face showed he was inwardly agitated.

"By Saint Jago," he said at length, "this is trifling. You refuse me—take care, proud girl, take care," and he lifted his finger menacingly.

Inez started to her feet, her lips apart, her eyes distended with terror. There was something in the look of Cordova she had never seen before, something fearful in those black, flashing eyes, and it explained the vague dread which had come over her, at times, in his presence. He saw he



had frightened her, and his manner changed instantaneously. It was wonderful, the power he had over himself.

"Nay, sweet Inez," he said, soothingly and deprecatingly, "be not alarmed. Forgive my sudden burst of passion. We soldiers have rough tempers at the best, never having had the hand of love to smooth them. Excuse my sharp words. Consider, too, that, if I spoke warmly, it was because of the threatened loss of your love." And, as he addressed her, he led her again to her seat.

Inez sunk down, passive before the strong arm of Cordova. She sat with clasped hands, and a throbbing heart, while he proceeded.

"Let me hope that you will reconsider this matter, dear Inez," he said. "It is now nearly

two years since I have been encouraged to consider you mine. You were pledged to me by your parent, as is the most common custom of the country, before we saw each other. I loved you then from your picture, but when I came to know you, as I have within this fortnight, the charms of your mind increased my passion beyond all bounds. I do not ask you to return this love at once. You have been brought up in England, where the customs are different from here, and I cannot expect you," he said, with some chagrin, "to be like Spanish maidens exactly; but in time you will love me. Only be mine, and I know you will love me."

Inez shook her head, but did not venture to look up. She was in a dilemma, and one, too, she

felt, partially of her own making. She had yielded to her father's entreaties, when in England, to wed Cordova, and had thought she did nothing strange, for such was the practice of her country. She had, even after her return, tacitly confirmed this promise by her conduct towards Cordova. It was only after the arrival of Hardy, on discovering how much she preferred his society, that she began to understand her heart, and to shrink from fulfilling her contract. She blamed herself severely for having done as she did. She was silent from embarrassment.

"And why will you not love?" said Cordova, after having regarded her in moody silence for a while.

She made no answer. She could not, indeed, have spoken for the world. Her throat convulsively choked; too well she knew why she could not love him.

"Do you love another?" said Cordova, slowly, every word seeming to be extorted from him. "Do you love this young American? By all the saints, if it is as I suspect," he exclaimed, savagely, again losing all control over himself, "I will drive my dagger to his heart."

"Oh! do not," cried Inez, leaping to her feet, and grasping his arm, for he had drawn a dagger, and was turning fiercely away.

The dagger fell to the ground from his relaxed grasp, he started back, half in suspense, half in rage. Cordova had not really believed that his rival had made such progress in her affections. As for Inez, she sunk to her seat again, covering her face with her hands, to hide the blush of maiden shame; for she felt that she had betrayed herself by her conduct.

Cordova took one or two turns along the walk, like a chained tiger: then he stopped suddenly before Inez, and almost fiercely grasping her arm, lifted her to her feet.

"Listen, senorita," he said, hissing the words between his teeth. "Mine you shall be, and that before a month. I would have played the courteous lover, but you scorned me in that guise. Well, the despotic one is, perhaps, my most natural character," and he laughed fiercely. "I am no carpet knight, smiling and smirking for a lady's honor, but have been used to be loved when I commanded it. As fair ones as you, too, have loved me, and been glad to do it; oh! you do not know me—I am a terrible ravager of lady's hearts."

Frightened, bewildered, and in pain from his strong grasp of her arm, Inez could not speak, but stood gazing at him spell-bound. He returned her look for a while, and then flung her off with a scornful laugh.

"You are thinking, I suppose," he said, "of Beauty and the Beast. Well, I am hideous, am I not—in character, I mean, though scarcely in looks, I hope."

Still Inez could not reply, though he paused

and seemed to await an answer. At last he resumed a milder tone; his passion was gradually working itself off.

"A Spaniard, you should know, Inez," he said, "never abandons a promised bride. I will not hurt your popinjay of a lover: that much I will grant to your childish fancy; but remember, he must never cross my path, or, by Saint Jago, he dies. Come, forget him. Your father will never consent to your marrying him, or, indeed, any one than me. It is your destiny to be mine. Say, then, sweet one, that you will ratify your father's promise."

He approached Inez as he spoke, and would have seated himself familiarly beside her. But she sprang from her seat, her eyes flashing, and her bosom heaving with indignation. Embarrassment, fear, everything but disdain had passed away; all her native courage was restored her; and she stood like some imperious Juno.

"Never—never will I ratify my father's promise," she exclaimed vehemently. "Who, and what are you, that you dare thus to speak? My father, I know, will not insist on this union—nay! when he hears of this interview, he will order you from his house."

Cordova stood, regarding her with admiration as she spoke. Indeed, never had she looked more beautiful. Her fine form was drawn up to its utmost height; her cheek blazed with excitement; her eyes fairly flashed lightning. There was something in such magnificent and awful beauty that fascinated her hearer. But, when she ceased, his gaze and admiration slowly changed to a sneer, and he said—

"Stay, my pretty one—not so fast. Your father will insist on the union, and for one very good reason—his life depends on it."

"It is a foul falsehood," energetically exclaimed Inez; and she looked as if she could have transfixed her hearer.

"Ask him if it is," replied Cordova. "Ask him if he does not recollect a certain conspiracy, in which he engaged about two years ago, instigated thereto by the example of the Mexicans. He will tell you that I have papers in my possession which make his head not worth a real; and those papers, fair Inez, I will produce, unless you ratify his promise."

Could this be so, said Inez to herself. A thousand things flashed confirmation of it across her mind! Her father's strange fear of Cordova—his absent manner, as if something preyed on him—his talk sometimes of selling his estates in Cuba at any sacrifice, and seeking some other home. Inez remembered, too, that about two years preceding, she had received a letter from him, announcing, in almost incoherent language, his intention of flying to England, and expressing the fear that he would be penniless. He had never come, but a letter did, apologizing for the preceding one, which, he said, had been written and despatched by him while de-

lirious with a fever. She recalled all this, though it had long been forgotten. She felt that Cordova spoke the truth. His manner was too assured for that of a man engaged in a falsehood. So she sank into the seat, and burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

"Leave me," at length she said, though without looking up. "You have conquered. If I find it is as you say, and my heart forebodes it is, I will marry you, when and where you say."

Something of compunction appeared to come over her hearer on witnessing her evident agony. Indeed, to do him justice, he would never have employed force to win her, if he could have succeeded otherwise. He knelt, and respectfully kissed her hand. But she drew it instantly away.

"Do not mock me," she exclaimed, passionately. "I submit to the sacrifice, to save a worthier victim. Go—at least, for the present."

He bit his lip, and rising to his feet, picked up his hat and dagger, and walked away. As the sound of his receding steps grew fainter, Inez ventured to look after him. She shuddered, and said passionately—

"Will it kill me, or will I stab him to the heart? God forgive me for what I say—I believe I am going mad."

Happily her overtaken nature found relief in a flood of tears, or she might indeed, as she said, have lost her reason.

That day Don Jose had a long interview with his daughter, at the end of which it was publicly announced to the whole household that the marriage of Inez and the Senor Cordova would be celebrated that day month.

The bridegroom expectant remained at the mansion until the next day, when he left for Havana, to make preparations for the approaching nuptials.

Inez had recovered her composure. She was calm, but silent. What was passing in the depths of her heart, no one could tell. She scarcely knew herself.

## CHAPTER VI.

Oh! mercy! to myself I cried,  
If Lucy should be dead.

Wordsworth.

Our hero had scarcely been left by his second, on the morning of the expected duel, when the American consul was announced. Without waiting to exchange more than a grasp of the hand, that officer asked—

"Are you ready to sail at an hour's notice?"

"Yes," answered Hardy.

"I have found our man," said the consul, lowering his voice, and looking around, as if fearful of being overheard. "And, strange to say, he has been here in our midst. While we have been searching for him through the whole West Indies,

he has been loitering on the promenade, or playing *monte* in the gambling rooms."

A wild suspicion flashed across Hardy at these words: he put his hand to his brow and said,

"His name?"

"The Senor Cordova. He pretended to be a gentleman of fortune, looking out for a place to settle."

"The same," exclaimed our hero. "Good Heavens, to think of Inez!"

He started up as he spoke, and began to walk the room with rapid strides and an excited air.

"What is the matter?" said the consul. "What do you mean? Do you know anything of this villain?"

At these words Hardy stopped, and recollecting how strange his demeanor must appear, checked himself sufficiently to acquaint his listener with all that he knew of Cordova. He narrated their meeting at the house of Don Jose, the attentions of Cordova to Inez, his own return to the city, the rencontre at the monte table, and the promise of his rival to meet him in the morning. When he had finished his story, he added,

"And now, for heaven's sake, tell me all you know. In what direction has he fled?"

The consul listened in astonishment to Hardy's story, and replied,

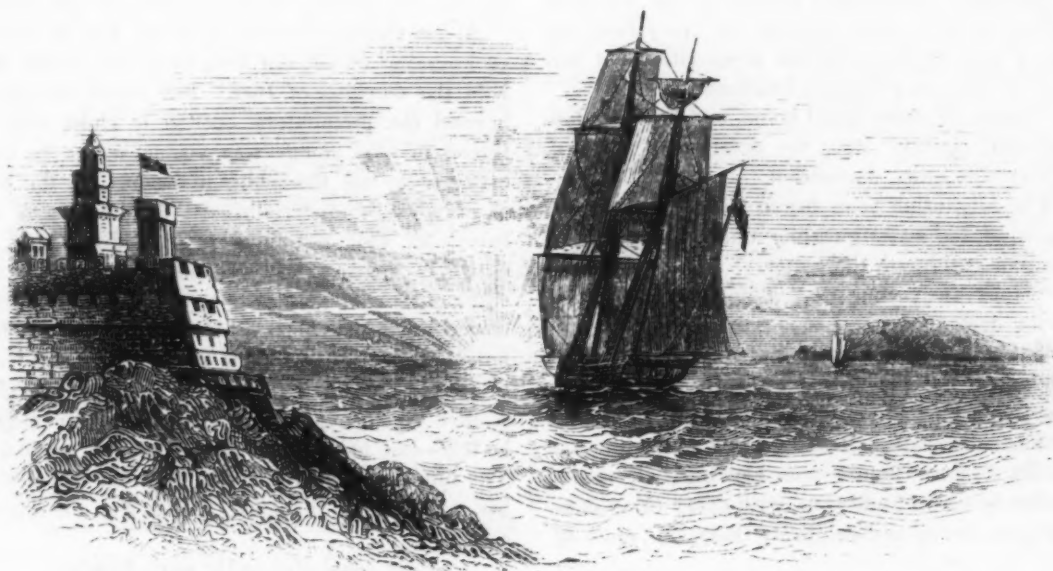
"What I know is this. It seems this Cordova, or rather the Black Rover, for such is the name he is best known by, determined, a few month's ago, in consequence of the hot pursuit set on foot against him, to take a holiday for awhile and play the grand cavalier. For this purpose he left most of his crew at a station he had, among some low islands off the coast, where they were to pass for fishermen if their retreat should be discovered. With the rest, who were his most trusty adherents, he sailed for this port in a clipper of a schooner, which he had captured. The vessel has been laying in the harbor the chief part of the time since, though for the sake of appearances, she has made one trip to New Orleans and back. Meantime the bold villain has been playing the millionaire to perfection, giving out vague hints that he comes from Mexico, to account for his wealth. A part of his history you are acquainted with. I had heard of his endeavors to obtain the hand of the lady in question, and indeed it is that which has led to his detection."

The consul here paused for a moment, and then resumed.

"It seems the scoundrel has a wife living, a woman to whom he was married about two years ago in Spanish St. Domingo, at which period he was nominally residing in that island, though actually spending most of his time here, engaged it is supposed, in fomenting a conspiracy, the existence of which, though never proved, was strongly suspected at that time. However, I may be doing him injustice. He had not at that period taken up the piratical trade, but, a few years before he had

commanded a slaver, so that he was serving an apprenticeship, you see, to the craft. Well, he suddenly disappeared, and his wife, from that day until yesterday, heard nothing of him. But yesterday she saw him in the street, for she has removed to the city, and immediately recognized him. He was coming out of his hotel at the time. She entered, and there met his valet, the same who had attended him when they were married. It seems his servant, though a pirate himself, was conscience-struck at the double marriage his master projected: at least he pretended to be so, though perhaps he was only alarmed at the audacity of Cordova in braving discovery: at any rate, on sight of the injured wife, he became very much frightened, begged her not to betray him, and offered to turn informer. The woman is a true Spanish Creole, and terribly vindictive. She de-

termined at once to sacrifice her deceiver to justice, and immediately laid the whole story before the authorities. Measures were taken to secure the pirate, as well as his valet; but the latter meantime had repented of his treachery; for when the officers arrived at the hotel, at a late hour last night, they found that neither the valet nor his master had been at home for some time. Subsequent investigations have revealed that Cordova, attended by a single individual, hired a small boat towards midnight at the quay, and was set on board his schooner, which had been cleared for New Orleans a second time some days before, though kept waiting under various pretences, dropped down with the tide and went to sea. Early this morning the craft was seen on her way to the Gulf. I have learned these facts, though they are yet kept a profound secret; but the authorities,



knowing your purpose in being here, thought your brigantine might overtake him. I something doubt their anxiety, however, to have him overtaken, or else they would have sent to arrest him earlier last night. There have been such things as connivance with pirates known here before."

Hardy listened to this narrative with agitated feelings. The love he bore Inez made him shudder to think of the gulf she had escaped. He longed to be on board the brigantine, and in pursuit of the audacious villain. When the consul mentioned the course which the piratical craft had taken, he remembered that it was in the direction of the mansion of Don Jose, which, as we have said, was visible from the sea; and a terrible suspicion flashed across him, that, driven to desperation, he now might cast anchor long enough to visit the plantation and carry off Inez. Such things had been done in former times, and this man was evidently prepared for any crime. Hardy mentioned his suspicions to the consul.

"Like enough," said that individual. "The villain's dislike to you would lend him an additional inducement; and the execution of the affair would be so easy, for he has a start of twelve hours, quite sufficient to attack the plantation, and get off before a pursuit. Besides, from his conduct here, he is evidently a man dazzled by the thoughts of bold exploits, and this one would suit his taste exactly."

"There is not a moment to be lost. Fortunately, we are ready to sail at five minutes warning," said our hero, with considerable excitement. "Oh! if the wretch has dared to do this thing, I will follow him to the ends of the earth, but what I have revenge."

"I have done every thing on my part to facilitate your departure. You have but to weigh anchor, and be off. There—" and he extended his hand as he spoke, "good bye—and may God prosper you."

Our hero wrung the proffered hand, and seizing

his cap and arms, without waiting to look after his baggage, rushed into the street, and thence made his way to the quay. The brigantine was lying in the stream, with her boats hoisted in, ready, as her commander said, to depart at a moment's warning. Hardy now had reason to congratulate himself on the strict discipline he maintained on board his vessel—never allowing more than one or two of her officers to be absent, and always keeping her in a condition to go to sea immediately. Fortunately there were none, either of her crew or officers, now on shore, for all had gone off to her the preceding evening, when our hero had ordered his brother aboard. It was but the work of a moment for Hardy to call a boat; and in a short time he stepped on the deck of his vessel. His first words were—

"All hands make sail. Up anchor, my lads!"

The men immediately sprang to the windlass, though surprise was depicted on every face, and many a rough tar asked his messmate what this sudden order to get to sea betokened.

"Loose all sails—sheet home, and hoist the top-sail—trip anchor," were the orders that followed, delivered in quick succession.

The brigantine soon began to feel the force of the wind, the water gurgling under her stern as she moved through the water.

"Hoist away your jib," thundered the officer of the deck.

The vessel now paid off, and soon all sails were set, when the brigantine gallantly held on her course, dashing the clear, bright water in showers over her fore-castle. The morning was without a cloud; a fresh breeze was blowing; all in the harbor was astir; and thus, with every thing combining to excite and exhilarate them, the crew of

the bold craft watched their progress. Soon the entrance to the harbor was past, and the blue expanse of the ocean opened before them. The brigantine was now hauled on a wind, and her course laid in the same direction the pirate had taken.

Until they were fairly under way, our hero's attention was absorbed by his vessel; but now that they were out at sea, dark and troubled fancies began to perplex him. In imagination he saw Inez forcibly torn from her home, and carried away in the bold arms of a licentious freebooter. As he counted the hours during which the Rover had the start of him, his heart sank within him, and he almost despaired of the pursuit. The whole of that morning he walked the quarter-deck, with quick and agitated steps—now glancing at the sails, to see what more the brigantine could carry, and now sweeping the horizon with his glass, to discover whether they yet approached the coast in the vicinity of the mansion of Don Jose.

At last the long desired headland rose in view, on rounding which, our hero knew he should behold the dwelling of Inez. But when the coast beyond the promontory opened to sight, only a thread of blue smoke was visible, where he had expected to see the white mansion. By the aid of his glass, he distinguished a smoking heap of ruins—all that remained of the dwelling. A crowd of negroes was around the spot; but no signs of their master, or of any female form, were discernible. Our hero could scarcely restrain his horror and anxiety at this spectacle. Was Inez murdered, or a captive? Either alternative seemed equally agonizing, though neither might be true—the fire possibly being only an accident. The minutes appeared hours, until the brigantine had arrived off the spot, which she did about noon.

*(To be concluded in the next Number.)*

## ~\*~ LINES TO E. D. ~\*~

BY PROFESSOR JAMES RHOADS.  
~\*~

On, believe me, my heart so acutely can feel  
The diffidence cherished by virtuous love,  
That I ne'er would endeavor its secrets to steal,  
Or mirth at devoted affection to move.  
That man must be lost to each true, kindly feeling,  
Who pleasure can find in the slightest degree,  
In mocking at love, its endearments revealing,  
And dragging it forth, that the careless may see.  
There's a purity breathed by its presence around,  
A holiness linking its heart binding chain,  
Which I, in my wildest of moments, have found  
So lovely, I would they might ever remain.  
I've shared in the sports of the thoughtless and gay;  
I've joined in the laugh of the witty and free;

But the rose-broidered veil I have ne'er torn away,  
Which forbids us the birth of affection to see.  
The flowers that are purest bloom hid in the vale;  
The birds that sing sweetest delight in the shade;—  
The holiest affections in secret prevail,  
In the depths of the heart their dominion is laid.  
True love is as free as the bird that has flown;  
True love as a lily is fragrant and pure;  
To its chosen it warbles sweet songs of its own,  
In its rich native soil it will bloom and endure.  
Let the mellow toned thrush in a cage be enclosed,  
And its joy, and its music, are silenced for aye;  
Let the lily be torn from its bed, and exposed  
To the gaze of the sun, and it withers away.

## DETACHED THOUGHTS ABOUT ENGLAND.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

It is difficult for an American to visit England—a country which bears so much resemblance to his own, yet differs from it in so many striking particulars—without being prompted to comparisons. The language he hears on every side is essentially his mother tongue, yet it is spoken with such differences that it seems to him almost like another; or, if he be not accustomed to take much note of peculiarities of language, he is constantly reminded by the manner of those whom he addresses, that his natural talk is in some respects foreign to their ears. He recognizes in the natural temperament a strong resemblance to what he had considered to be the prevailing tone at home; yet when he is in company with individual Englishmen, he is ready to suspect himself of being half French, and discovers, in his own looks, tones, and manner, a vivacity and demonstrativeness of which he had been before quite unconscious. The national maxims and sentiments are such as he loves and honors; they are just what make his pride and glory at home; just what form the favorite material for Fourth of July orations; yet the institutions which are supposed consonant with these maxims in England, are those against which he has been a sworn enemy from his cradle. The most ordinary observation shows him that there are no people on earth more substantially free than the English; more free to act, speak, write, abuse their governors, hatch treason, preach agrarianism, burn haystacks, or do any thing else that may pertain to the privileges of a self-governed people; but the same observation makes evident the fact that no people are more dazzled by rank, more servile to titled or even merely wealthy insolence; more ambitious of the smallest rise in the social scale; more anxious to keep the downs down; more ready to swell, with all their breath, the sails of success. He drops in at a county meeting, where he hears a nobleman of immense wealth pouring out the overflowing of his honest soul in sentiments of brotherhood, of devotion to the interests of the laboring classes, of contempt for the shows and appliances of fortuitous exaltation and he goes back to London in a perfect glow of delight, writes home his discovery that he has been all along mistaken in his ideas of the English aristocracy; that they are fine fellows, after all: as good democrats as can be found even at Albany.

The next day he happens to be standing in St James's Park when the company is passing to the Queen's drawing room; and in one of the most gorgeous of all the equipages, round which hang clustering footmen in the most absurd and degrading of all the liveries, he recognizes his democrat of the county meeting. What wonder that he goes home and tears up yesterday's letter?

It is thus that the American in England walks in a sort of mystification. His ideal of the mother country was made up from books—not to-day's books, but books hallowed by time, and sealed by the whole world's love and gratitude. He did not, to be sure, expect to find Shakespeares; but he had unconsciously endowed the whole nation with something of Shakespeare's universality—the opposite of mean and narrow prejudice. He knew that a Milton is

"The single wonder of a thousand years,"

but he had, by a pleasant illusion, admitted a vague notion that the dignity and independence of Milton were national traits—at least we may take the liberty to express by this figure the somewhat romantic expectations with which we approach for the first time the land of our literature. It is a matter of feeling, not judgment;—an impression—one of the illusions that we act upon without believing. It is natural for us to suppose that the great bond of a common literature is an effective bond; that souls fed on the same food must have some constitutional resemblance, some fruitful sympathies. We love England for her mighty ones, for her greatness, for being our mother; and we imagine that she loves us in return, for the sake of our common origin, for what we have done thus far, for our love of her.

But she does not love us. With all the large exceptions that we well know and remember,—with all the private kindness that is accorded to a portion of the Americans who visit her shores, by a few of her noble spirits—

"Spirits that live insph'rd  
In regions mild of calm and serene air  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot—"

and whose more expanded sympathies enable them to receive us in the spirit in which we come—England, social England, looks upon her American children with contempt only half veiled; prizes not their love, scorns their admiration, views

their efforts at improvement with a lofty disdain, studiously avoids recognizing their claims to respect. Arrogating to herself a superiority that is never to be questioned, she cannot forgive our showing in her presence any other quality beside docility. If we come as mere learners; if we begin with an acknowledgment of hopeless inferiority; if we are willing to allow that to differ from England in any particular, important or trifling, is to be wrong—she will look upon us with a certain sort of complacency; abate a little of her superciliousness, and acknowledge that we are not quite irredeemably benighted. But even then, the good sense which perceives English infallibility is considered rather as an individual exception. America—the vague, disagreeable something which universal England means by that word—still lies in darkness, at an immeasurable distance; despising dignities; wild after every kind of unrespectable novelty in politics and religion; abetting all sorts of revolutions; repudiating; self-glorifying; stealing English books; loving slavery for the pleasure of flaying slaves; chewing tobacco; eating eggs out of wine-glasses!

Ideas must have original materials, as well as worlds; and the materials for this monstrous idea of our country are various. England will not (yet) take the trouble of asking herself what they are, but no American who has much intercourse with English society can be at a loss to enumerate the leading ones. The corner of our rock of offence is, of course, that old rebellion, so vexatiously successful, and, moreover, so particularly galling because brought on by the excessively blind and blundering arrogance of the mother country, which, by a little polite kindness could have held her sprightly child in leading strings for half a century more at least. She is practising every day the lesson we taught her, and may thank this dear bought wisdom for the present stability of St. James's, such as it is. It is for want of such effectual teaching that the ex-king of the French is now her guest. But we do not always appreciate this description of good offices.

The next *statum*—for this is one of the cases in which we must look deep for the foundations of an airy fabric—is perhaps not unlikely to be the war of 1812, which broke the spell of England as “mistress of the seas,” and awakened her to the fact that Americans against Englishmen makes very different fighting from Frenchmen against Englishmen. So much of England's arrogance is founded upon her past success in all matters dependant on brute force, that a blow in that quarter tells deeply. She would be better content that we should produce a new Shakspeare, though she would be very slow to acknowledge him. In the department of mind she has not quite forgotten her ancient nobleness, for here it is her glorious ones that give tone to public sentiment. Military and naval defeats and disgraces are comprehensible by

a quite different order of men, and serve to awaken the enmity of the unquestioning crowd who make up the mass of every nation.

As to further material, it is hard to say whether slavery or repudiation is oftener thrown in the teeth of Americans who venture to have opinions upon any subject in England. And if these matters be considered in the abstract, this is right enough. Nobody could say too much in condemnation of either; and the American who goes abroad ignorant, or perverted, or indifferent on either point, deserves whatever mortification he may encounter, and should bless Englishmen, or any body else, for showing him the true aspect of such things. But it is quite another affair to receive with submission the impertinence of those who affect to treat slavery and repudiation as *American sins*; putting on an air of immaculate, ensphered dignity; looking down, as it were, from an unapproachable height of virtue, upon our incomprehensible transgressions; wondering that we can look honest, pious people in the face, while we indulge our wicked propensities to oppression and fraud. As these subjects are always prominent in the English mind when Americans are present, it is quite natural that frequent allusion should be made to them; and it is quite as natural that the foreigner who feels the insolence of the imputations and implications never omitted on such occasions, should, yielding the ground entirely as to abstract right, defend himself and his country from contemptuous insult, by reminding his assailants of some favorite national sins of their own—for in England such sins are national, while here they are often, as in the present case, only sectional;—sins which in their practical results outrun all the miseries and wrongs of slavery, and all the dishonesty of repudiation, so far, that nothing but wilful blindness could mistake their enormity. The oppressions and wrongs perpetrated every day in Great Britain, by the State Church alone, far exceed in galling cruelty, in high handed injustice, in demoralizing influence, all that slavery has effected since England forced it upon us; and the enormous injustice practised by her on her own colonies makes the temporary repudiation of one or two of the States of our Union, seem by contrast, a mere feather in the scale, though it is a far more unpopular sin. But having so long assumed the immaculate and reproving tone, England cannot pardon our enforced reply, “Physician, heal thyself.”

The mere abolition of the legalized slave-trade, which it took Wilberforce and Clarkson and their associates twenty years to worry her into, is now the foundation of a self-glorification which throws ours out of the question; and the purchase of her West India slaves,—that miserable expedient, which leaving the slave still at the mercy of the master, while their interests were more at variance than ever, has so signally failed of producing the true benefits of a hearty abolition,—this mere drop of ill-managed concession to the

opinions of the day, is considered a counterbalance for all the grinding and desolating oppression allowed in India, where slavery is still encouraged, because it fills the pockets of impoverished nobles and needy soldiers who might else prove troublesome at home.

These are truths which our natural and hereditary reverence and affection for England would induce us to forget, if we were not forced to snatch up weapons of defence against unprovoked and ungenerous attacks. To enter upon explanations and apologies with regard to the accusations brought against us were a hopeless task, for our good neighbors care only just enough about us to be sharp-sighted to our faults, not enough to take any pains to inform themselves as to our difficulties. It is easier to condemn than to examine.

Repudiation is but a minor item in the list of excuses for dislike; and if it could be visited upon those to whom it properly belongs, we should have nothing to say. But to insist on charging it upon the whole United States, is simply a piece of stolid ill-temper. The English are, to be sure, proverbially slow in the reception of foreign ideas, and doggedly set against the value of new ones; but they could easily, if they were desirous of doing justice, come at some notion of the nature of our confederacy, and of our State independence; and so learn to lay repudiation at its proper door, instead of pretending to consider it the bantling of republicanism. But they are peculiarly sensitive in the region of the pocket, and as they can only get three or four per cent. for money at home, it must doubtless have been a cruel disappointment to find that there was any uncertainty attending the reception of ten or twenty from us. We ought to feel very patient under their anger about repudiation.

With regard to that particular sort of national dishonesty which systematically appropriates other men's property and means of living, because it happens to be of a kind easily stolen, we confess to an humbled silence under British objurgation. If any body thinks that to write and publish a book, which others read, is not creating a property on which the author has a right to depend as a means of subsistence, we are not of the number; and we have never yet seen an argument on the subject which convinced us that it was less dishonest to steal a book than a pair of shoes. If an author has no right to live by his works, a clergyman can have no claim on account of his public teaching, or a legislator because he devotes his time to debate and the preparation for it. People who perform intellectual labor must form the single exception to the law, which appoints that men shall enjoy that place in society to which their ability and industry entitle them. So absurd an idea we cannot advocate, even for the sake of defending the land we love against the angry taunts of our English neighbors. They are right in despising the moral coarseness which can think a

wrong justified by the ease with which it can be perpetrated. They are quite right in feeling that the American people ought not to be willing to be amused and instructed, without rendering some equivalent, merely because the creditor is so placed that he has no power to collect his dues. All that the American in England can say, when this sore subject is mentioned, is, that he hopes the day for such meanness is passing away. A higher general cultivation, and a nobler appreciation of the blessings and claims of mind, will undoubtedly set us right on this subject. May the time be not far distant!

But besides these larger causes of dislike, and leaving out of the account youth, prosperity, fame, growth—we have a vast number of petty successes to answer for,—rivalries in inventions, improvements, commerce, navigation—everything which contributes to the material greatness of nations. To England we seem to be rioting in all the insolence of youthful strength, while she is conscious within herself of the symptoms of decadence. The curiosity, the vivacity, the activity, the restlessness, the forwardness, the want of reverence for age, which characterizes a young people, is offensive to her dignity. It is as if an old lady, seated in her quiet drawing-room, surrounded by all the cherished mementoes of her youth, and all the acquisitions of her rich prime, should suddenly suffer the irruption of a parcel of school-boys—her brother's children, from the country; whose relationship she could not deny, and to whose well-developed limbs and good-looking faces her heart would warm under other circumstances, yet whose untamed sprightliness and unconscious nonchalance fill her with alarm. One spies out the darns in her well-saved carpet; another begins twirling the music-stool, soon discovers that its screw is out of order, and offers to mend it for her; another strikes the old harpsichord, and bursts into a gay laugh at its jingling. There may be others, meanwhile, who are quietly admiring the works of art which adorn her walls and pedestals, and yet more who are disposed to sit at her foot-stool, listening to her lessons of practical wisdom and experience. But she wishes them all gone! Their presence reminds her of the encroachments of a new generation; their strength is a reproach to her weakness, their vivacity is oppressive to the quiet self-complacency in which she had enshrined herself. A visit from one of her ancient gossips—whom sympathy would prevent from disturbing her thoughts, and whose elegant decrepitude, being greater than her own, would bring with it a certain amount of consolation—would be far more agreeable. The promise of her stout nephews is acknowledged, perhaps, but the approbation is very cold and unfruitful; especially if their father had imprudently connected himself, early in life, with “a young person not fit for good society”—which is the position our American freedom holds with regard to the liberty so much

boasted of by the English. We have gone beyond the standard, and are wrong, of course. If we had contented ourselves with the exact measure and model of liberty enjoyed by our great mother, we might hope for her approbation. A step in advance is license, and vulgarizes us. Captain Hall, a pretty fair exponent of the leading sentiments of his country, said that Americans must forever lack "the ennobling sentiment of *loyalty*." He meant loyalty to a man or an idea; he had no conception of loyalty to a principle, which is a far more ennobling sentiment.

The English feeling towards us is so natural, and so pardonable, under the circumstances, that it is the silliest thing in the world to be vexed and made cross and spiteful by it. Personal experience of it is provoking, and we are far from advocating a tame submission in individual instances. But a national feeling of anger, on such grounds, is totally unjustifiable and unworthy. The nation treats us with all the respect we can desire. Governments are not so reckless as to indulge contempt for their equals. The dislike and pretended contempt of which we speak, is a wholly private and social matter. It is closely akin to the Chinese feeling with respect to "outer barbarians," heightened, as that is, by fear, and by the necessity for a certain amount of outward civility. There is this difference, however; that the English have, after all, a vast fund of good sense and good feeling; a fund that must, in the long run, suffice for all exigencies, though it is not always available, or ready for small occasions. For this reason we shall never cease to love and honor them, and for the same they will be ready, in due time, to love and honor us. We can surely afford, therefore, to be patient.

We began, a long while ago, with saying, that it was difficult for Americans in England to avoid comparisons. These begin as soon as we land, when the first thing that strikes us is the plain, substantial air of every thing. English pride forbids any outward display about a dwelling which is placed among common things in the daily sight of an indifferent crowd. A country house, shut in by miles of park from the vulgar eye, may have something fanciful about it; a city one must look as surly and common-place as possible. French vanity is as far the other way; a flourish can hardly be out of place. We stand somewhere between the two. We are said to have more vanity than pride, but we are not without a leaven of the less amiable fault. It is the iron in our derived blood; but we love a little outward show in our dwellings. If we cannot afford it in any more expensive form, we will have it in paint. The whitest of houses with the greenest of blinds are the most admired of all, here; but it may be doubted whether an instance of the sort can be found in all England.

Speaking of substantials, we cannot avoid noticing the astounding horses that draw drays

and huge wagons, in the streets of London, and wherever else great business is done. These animals, contrasted with those which perform the labor of our country, may almost serve as types of the English nation, as opposed to our greater celerity and lack of weight. They are more like elephants than horses, both in appearance and in pace; for they are never seen going at any pace beyond a slow walk. Indeed, the mere labor of lifting their immense feet would seem to render a trot impracticable; but on a walk they will draw castles. The loads thought proper for them—including the wagons, which are of a construction unknown among us for ponderosity of wood and iron,—are enormous; and the whole thing is almost sublime in its clumsiness.

The excellence of the pavements is another thing that must be continually present to Americans, at least to the people of New York, who are accustomed to pavements far inferior to those of Pompeii, laid two thousand years ago. The streets of the great cities in England are either paved with granite blocks, or Macadamized, so that one rolls for miles without a jolt or a tilt. Their cleanliness is another feature very striking to us, and it comes upon us with a certain surprise, from our notion that old streets must be dirty. Philadelphia is, perhaps, the only city in the United States as clean as London. In spite of the raininess of the climate, and the immense traffic of this huge world of commerce, so excellent is the system, and so admirably ingenious the means employed, that it is only while it is absolutely raining that one finds it difficult to get about. The instant the weather will allow, the mud is not only scraped up, but carried away in huge carts, so constructed as to let nothing escape, not even water; so that in a very short time the patent street sweeper is available, and no vestige of mud is left.

This patent sweeper is an invention which we longed to bring home with us. It does its work so rapidly, so effectually, and so cheaply, that our city governments could afford to have it made in silver, and yet save money by its adoption. We hope to see its smooth, clean tracks about our own homes before a great while, for there are few things more needed.

A contrast in the other direction is to be found in the railway carriages, which are so arranged, as to make as striking and as disagreeable as possible the distinctions of fortune and class. It would seem in this, as in other instances in England, that there is purposely no provision for that class—a large one in every free country—who, although not abundant in worldly goods, are as refined in their tastes, and as sensitive in feeling, as the rich; to whom dirt, and discomfort, and coarseness are as offensive as they can be to the hereditary ruler. There are three or four classes of railway carriages; the first cushioned more than enough, with seats too roomy for Daniel

Lambert, and great projecting ears of cushion, which may be very comfortable for night travel, but which are decidedly offensive in the day-time, to those who adopt the old maxim—"keep the feet warm, and the head cool." The second class carriage—the one in which almost everybody goes—is just about what would be prepared for negroes in our country, if it were the fashion to have colored cars as well as colored pews. It is a mean, dirty box, without a cushion of any description, or any thing but bare boards; and the most anxious exclusion of every thing that could contribute to comfort. The price of travel in this intolerable conveyance is considerably higher than that of our elegant, velvet cushioned carriages; and the first hundred miles on an English railroad shows the American that he need not come abroad to learn luxurious modes of travelling, or to find it cheapened by heightened skill and long experience. Even the superior speed on English railways is confined to a few routes, and the price is always in proportion.

The arrangements at the stations are better than ours, the traveller being completely protected from the annoyance of cabmen and porters, who are kept under the strictest police, and confined absolutely to the limits allotted to them. The invariable practice of having a light in every carriage in readiness for passing through tunnels, is also a great improvement upon our custom of allowing passengers to be shut up in total darkness, whatever be the length of the tunnel.

The lowest class cars are like cattle-pens, and one imbibes a painful idea of the condition of those who are obliged to submit to the use of such a mode of conveyance. A mother who will stand, with her infant in her arms, during a whole journey, for want of a seat, must be destitute indeed; and if it were not that the poor have kindness and consideration for each other, and will almost always volunteer help in such cases, we hardly know how the poor souls who are always to be found going from place to place seeking for work, or pursuing wandering husbands, could sustain the dreadful fatigue. Long may it be before we have any class who would put up with such accommodations.

The English understand the arts of domestic comfort far better than we do; at least their domestic habits are more rational and home-like. The fashion of sitting all the morning in bedrooms, basements, or other out-of-the-way places, is unknown among people in tolerable circumstances. It is not thought unladylike to pursue one's ordinary occupations in the breakfast parlor or library, where company is received; and the pleasure of visiting is much enhanced by the certainty of finding the ladies of the house, if they are at home, quietly seated in a comfortable room, with sewing, books, drawing, music, or whatever else makes a parlor look domestic and cosy. The chill which ensues when one is shown

into an empty drawing-room, piled with unmeaning splendors, and shining in unused and unusable neatness, is never felt in England. Mrs. Sigourney would never have written her pretty "lines to a shred of linen" there, for the shred would have shocked nobody.

The English have more the air of *living every day*, than most Americans. There is less of a put-on look; less formality, more conversation, more knowledge of ordinary things, more available accomplishments among well-bred people; far less of occasional show, and mere uninteresting display of clothes and furniture. Their taste in dress is, to our Paris bred notion, odious enough. Half a dozen ladies brought together for a dinner party, will flaunt in every gaudy hue that the sun ever shone upon; and the flowers and stripes on their skirts will be in landscape-gardening proportions of size and distance, rather than like the diminutive parterre which alone we think it advisable for the fair to carry about with them. They dress their hair most extravagantly, too; with great sweeps of dishevelled curls, or heavy bands that shade not only cheeks, but chin. In jewelry, again, they affect heavy and ill-fancied things; valuable, but not ornamental as portions of costume. But the intelligence and good breeding which one finds under this rather ungraceful exterior; the gentle and self-governed manner; the kind tone; the well-informed mind, and quiet self-possession without assurance, easily make us forget any thing merely external. An exquisitely dressed doll, intent upon her own appearance, ignorant alike of the requisitions of good breeding and of all rational ground of talk, would hardly be preferred, even by those of our citizens who make it their grand ambition that their children shall "speak nothing but French from the cradle," without the smallest solicitude as to *what* is to be said, in that language or any other.

For all the solid uses of life, and the comfort of its weary hours—for friendship, for spirit, for sincerity and earnestness, English women have no superiors; and if we must go abroad for models, we fervently hope it may be to London, rather than to Paris.

But to return to the subject of comfort: though English houses are its home, we cannot say as much for the churches. The churches of the Establishment, however dignified in architecture, are generally most shabby and dingy within; and the dissenting chapels, with the exception of a few new ones, are no better. It would seem to be a point of conscience, in England, to make places of worship as disagreeable as possible, perhaps with the idea that luxurious ease is more favorable to sleep than to devotion. But it would take a good while to teach Americans this philosophy. A church without carpets, without stoves for cold weather, and with high, uncomfortable seats, and pews so high-backed that one can but just

look over the top, would not be much thronged in New York or Philadelphia. Nor would the necessity of waiting in the aisle until all pew holders had arrived and seated themselves, before we could be shown to a pew, be very popular among us. Then again, the great cathedrals, a world too wide for their shrunk ranks, are fitted for the uses of public worship by a sort of pen, within which are seats for those who come in time, while to be a few minutes too late obliges you to stand on the outside of a locked rail, guarded by an important functionary in a black or purple tagged robe, whom, from the solemnity of his countenance and his awful frown of authority, it would be easy to mistake for the dean, were it not that, in spite of his robe of office, he has usually very little of the gentleman about him. The general manner of the officials in the cathedrals and other churches visited by strangers in England, is offensive, even insolent. These people seem the exponents of the proverbial surliness of the nation; for we meet often with very gratifying civility in other, and especially in higher quarters.

But if the churches are uncomfortable, what

shall we say to the preaching generally heard in them? It certainly would command very little attention in the United States, where an indifferent, drawling, monotonous manner is sure either to drive away hearers, or to put them to sleep. And we cannot but suspect the ordinary English taste to be very much like our own, for nothing can be more expressive of want of interest than the general thinness of their congregations. A few "fashionable" preachers draw crowds, but most of the churches are scarcely half filled. The bishop of London has lately been building twelve new ones, named after the twelve apostles; but the old ones in their vicinity would have held all who are disposed to attend. A few preachers who were able to arouse the attention of the people, and make the service interesting to them, would be much more likely to answer the proposed end. Churches would grow, of themselves, in that case.

But we have already made our article too long, and must conclude without having been able to communicate to our readers a tithe of our general impression of England and the English.

## THE FIRST APPEAL.

(See Engraving.)

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

WHAT ails thy 'kerchief, maiden—what seekest to divine  
In the hem or 'broidered border of that cambric soft and fine?

Is there magic interwoven with a necromancer's art,  
That thou seekest there an answer to the whisper of thy heart?

Pond eyes are gazing anxiously upon thy downcast brow,  
Thou know'st it by the blushes that mantle o'er it now,  
And other hands beside thine own are seeking to discover  
Within the broken summer flower an answer to the lover.

Speak softly, gentle maiden—thou hast listened to the words,  
That fell like whispered music on thy heart's responsive chords,  
Their echoes float about thee, with a charmed, thrilling spell,  
Then answer, gentle maiden, to the pleading breathed so well.

Love is but a little urchin, ever pictured as a boy,  
In the sunny day of childhood, with lip and eye of joy;  
But the strong man quails before him, and his heart grows strangely mild,  
And the mail clad warrior trembles at the presence of the child.

Yet no ruthless tyrant is he, and he strives with gentle sway  
To lead his willing captives thro' a flower enamell'd way;  
And he boasts no wide dominions—he but draws upon his chart  
The various isles and vallies that lead unto the heart.

That bounds his great possessions, that closes his demesnes,  
And fears and hopes and smiles and tears, his land and water scenes.  
He sways o'er thoughts and feelings, with a soft, a sweet control,  
His realm—the gentle realm of love—is of the heart and soul.

Then answer, gentle maiden—he who lingers by thy side,  
Hath asked of thee in truthfulness to be his chosen bride;  
And still thou seekest vainly in thy 'kerchief's snowy fold,  
An answer to the tale of love his trembling lips have told.

Raise but thine eyes a little while, love's language soft and low,  
Needs no interpreter—the eye proclaimed it long ago,  
With one soft glance the electric chords with swift vibrations start,  
And with a gust of mighty love, heart rushes unto heart.



ENGRAVED BY A. RITCHIE

THE ORIGINAL BY FRANK STONE

THE FIRST APPEAL.



## CROSSING THE PRAIRIE.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES C. MOFFAT

A TALE, which the ancient hunter tells,  
Of a time ere his locks were grey,  
When over the snow-clad hills and dells,  
One night, to the chime of their sleighing bells,  
A group of the young and gay  
Were speeding all to a joyous hall  
On a prairie, far away.

"A numerous, merry band were we,  
With our horses fleet and strong,  
And the echoes awoke to our tones of glee,  
That shook the snow from the laden tree,  
As we sped, like the wind, along:  
While the sound, below, of the crisping snow  
Was the concord to our song

"From the woods we poured, with a shout of joy,  
On the prairie's snowy sheen;  
But the frosty wind, from the cloudless sky,  
In the far northwest, came sweeping by,  
With a gust so chill and keen,  
The wit was stayed, that so freely played  
'Neath the forest's cloudy screen.

"On that ocean of snow, unshielded, bleak,  
As we met the midnight cold,  
It benumbed the lip, that assayed to speak,  
And chilled the blood on the stiffened cheek,  
And through each massy fold  
Of the buffalo skin, as if gauze it had been,  
Assailed life's strongest hold.

"My gentle companion drew near to my side,  
And folded her drapery fast.  
'The cold is fierce, and the Prairie wide'—  
With shudder like Aspen leaf she sighed,  
And shrunk from the biting blast;  
But, like raillery, came a peal of glee  
From the rest, as they bounded past.

"'Dear Ellen, this cloak I well can spare'—  
And I bound it to her form.  
'My horses demand more active care,  
And it heats the blood right well to bear  
Such necks with a steady arm.'  
And, lest I should find my favor declined,  
I turned to face the storm.

"No trifling words, I ween, were said  
On the prairie path that night;  
But our bells, in the frantic chime they played,  
The rushing sound by our runners made,  
And our horses' tread so light,  
In joining the wail of the moaning gale,  
Gave voice to our rapid flight.

"Far into the west of a moonless sky  
The markless prairie spread,  
And, round and round, the bewildered eye  
Could nought of the wintry earth espy  
But its boundary line of lead,  
And the paly glow of the shrouding snow,  
Like the hue of the ghastly dead.

"The silent stars from their cold blue home  
Looked down with a freezing ray,  
And from beyond their spangled dome  
In the uncreated appeared to come

That flood, with torrent sway,  
Which poured, like breath of the angel of death,  
On our unprotected way.

"A line of shade, like a winding shore,  
Arose on the snowy earth—  
'Twas the forest edge. Our journey was o'er.  
A blaze of light, and the joyful roar  
Of music, and dancing, and mirth,  
For a moment did seem a fantastic dream,  
Or a thing of fairy birth.

"I check my steeds in their speed, and throw  
From my stiffened hand the reins,  
And bound, at once, to the powd'ry snow.  
'Come, Ellen, we've earned our dance, I trow,  
Right well on these wintry plains,  
And my heart has bled, as along we sped,  
For the life in thy delicate veins.'

"She moved not a limb—she answered not;  
Nor yet my grasp repelled;  
But how icy cold was the hand I caught—  
'Twas then that the flash of a fearful thought  
My rejoicing spirit quelled.  
I tore away the robe that lay  
On her face—it was a corpse I held!

"I did not grieve; but in every limb  
A volition seemed to reign,  
And I on a tide of emotion to swim,  
While the light before my eyes grew dim,  
For reason had fled my brain—  
We were standing there, a silent pair,  
With the dancers awaiting the strain.

"Upon my shoulder her head reclined,  
And my arm sustained her form,  
And I gazed on that face with a wandering mind  
Which looked in my own so sad and kind,  
That I trembled with strange alarm;  
But vainly sought, in my raving thought,  
To recal the actual harm.

"Alone we stood—for the dance was stayed.  
But inquiring faces drew near,  
Some moments, ere yet a word was said,  
In amazement looking upon the dead,  
And upon her living bier.  
'Let the music swell. We have earned it well.  
Why stand we gazing here?'

"I called aloud, when around me came,  
Through a vapor of lurid light,  
Wild looks of ire, of pity and blame,  
And upon my brow a pressure of flame.  
Then all forsook my sight.  
And, stranger, I tell thee it had been well  
If I had died that night.

"For many a sad and dreary day,  
In the cold, dark woods alone,  
Forgetful of life, have I worn away  
In griefs, that have made my heart their prey,  
And changed it into stone—  
Yea, the meanest that bleeds where my bullet speeds  
Is worthier than my own."



## THE HEAD OF CHRIST, BY STEINHAÜSER.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE attention of the public has recently been directed to an admirable work of art, at present in this city, the production of Steinhäuser of Bremen. I would beg leave to offer a few remarks on an accompanying head of Christ by the same artist, which though inferior as a grand work to the Hero and Leander, still presents extraordinary attractions as illustrative of the three grand eras of Christian art, and indicating the power of Eclecticism when guided by a proper spirit. The few works of this artist which I have seen, evince not only an intimate knowledge of the technicalities and mechanism of the atelier, but also a depth of thought, or rather "feeling deeper than all thought," rare enough in this age, when so many artists exist, and *work*, who can evidently conceive no higher aim, than that of merely pleasing and deceiving the eye.

The first representations of our Lord are to be found, not in the origin of Christian, but as M. Mazure correctly remarks, in the latest period of classic art. For the relics of the fifth and sixth centuries, at Naples and Rome, in the catacombs, and cemeteries of St. Calixtus and Priscilla, though representing Christian subjects, are essentially heathen, as far as spirit and execution are con-

cerned. Nor can they even be termed examples of the lowest stage or decay of Classic Art, indicating as they do, a *revival* of true Grecian spirit, and as Mazure remarks, "form a pause in the career of decay, for the paintings of the catacombs and the glowing eloquence of the eastern bishops, were only a last radiation of classic art, and oratory, and neither of these, as they existed during the Middle Ages, can be considered as originating from them."\*

These early representations of our Lord are distinguished by a touching child-like simplicity, which has nothing in common with the subsequent melancholy spiritualism of Gothic art. We find Christ in them at times represented as a beautiful youth with golden hair, and long floating tunic, treading under foot the dragon; occasionally under the form of a lamb, and still oftener as a fish, this being in fact, the most familiar of all early christian symbols. The initials of the Grecian words Jesus Christ, the son of God, forming

\* "Font voir un point d'arret dans la decadence; les peintures des catacombes et la genereuse eloquence des eveques d'Orient n'etaient pas autre chose qu'un dernier rayonnement de l'art et de l'eloquence antiques, et ni l'art ni l'eloquence du moyen-age ne devaient les regarder comme leur origine."

the word ΙΧΘΥΣ, "a fish," which symbol was at a later period applied to the soul of any christian what ever, as illustrated in the imposts of St. Germain des Prés, in Paris.\*

But the artists of this and a later period, availed themselves still oftener of those symbols of heathenism in which they found an accidental or traditional identity with certain Scriptural texts or parables. Such, for example, was the old, Grecian myth of Mercury, bearing a goat (vide Piper, Sym., und Mythologie der Chr., Kunst, page 8, In.) which presented to their minds a striking analogy with the parable of Christ the good shepherd bearing home the lost sheep. Such was the myth of Orpheus, charming the brute creation with his music,—an image forcibly recalling that of the charmer who could not attract the deaf adder,—"charm he never so wisely;" and such were the numerous parallels of identity discovered between Apollo and Christ;—just as the Scandinavians of a later day found our Saviour under another name in their God Balder,—the incarnation of Love, Gentleness and Beauty; and we accordingly find Christ at this early period represented under one or another mythologic form. But a new form was destined to find its way into Christianity. From the Eastern Empire came the Byzantine school of art, which was in reality but a new exponent of Oriental asceticism, quietism, and transcendental world-aborrence. It came with those long-faced oriental-eyed images of Christ, so repugnant to all ideas of personal attraction, and yet so deeply inspired with spiritual, unearthly, beauty. In these works the absolutism of art was shown by the ease with which the most incongruous elements may be united under one law of harmony. But the stern spiritualism of this school had nothing in common with the material ease and beauty of the heathen mythology, and we accordingly find that a council of quini sextus, held at Constantinople, A. D. 692, forbade in its 82d statute, all artists to employ "any symbol whatever, in the representation of christian subjects."†

But a strife originating not so much in reality from Christian principles,‡ as the objective deformity of Byzantine art, had long been carried on between divers of the Fathers, as to whether our Saviour should be represented under an unattractive, or a beautiful form. Among those who contended for the latter, were Gregory of Nyssa, St. Jerome, Ambrosius, and Augustin—grounding their views in the text, in Psalm 45, v. 2: "Thou art fairer than the children of men, grace is poured into thy lips, therefore, God hath blessed thee forever." But the other party asserted as authority, Isaiah 54, 2: "He hath no form or comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him;" also,

\* "Aringhia, Roma Subterranea."

† Mazure, Phila. des Arts, p. 285, and Emerie David.

‡ Thiersch, Aesthetik.

verse 4. Among the former were Justinus Martyr, Clemens Alex. Origen, Basilius, and Cyrillus. From their triumph—taken in connection with the decision of the council already cited,—we date the absolute prevalence of Byzantine art. But Art bears within itself a high vivifying principle, which no councils or synods can destroy; the more so when sustained by Christianity, than which no form of belief has ever been so eminently favorable to its higher developments. The works of the Byzantine artists were devoid of objective beauty, not because they were insensible to it, but because they were influenced by that blind undeviating veneration for the forms of antiquity common to all the strictly hieratic, oriental schools of art. Even the Egyptians, as Schlegel remarks, could have readily thrown aside their ungainly representations of humanity, as is abundantly proved by the spirit and grace of their animals, had it not been for the superstitious awe with which they regarded their priests, who considered it sacrilege to depart in any particular from the traditional form of their divinities. Byzantine art, so eminently inspired with spiritual beauty, needed but the removal of these restraints, which a progressive European influence soon effected. Cimabue was the first who materially changed its form, without sensibly lessening its ineffably spiritual expression. But even this diminished in the works of his successors. In the sweet, mysterious sadness of the eyes of Leonardo da Vinci's female saints, we see the last reflection of true Byzantine art in Italy.

If there be any who deny that Byzantine art, slightly modified in form, is capable of presenting an infinite beauty, (as every one who depreciates the modern German schools, consistently must,) I would refer them to a head of Christ, by Thomas de Mutina, in the cathedral of Prague, which has been pronounced "a very curious and perfect specimen of Byzantine art." I have never seen—even among the master-pieces of Perugino or Beato Angelico, a countenance to be compared with this, in refined spiritual beauty.

I would earnestly recommend to the impartial artist of the present day, a study of these Romanesque examples. This head of Christ, by Steinhäuser, evinces a deep appreciation of their worth, being, in fact, an attempt to combine their spiritual expression, with the formal beauty of classic and Gothic art.

The great similarity of feature which we find in all the portraits of our Saviour, of this, and a later period, is, however, too striking to be accounted for by referring them to the spirit of the age, and Kugler is undoubtedly right, in referring it to certain traditional accounts of his personal appearance, which I candidly believe are not altogether unfounded. The first of these is the celebrated letter of Lentulus, to the Roman senate, given in several authors of the eleventh century, but undoubtedly written about the end of the

third. In this letter our Lord is described as being "a man of commanding stature, agreeable to behold, with a noble countenance, capable of inspiring both love and fear. His hair is dark; curled and shining, parted in the middle, according to the manner of the Nazarenes, and flowing over his shoulders. His forehead is even and pleasant, the countenance without wrinkles or spots, and agreeable in being slightly ruddy. His nose and mouth are faultless, the beard strong, and like the hair, slightly red, not long, and divided. His eyes are changeable (oculis variis,) and shining."

This is similar to the description given by John of Damascus, about the middle of the eighth century, which he declares is selected from accounts given by early Christian writers. "Jesus was," he asserts, "of commanding stature, his eyebrows grew together; he had beautiful eyes, a large nose, and curling hair; was in the flower of his age, wore a black beard, had long fingers, and a yellowish complexion, similar to that of his mother," &c. These descriptions correspond nearly enough with the portraits of Christ, given by the later Byzantine and Gothic artists, to indicate their influence. In the Christs of Guido de Siena, of Cimabue, of Gentile da Fabriano, of Giotto, Orcagna, the Van Eycks, Hemling, and the celebrated St. Veronica of the Boissere collection in Munich, we invariably find a common resemblance.

It is in the works of such artists as these, that we observe the highest and most perfect spiritual Christianity. We see in them the mystic, starry night of Byzantine art changing not into the full, perfect day of a later period, but to the purple mists, and golden morning aurora of the Romantic era, which heralded its approach.

I am induced to dwell on the great excellence of Romantic, or Gothic art, not altogether because our artist, Steinhäuser, has so well succeeded in transferring much of its spirit to his head of Christ, nor even through my own partiality for it, but because there are, at the present, many very eminent artists and writers, who persist in believing that its supporters are influenced by a blind admiration of antiquity, and that its study can be of no practical utility to art. Yet Raphael himself was at one period a strictly Gothic artist,—many of his early pictures would be confounded by a careless observer with those of Perugino, and I believe that we may fairly assume, that had it not been for the Gothic *spiritualism* with which his early career inspired him, and which he transferred so successfully to his later works, he would never have risen to the summit of all art! I am far from asserting with Overbeck, that "*when Raphael forsook Perugino, God forsook Raphael*," nor will I even declare, with a French critic, that I behold Raphael with more pleasure during his early period of naïf gentle simplicity, but I do not hesitate to say that those who cannot appre-

ciate him during this period, or the works of the artists already cited, are incapable of appreciating him at any point of his career, and not only Raphael, but the truly great works of all periods. Nay, if their system of Aesthetics, be in any wise logical, Shakspeare, Dante, and the Nibelungen Lied, must be for them sealed mysteries, and all the art and architecture of the middle ages, to use the words of Vasari, "a mass of cursed absurdity."

I apply these remarks to those learned in art, whose tastes are influenced by the false, artificial views of the last century. As for the reason why the many are incapable of appreciating the merit of the artists in question, I conceive that it is clearly given in the following remark of Schlegel: "We may compare perfection in art and poetry to the summit of a steep mountain, on which an up-rolled load cannot long maintain its position, but immediately rolls down the other side irresistibly. It descends according to the laws of gravity, with quickness and ease, and one can calmly look on while it is descending, for the mass follows its natural tendency, while the laborious ascent is in some degree a painful spectacle. Hence it is, par excellence, that the paintings which belong to the age of declining art are much more pleasing to the unlearned eye than those which preceded the period of its perfection. The genuine connoisseur, on the contrary, will hold the pictures of a Zucheri, and others, who gave the tone when the great schools of the sixteenth century were degenerating into empty and superficial mannerism, to be in real and essential worth far inferior to the works of a Mantegna, Perugino, and their contemporaries."

If any inquire, "Why has not the artist in the head of Christ followed the more perfect models of Christian art instead of the doubtful productions of an early time?" my answer is, that apart from the servility of imitation, art perpetually requires new developments or a progressive originality. Classic and Gothic, have had their day, we can learn much from them, but under the present conditions of society it is impossible to advance them one jot further. But it has been surmised, and with reason, that the Byzantine, Romanesque, or Transition era,—call it what we will,—never attained its full development; or at least was fully capable of being developed otherwise than it was, into Gothic art. Art in every age has been but an exponent of the prevailing state of society, and had any accident substituted another religion and other customs, another condition of art must inevitably have ensued. The labors of German architects of the present day have fully proved the immense capabilities of the Romanesque for further development, and many artists have endeavored to effect the same in works of different descriptions. I class this head of Steinhäuser's, among these efforts, and no unprejudiced mind can deny that

the endeavor has been in a great measure crowned with success. It is an attempt to unite Romanesque spirit to a classic form, and to a cursory observer it might appear that he had drawn his inspiration from either source. He has retained the divided beard, spoken of in the letter of Lentulus, and given to the eyes a slightly Byzantine expression, while the general upper outline is decidedly Greek. The general *impression* of silent energy is admirable. We have in it, to borrow the expression and test of Schelling, "the Infinite made Finite," to a degree seldom witnessed in modern works of art.

From the indications afforded by this, as well as many other greater works which have been executed of late years, I believe that we may fairly infer that the day is not far distant, when a new life shall manifest itself in Art, and its votaries be again ranked, as they deserve, among the great, wise, and good among mankind. But the day is also approaching, when the artist, ceasing to be a mere "*handworkman*," shall distinguish himself in his productions equally as a scholar and poet. He will become conscious that a skilful preparation of colors—an easy and correct management of the chisel and pencil—a thorough knowledge of anatomy, or even a happy faculty of correctly appreciating and representing Nature, are, after all, but the foundations on which the glorious Palace of Art is to be reared. And this can only be effected by a careful study—directed by one of those well grounded theories which modern works on æsthetics so abundantly furnish—of Art in its many branches. He *must* read and reflect—that inspiration which, apart from nature, in the early and middle ages, was afforded by belief and society, must be sought in the nineteenth century, in the

Library and Lecture room. As the text of an Italian opera is made weak and destitute of true meaning, lest the attention of the auditors should be drawn from the music, so the great majority of artists of the last century seem to have eliminated Thought from their productions, for fear that their more mechanical merits should pass unobserved. Woe to the artist who shall enlist under the calico banners of this dry and rotten conservatism. Let him go model and color wax images, until they are "as natural as life," for such is the legitimate province of these geniuses. Depend upon it—for every tendency of the age announces it—that he who does not cultivate the fields of Thought and Knowledge, quite as much as those of mere imitation, will be forgotten and unnoticed by Posterity, and very possibly even by those of his own day and generation. Already in Europe, Criticism—absolute, philosophic Criticism, which only during the present age has been matured into a science—is beginning to decide as to the true merits of this or that living artist. As *summa summarum*, let me remark, that the mission of the genuine artist, not less than that of the prophet or philosopher, is the representation and advancement of truth;—truth in life—truth in history—truth in religion. There is no higher vocation on Earth than this; but it can only be *well* accomplished, by employing all the Thought and Action of which man is capable. Industry, Sincerity, and the talents which God has given, form the only Trinity, by which the *intellectual* regeneration of society can be effected, and the way rightly laid for the progress of those higher *moral* influences, communicated to us, not by human philosophy, but a direct, unerring Revelation.

---

## SONG,

BY JOHN J. HOFF.

---

THERE'S not a flower of ceaseless bloom,—  
The brightest soonest fade away;  
There's not a scene that's free from gloom,  
Or star that sheds an endless ray:

There's not a wave of ocean blue,  
But may a surging billow form;  
There's not a sky of changeless hue  
Unveiled by clouds, or free from storm.

Each human heart has throbb'd to woe,—  
Sorrow has wak'd its holiest thrill;

And e'en in Joy's celestial flow  
Some bitter drops will grief instil.

Earth's richest pleasures—oh! how fleeting,  
We grasp the bubbles, and they're gone;  
At every step new joys we're meeting,  
But only bubbles lure us on.

But, cheer, sad heart! sink not 'neath sorrow!  
Let memory wake a happier strain;—  
Though fled the sunshine, trust, to-morrow  
Will bring its beauties back again.

## THE OUTCAST.

BY ELIZA.

I SAW a stately building, all alight,  
Beaming forth pleasure from its many eyes,  
Till Night was fain to smile; and one without  
Stood gazing at the joyful revellers,  
Like a lost angel peering in at heaven—  
A woman, yet not woman, in whose face  
Beauty stood mourner for lost loveliness—  
A woman fair, whose bright mouth Sin had kissed,  
And left the roses, with their fragrance gone;  
Upon whose wide and arching brows was set  
Beauty's own seal of aristocracy;  
But round the fires of whose cavernous eyes  
Sat ugly crouching shadows, dark and dread.  
She leaned against the window, and gazed long  
Upon the height'ning revelry: her ear  
Drank in the music of fresh, happy tongues,  
Mocking the discord in her unstrung heart  
With memories of lost joy. A bitter stream  
Rose from the poisoned fountain of her soul,  
And poured itself in words:—

“O petty cloud

Of insects, glittering in fortune's sun,  
How brave ye shine, unknowing ye are dust,  
Secure in untried virtue: if that once  
Temptation fell upon you like a storm,  
How many proud would fall dismayed to earth  
How many pure would rise with soiled wings,  
Of those who now would spurn me from their feet,  
Or shun my touch, as 't were the touch of death.  
Ye fools! was ever yet a flower so pure,  
That, did the wanton sun shine hot enough,  
He could not wither? Ye are *only* flowers.  
The world's few stars—the few high burning hearts  
O'er whom sin never found a talisman—  
Are far too brave to spurn or fear the fallen:  
Temptation, like an envious, stormy cloud,  
Obscures their holy brightness for a while,  
Then melts in spiteful tears, and leaves them bright.  
Such spirits dare to smile on all—Oh God!  
But would they smile on me? Is there one hand  
Among thy crowding millions, that would deign  
To raise me, abject, prostrate cast to earth?  
Should I now tear the cancer from my heart,  
Is there of pleasure's votaries one would pour  
Soft words, instead of scorn, upon my wounds?  
Oh God, not *one*! Then, startled heart, be calm,  
And rock again thy darling sins to rest.  
Yea, watch their cradled slumbers: still there's joy  
For those who cannot rise; it is, to fall—  
To cast off fear, as divers do their clothes,  
And, plunging headlong, sound the depths of sin.  
Stand back, thou craven Conscience! 't is too late:  
Away, thou traitor Shame, I know thee not.  
I'll bathe my hunted soul in wickedness,  
As would the sun-tormented traveller  
Plunge in the tempting stream. At the great day,  
When God shall square accounts 'twixt hell and heaven,  
When every soul shall plead its puny cause,  
I will stand up and say, 'Lord, curse the world!  
For they have *all* transgressed thy mighty law:  
For but one drop of kindness I did thirst,  
On my heart's lonely journey back toward heaven,  
And they refreshed me not; my soul was naked,  
Shrinking and trembling in its shame, and called  
Most piteously for shelter from the scorn  
Of tittering virtue, and they clothed me not.'  
All nature then shall smile at the affright

Of those who thought their seats insured in heaven;  
And Satan laugh, to greet the trooping souls  
Of those who had denied him on the earth:  
Then—Ah, my traitor heart, my cruel heart,  
How canst thou, with thy melting memories,  
Steal from me this poor joy of fancied vengeance?—  
The years come rushing backward like a flood:  
I see a dear, time-tinted cottage peep  
From out a wanton luxury of leaves:  
I see a little child within the door-sill,  
Where, in the sleepy afternoon, the sun,  
Striving to pass the lazy shadows, makes  
All hues of gold and green: she sits alone,  
Her rosy, dimpled hands upon her knees,  
Spelling out 'Sin' upon her story book,  
And wondering what it means, while o'er her face  
Pass little thoughts, like cloudlets—is this I?  
The years come back upon me like a flood:  
I see a stately girl, with delicate brow,  
And bearing like a seraph, with an eye  
Like to a star dissolved in ether blue:  
She answers back the smiles of common eyes,  
As the young moon smiles down on gaudy lamps,  
Shaming their paltry lustre—is this I?  
Sure I am young and pure again. Old thoughts  
From that sweet time when all my thoughts were hopes,  
On my hot brain like showers of violets fall.  
There is an angel busy at my heart,  
Searching its corners and dark crevices  
For virtues crushed and lost among its scars—  
*Lost?*—No: they live! I hear the God-breathed voice,  
That, as I lay awake at hush of night,  
Came to my spirit all the way from heaven,  
Saying 'Oh, Soul, thou art immortal: sin was made  
For thee to conquer: as a mother gives  
A coral to her darling child, to try  
The virtues of the little cutting pearls,  
That else would fester in their ruby cells,  
So to my well beloved child I send  
Trouble, and sore temptation, and sharp pain,  
To test the spirit's edge: be strong, and conquer.'  
Did I *not* conquer? Thou, who knowest all,  
Did ever Satan wield more ponderous means  
To crush one maiden soul? Yet with what scorn  
Did Want and I, embracing, turn our backs  
Upon the host of ugly petted sins,  
That crawl to earth's high places! With what schemes  
Of glorious, living, daily martyrdom  
I fashioned out the future, with such dreams  
As woman rarely harbors nourishing  
My hungry, yearning soul—and all in vain!  
High God, where lagged thine angels, when at last,  
Amidst my prayers, amidst my victories,  
One, slinking, masked crime, with backward thrust  
Murdered my soul.”—

The lights within the mansion, one by one,  
Had died away, and left the windows black.  
The angry, flouting, growling clouds had met  
In wild convention in the halls of heaven,  
And now, with settled purpose for the night,  
Spread forth their leaden banners, and poured down  
A ceaseless, hissing storm of rain and sleet.  
The woman stood unconscious, hearing nought  
But the wild storm that beat upon her heart,  
Till roused at length, with harrowing, heart-deep sigh,  
And a faint piteous smile, she turned away.

## THE PREACHING OF JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

(See Engraving.)

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying: Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey. Then went out to him Jerusalem, all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.—*Matt.* iii. 1–6.

THE preparatory system of sense was about to disappear before the glorious manifestation of HIM, who fulfilled all its typical promises; and the kingdom of God by the grace of the Holy Spirit to descend out of heaven upon the hearts of men. That elaborate ritual had been established by prophecy, miracle, and angelic dispensation; nor could a God-fearing Israelite have consented to admit the simple Gospel in its stead, without equal divine authority. The older Scriptures fixed the marks by which the Messiah might be infallibly recognized. The tribe and family from which he would spring; the time, the place, and supernatural circumstances of his birth, were all foretold with careful distinctness; and the several rays of prophecy had already met on the head of Jesus. The Jewish world, and even remote nations, which had cherished traditionary hopes of a great Deliverer who would proclaim liberty to the captive, were active with expectation, for the fulness of time had been reached. Yet the same worldly pride, that afterward rejected His spiritual deliverance, led them, a few pious souls excepted, to look in a wrong direction. A virgin of the house of David, had brought forth a son in royal Bethlehem; but not amidst the splendors of a palace, and the congratulations of a court. Neither learned scribe nor pompous Pharisee, could have accredited a poor Nazarene woman's child, lying in a manger, as the heir of Judah's sceptre and Israel's throne. The angels rent the heavens with hosannas in the highest, but only a few watching shepherds heard the glorious proclamation. The star shone brightly along its unprecedented course, but it guided only a few wise men from under the shadow of heathenism to worship the Lord of lords and the Wisdom from above, on the lap of his wondering mother. Herod alone, of all the rest, trembling for his usurped crown, vilely worn as a Roman vassal, made search for Him that was born king of Judea; and his murderous sword drove the holy family into exile, that "out of Egypt God might call his Son."

One precursive testimony was yet wanting. The LORD, by his prophet Malachi (iii. 1,) had said: "Behold, I will send my messenger; and he shall prepare the way before me;" (iv. 5.) "Behold, I will send you Elisha the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." Isaiah, long before had exclaimed in evangelical rapture, (xl. 3,) "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God." The king must have a herald to go before him and proclaim his advent, that his subjects may meet him with fitting honors. Jesus, whose glory it is to rule over the hearts of his people, had such a forerunner as became his mission and his empire. He, whose purpose was to subdue with truth, and recover the homage of revolted hearts, who first, as a homeless man of sorrows, had to win his mediatorial throne through persecutions, shame, agony, and death, whose kingdom was not of this world, and sought no advantage from wealth, or armies, or splendid prestiges, could be ushered in only by one like himself, of humble life, dignified, but with arguments of holy import, and an example of pious, determined virtue, yet manifestly sent of God.

That messenger was John the Baptist. The miracles that attended his birth and circumcision, which were noised abroad throughout all the hill country of Judea before the birth of Jesus, at once gave a divine seal to his mission and precluded the possibility of a scheme for imposture. What sceptic can be so credulous as to believe, that in a region proverbial for its ignorance, and among a simple, retired, scattered population, conscious of being despised by the people of Judea, a conspiracy could have formed to seduce the world from sin and vice with pretences of divine revelation, which required the overthrow of all that men, whether Jews or Gentiles, then held sacred, and made contingent upon the future course of two children, one a babe in the arms, the other just quick in the womb? The composition of such a myth, in such circumstances, by

such people, for such a purpose, is beyond all precedent or possibility.

Of John's childhood and youth, we have no account, but in the last verse of the Evangelist Luke's first chapter:

"And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the desert till the day of his showing unto Israel."

This studied brevity of the sacred writers, instead of checking a useless curiosity, has given rise to many apocryphal stories, and various unwarranted deductions. The popular notion, founded on ancient legends, adopted by Chrysostom, whose eloquent, imaginative pen has thrown an air of romance about the life of the Baptist, is, that, being early left an orphan, and moved by a divine impulse, he abandoned the abodes of men, to dwell alone with God, in desert places, there in severe solitude, receiving the peculiar education necessary for his subsequent office, and emerging from his sacred seclusion, when the time of his public ministry had arrived. It must, however, be remembered, that the Hebrews gave the name of wilderness, or desert, to tracts of country *not tilled*, but lying in open pasturages, and, therefore, comparatively not populous. The *hill country of Judea*, where the parents of John lived, being of such a character, was called the Wilderness of Judea, though it contained several cities, besides villages and hamlets; so that we are not compelled by the text to adopt the generally received opinion, much less to acknowledge the arguments in favor of an anchorite life as best for religious cultivation. He probably grew up in his native home, and among his kindred, his habits and history being well known to those who first heard him preach.

It is clear from other Scriptures, that his practice was ascetic in the extreme. Consecrated a Nazarite from the womb, no razor came upon his head, nor did wine or luxurious dainties pass his lips. After attaining manhood, especially as he approached the open duties of his mission, he held himself aloof from worldly concerns, and social pleasures. His garment rudely woven of the camel's long, coarse hair, was bound about his loins, by a thong of the hide, his food, the vegetable locust, which grew wild on the hills, and the honey he found in the natural hives. From the proneness of men superstitiously to place religion in fear and self-torture, rather than in thankful love for God and generous zeal for man, we need not wonder that the multitude gathered curiously around the startling apparition, listening with remorseful terrors, if not genuine faith, when from some rocky pulpit, his severe voice denounced their sins, demanding their repentance before the axe, already lying at the foot of the tree, should be wielded by Almighty hands, and cut them down in eternal ruin, as a nation of rebels unfit for the kingdom of God, which was close at hand; that the publican, conscious of base extortion, the

soldier of bloody rapine, the harlot of her reckless shame, the Pharisee of his dissembling soul, awe-struck, hastened to the baptism, in hope of washing away their crimes; that the Ishmaelite rider of the desert checked his speed before the stern, unearthly orator; that the old were fain to snatch their few remaining days from the threatened vengeance; or, that women, with the strong maternal instinct no personal danger can put aside, wept bitter tears on the face of the harmless babe, guilty of death for its parents' transgression.

Yet the temper and manners of the Baptist were not studied for characteristic effect, but the consequence of his awful mission. The sinless spirit of the Man Christ Jesus, sustained by his indwelling divinity, by the unmeasured aid of the Holy Ghost, and by his anticipations of glorious triumph, as the Mighty to save, could bear up under his accumulated sorrows, the awful knowledge which he shared in fellowship with the Father, and the cruel contradictions of sinners against Himself. He was the Giver of salvation. John, the preacher of repentance, was a sinful man, and his soul was weighed down by the portentous thoughts that crowded upon his mind, rapt into communion with his God amidst the clouds and darkness about the throne. Eminent as he was among the prophets, his apprehension of mercy through a Mediator, was feeble compared to that of the least believer under the consummated Gospel. (Matt. xi. 11.) His vision of the coming kingdom was full of dread; he looked for it as the great and terrible day of the Lord. His idea of the Christ, was that of a searching Judge and inexorable avenger: "whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into his garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." As he looked on his fellow-sinners around him, he regarded them as doomed, except they repented; and, shuddering at their insensate hardihood, shrunk from the worldly cares, or pleasures, that absorbed their aims and steeled their consciences. He knew that there was no peace for the wicked, and, until his countrymen abandoned their wickedness, he had for them no hope. Therefore, was his countenance austere, and his voice alarming; he dwelt alone in the desert, craving only necessary food, his rough raiment the outward sign of a macerated spirit.

It should not be overlooked, that he did not enjoin a like withdrawal from social enjoyments upon his hearers. His calling was peculiar, and, therefore, his life. Separated by divine appointment from the world, his office was to preach preparation for the kingdom of God. Their calling was in the world, to glorify God in the duties of an ordinary life; and by the right use of their relations here to educate themselves for the higher employments and privileges of immortality. It was before the world that they had dishonored the divine law, and to the world their

repentance should be exhibited. Their fellow-men had been injured by crimes, and to them should restitution be made. There could be no genuine repentance toward God without a kind, faithful regard for the good of others. "The people asked him, saying, What shall we do then? He answereth, and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise. Then came also the publicans (the collectors of the Roman taxes,) to be baptised, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do? And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you. And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages." (Luke iii. 10—14.) Yet all this was to be done in the fear of God, and from a principle of devout obedience. In all circumstances, the main articles of religion are the source; and the Baptist's answer was but a repetition of what the prophet Micah had said before him: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." (vi. 8.) Or, the Psalmist: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it." (xxxiv. 11—14.) To love God with all our heart, and to love our neighbor as ourself, were the two great commandments of the Old Scriptures, (Deut. x. 12. Lev. xix. 18.) on which our Lord declares they all depended. (Matt. xxii. 37.) No man can love God with all his heart, who does not love his neighbor as himself; nor can he love his neighbor as himself, if he do not love God with all his heart; and there is no more dangerous error in religion, or morals, than the separation of these cardinal virtues. We are not required to follow John into the wilderness, there to practice his austerities; on the contrary, without a special command, that would be a gross desertion of the sphere and duties toward our fellow-men, enjoined upon us by God. What will it avail those whom God loves, and has recommended to our care, that we fret ourselves with sackcloth, or pinch our bodies with solitary fasts? The best garment for a penitent, is that which he has honestly earned, and not so lavishly adorned but that he has means left to clothe the poor; the best God loves the best, is to send the poor a portion of our bread, while we eat thankfully and cheerfully of the bounty he has bestowed upon us. But we are required to follow the teachings of the prophet, who calls upon us from the sacred page, that we prepare the way of our Lord to the reformation of our hearts and lives. "The best method," says the eloquent Massillon, in his Pane-

gyric on John the Baptist, "to honor the saints, is not to praise their virtues, but to see how they render our vices inexcusable."

Such was the manner in which our divine Lord chose that his way should be prepared before him. Had He come to assume openly on earth his rightful, universal empire, no outward demonstrations could have been too magnificent. His escort, like that of eastern monarchs, would have been swelled by princes, and nobles, and sages, and innumerable hosts of splendid soldiery. The road should have been levelled before him, the mountains cast down, to fill up the vallies, and gorgeous tapestries have covered the ground under the feet of his steed. But the High and the Holy One, who sitteth on the throne of heaven, craved no palace built by man. The simplicity of his advent, and the meekness of his life, put all manner of pomp and ostentation to shame. He sought to recover a lost kingdom, more precious than "Ind or Ormuz," the heart of fallen, rebel man; and, setting up his throne within the bosom of the lowly, to radiate the blessings of peace and good will through the virtues of a Christian life, upon the agitated, suffering earth. The mountains to be brought low, were the pride and oppressions that set themselves against God, and crush the happiness of men. The vallies to be exalted, were the depressed hopes of ruined humanity. The crooked places, to be made straight, were the tortuous iniquities of personal and social conduct. It was sin, wilful, aggravated, proud sin, that had expelled his image from man's soul, barred its gates against him, and heaped up fortifying obstacles in his returning path. Therefore, was his herald the stern, sorrowful preacher of repentance, and the welcome He demanded, an open abandonment of sin. As it was then, so is it now. Pardon and eternal life are the free gifts of God's grace; they cannot be earned or purchased. God must come to us on earth, before we can ascend to Him in heaven. But there is much that we can do, much that we should do, to prepare his way, to remove the barriers from his path, and to meet him in his condescending approach. We can vail our atheistical pride; we can elevate our doubts into faith upon his truth. We can put away wrong from our overt practice, and cease to cherish the desire of what He has forbidden. We can "seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near. The wicked man may forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." Thus, let us "return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon us, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." (Isa. lv. 6, 7.)

The question may be asked, as it has been, to which dispensation did the ministry of John belong, the Jewish, or the Christian? Strictly speaking, to the Older, for the New was not fairly established until the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at the Pentecost confirmed the fact, that

Jesus had ascended up on high to his throne, and received gifts for men. He himself preached that the kingdom of God was "at hand," not that it had come; and our Lord declared, that, though "among those born of woman, there had not arisen a greater prophet than John the Baptist, notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven, is greater than he." (Matt. xi. 11.) "I, indeed," said the Forerunner, "baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." (Luke iii. 16.) Yet was the baptism of John partly Christian, though not fully so; for it had a distinct and immediate reference to Christ; and we find that those disciples, who have been actually baptized with the Holy Ghost, were not baptized with water again, but that others, who had received John's baptism, but not the Holy Ghost, were. (Acts xix. 2-5.) Hence we infer, that the baptism of John, to be completely Christian, needed the confirming grace of the Holy Ghost. Thus we may regard the Baptist as standing on the dividing line between the Old dispensation and the New; his spiritual doctrines distinguishing him from the forms of the one, his confession of inferiority from the greater light of the other. Or, to use the matter practically in our own case, such conviction of sin and reformation of life as he preached, may occur before Christ has entered our hearts through faith; but when his way is thus prepared, he is already at the door to take possession of what we freely yield him.

How melancholy, yet instructive, is the sequel! Many of those very crowds, that, expecting the Lord's advent in anger to consume the wicked, eagerly sought baptism at the hands of John, when they saw the lowly, gentle demeanor of the

Saviour, and heard his offers of sovereign mercy, turned from him with indifference, then persecuted him with malice, then crucified him with rage. Others, looking on the haggard, fast-worn form of John, said contemptuously, "he hath a devil;" but when they saw the Saviour mixing with the people, and partaking of their feasts, pointed at him with scorn "as a wine bibber, and a gluttonous, a friend to publicans and sinners." Both suffered death as martyrs to their zeal for the good of those who slew them. Why this similar treatment of two whose manner and speech were so different? Because they both proclaimed the same great truth, the necessity of repentance and a holy life to the salvation of the soul. Let this doctrine be presented in any form, and it is sure to rouse the enmity of the carnal heart against God. Yet men would fain lay the blame of their ruin elsewhere than on themselves, seeking most often to shift it on testifying Christians. If they are warned of the judgment, and besought by the terror of the Lord, to fly from coming wrath, they reproach their faithful advisers as harsh and gloomy fanatics; but, if wooed by all the love of the cross to accept salvation from the hand of mercy, their self-righteous souls revolt from the humiliations of grace. If Christians shrink from the noisy, giddy pleasures of the world, they are laughed at as fools, or pitied as insane; but, if, with a liberty allowed by the example of Jesus, they meet their fellows in kindly, cheerful courtesy, they are denounced as worldly-minded pretenders to a religion they have not. The true secret of such discrepant censures, is not enmity to Christians, but a desire of blunting the force of their doctrine and example. It is the truth that concerns us, not the manner of presenting it; and the soul determined upon resisting God, will not lack the pretext for a quarrel with his messengers.

## THE SISTER QUEENS.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

### I.

When MARY, England's bloody queen appeared,  
Like the red moon, presaging storms, she rose,  
The sceptred omen of a nation's woes!  
Her lurid track by stars was all uncheered—  
Her night of darkness, one without repose,  
And through its shadows boding birds careered  
Where'er the fagot's flames to Heaven upreared,  
Calling for vengeance on the martyr's foes.  
Oh, sanguine Queen! where was thy *woman's* heart  
When thou didst act the tyrant bigot's part,  
And write in blood on Britain's soil thy name?  
Time—the Obliterator—hath no art  
To wash the purple stains from off thy fame,  
Nor quench thy deeds that glare in characters of flame.

### II.

How like chaste Dian rose the VIRGIN QUEEN,  
Resplendently, her glorious stars among!  
Scattering the mists of bigotry that long  
O'er Albion's vales and rocky heights were seen.  
Fair Regent! tho' long ages intervene,  
We yet behold thee, with thy glittering throng,  
Moving in royal majesty serene,  
By vocal stars immortalized in song.  
Sweet SPENSER first from the horizon far  
Salutes his "Fairy Queen," her evening star!  
While statesmen, warriors, and wits concur  
To form her radiant galaxy;—and, ah!  
Transcendent SHAKSPEARE, star of stars! for *her*  
In regal glory shines—the lordly JUPITER.

## CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS MATINS.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, FOR SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE,

BY MARY HOWITT.

[N. B. This, and the articles which are to follow in future numbers, from the pen of Miss Bremer, are not translations from published works of this distinguished writer, but original articles communicated expressly for this Magazine.]

A LITTLE cottage stood in a dark pine wood. It was a wild December evening, and the snow fell in large flakes on the low roof and on the forest around. Light, however, shone from its little window, and lighted up the pine tree which stretched forth its snow-laden branches towards the casement, and lit up the dismal wood outside, where the wolf sat and cried, uh, hu, hu!

The fire blazed merrily within the little one-roomed cottage, and merrily curled the blue smoke as it rose from the chimney, and fire sparks danced about with the snow flakes which giddily tumbled down the chimney into the pan of meal porridge which stood and muttered over the fire, and thus they first tasted of the Christmas entertainment. For it was Christmas porridge which now stood and boiled on the hearth; and this was no other than Christmas eve, and at this very time, food was preparing for the whole of the holidays. It was not food for a rich man's table, of that you may be sure; it was only for a peasant woman, and she a widow, who, with her children, lived here. Nevertheless, she was about to celebrate Christmas in the best way she could, and that was not to be despised either. She had bought for herself three pounds of meat, and this was now boiling famously with parsley and celery, and promising to make the most savory soup, together with some delicious cabbage for Christmas day. A piece of stock fish also was lying in its pan, and was all in an agitation, as if from delight of its own excellence.

On the table in the cottage there already stood the Christmas cake, and the Christmas goblin,\* that wonderful beast which seems to say, "if you come here I will gore you with my long, long horn!"

And thus would the Christmas goblin stand through the whole of the Christmas holidays, and make a great show among the Christmas meats, and then when this festival time was over, it would be laid, together with the Christmas cake,

\* The Christmas *kuse*, which for lack of a better word, I translate *goblin*, does not represent an evil spirit, but is merely the rude figure of some domestic animal, covered with plaited or twisted straw.—M. H.

in a chest where it would repose until spring came, and the ploughing began, and then they would take it and chop it to pieces, because the Christmas goblin is a hard piece of clay, and give it to the beasts of burden, to the oxen and horses, which have to work in the fields, and which, it was believed, would derive from this Christmas cake and goblin, such strength, and such an inclination for labor, as nobody can believe. Hence there would be abundant crops in the barns, a deal of grist for the mill, and plenty of bread in the cupboard; and all this would be caused by the Christmas goblin—that wonderful beast!

Two children, a girl and a boy, jumped about the room, and could hardly contain their joy on account of Christmas eve, and the Christmas goblin, and the Christmas meats which were cooking on the hearth, which filled the whole room with their delicious odor, and on account of the Christmas matins, at which they were to be present with their mother. Brother Peter was to drive them in the sledge with Polle; the children had never yet been out to Christmas matins, and could not imagine what they were like, but they had heard that they were something very grand and beautiful, and they were quite sure that they were so, and moreover, that they were prodigiously amusing.

Peter, however, stood cutting firewood for baking, and thought to himself, that they were not at all amusing. The mother stood just by the hearth, and busy. Why did she stand so close to the hearth, and turn her face from the happy children? The flames on the hearth saw why: they saw that her countenance was not happy, and that there were tears upon her cheeks. Why did she turn her face away from the children? Because she would not cast a shade on their happiness. She could not help it, however; she could not help thinking of her husband, who died two months before, and how happy she was last Christmas, when he was alive, and how kind he was, and how he comforted her in his last moments, and said, "that if it were necessary that either husband or wife, must be removed by death, how much better it was, that it should be the hus-

band, because the wife could look after the children so much better than he could.

The wife, however, now felt her lot to be a very heavy one, and had many an anxiety for the future, and most of all on account of the eldest son, her stepson Peter, who hitherto had been out at service, but who had now come home, since the father's death, to help the mother in performing the village service.\* And now, precisely this very evening, when the mother had resolved for the sake of the sacred time, and for the sake of the children, to put away all anxious thoughts, precisely now have they all come thick upon her, as thick and unceasing as the snow flakes, and when she shook them off, behold! there they were again the next moment, and made her heart so heavy—so very heavy! It was, as it were, under an evil spell.

But the children, little Erik and Maja, they could think about nothing that was gloomy.

"Nay, only look at the goblin, Maja! See how he glares at you with his big eyes! Take care! he will gore you if you only touch him. He says, 'if you come here, I will run you through with my long, long horn!'"

"Nay, do you believe that he will gore me! Do you really believe that he is alive? Ah, how good that meat smells! Will it soon be ready, mother? May we soon go to Cowslip, and tell her that it is Christmas eve, and look at the stars?"†

Yes, the supper was now quite ready. The mother lighted a candle in the lanthorn, and around the candle she put a grand paper star, which the candle lit up, and which, in its turn, lit up the candle. The children then took each their bread cake, and the mother filled a jug of new brewed Christmas ale, and with the lanthorn in her hand, went out to the stable yard to let the creatures know that it was Christmas.

The demure Mrs. Cowslip, the cow, was thinking about nothing; she was standing in her stall, chewing her cud, as the door opened, and a light flashed into her eyes. She turned towards that side, and made a low mooring, in token that she recognized those who had entered, and that they were welcome. But when the children, in their zeal, sprang forward, and gave her pieces of their bread, and screamed into both her ears, "it is now Christmas, Cowslip!" she stepped hastily backwards, shook her head violently, and stared as if she would say, "Nay, but that is something out of the common way!" and looked quite confounded.

But as Cowslip was a very rational and intelli-

\* The *torpare*, or cottager of Sweden, is bound to do a certain quantity of work for his landlord, in return for the small portion of land which he holds from him.—M. H.

† These are Swedish peasant customs; they tell the cows and other animals, that Christmas is come, and passing a light before their eyes, see, as they fancy, the star which indicated the house in which the Saviour lay.—M. H.

gent cow, she soon collected her faculties, extended her nose, smelt at her bread, took it into her mouth and chewed it with an excellent relish, supped up a good draught of Christmas ale, and appeared quite satisfied with Christmas. When the mother had strown her a bed of fresh straw, and given her an armful of the very best and finest hay from the rack, she said, "God keep thee, now, my darling; thou now hast had Christmas eve!" At these words, Cowslip seemed rightly to comprehend the matter, and with a great fragrant lock of hay in her mouth, she laid herself easily down again, that she might the better reflect, upon which she stared at the light, and had her own musings about the stars which the children tried to make her observant of. But the only reply she made was by a gentle lowing. After that they carried the light to the stable, that it might shine upon Polle, and that they might give him a taste of Christmas bread, and announce to him that it was now Christmas.

Polle pointed his ears, and lifted his head; expanded his nostrils, and neighed with animation, as if he wished to make it known that he expected this intelligence, and that it was welcome to him.

The sheep bleated, and licked the hands that gave them their Christmas entertainment. It was so good, so very good!

As for the two little pigs, they were quite out of their senses when their turn came; they leaped about, screeched, and tumbled one over the other, so that nothing rational could be done with them. They were regularly crazy with joy.

After this the mother and her children returned to the cottage. The son, Peter was also there. He was a tall youth of sixteen, with a dark and strongly marked countenance. The mother cast an anxious glance upon him. Since she had come into the family, she had had a deal of trouble with his obstinate and discontented temper, which appeared to have become worse since his father's death.

And this evening, when the mother had desired him to chop wood for Christmas, he had replied, "I must do every thing!" and, as he went out, he banged the door with such violence, that the earthenware cups and dishes upon the shelf jingled and shook a long time afterwards. That answer grieved the mother, who well knew that she never spared herself, and never required much from him.

He now sat down with his arms propped on the table, and never seemed to observe that the mother was setting out the supper, and that she had done every thing so well.

But when they were all seated at the table, and the mother had poured out the Christmas ale, the little ones glanced at each other, and then at their mother with a roguish look that seemed to say, "now it is coming!"

And with that the mother lifted her glass, and the little ones their wooden mugs, and all three at once exclaimed:

"Your health, Peter!"

Peter looked up, and seemed almost as much astonished as Cowslip herself, when they told her that it was Christmas.

"And all happiness to you on your birthday, for upon this evening you were born!" added the mother.

To which Peter replied with a look of displeasure, "that is nothing to drink one's health about, or to wish one luck about either! It would have been better to have been unborn!"

"That is a sinful word, my son," replied the mother severely. "When God gives health and strength to bear, to strive, and to work——"

"Nay, but why must one strive and work?" interrupted Peter.

"My dear lad, what questions you ask!" said the mother, "must not people live?"

"And why must they live?" asked Peter again.

The mother could not instantly find an answer to this question, it distressed her; but the lad often made use of such expressions as left a great weight upon her mind: and as she was now silent, Peter continued.

"When one has neither father nor mother, nor any in the world to live for, it would be just as well if one were dead; then one should be rid of all one's trouble."

"Am not I your mother, Peter?" said the mother, and tears started to her eyes.

"You are only my stepmother!" said Peter, immovably, and rose up from the table.

This wounded the mother more than any thing else, because she knew in her own mind, that her heart had always been full of tenderness, and maternal affection towards her stepson, and that she did not deserve this unkindness from him.

But she could not say any thing now, nor look vexed, because it was Christmas eve.

The little ones did not understand what was amiss with their brother. Their mouths were waiting for the good soup, and they could not imagine that any one could be better off, than they were. When the mother saw that their appetites were somewhat appeased, she proposed that they should put aside a portion of their supper, for old Alle, in the poor-house, which delighted them, and therefore the mother tied up a part of their meat and of their bread-cakes in a clean blue handkerchief, and set it on a shelf, till the next morning, when they should take it with them, when they went out for Christmas matins. Peter, however, contributed nothing; his countenance was sullen, and before long, he rose from the table, and went to his bed without saying "good night."

The little ones also, soon lay side by side, on a large sheaf of golden straw, which they had brought in for Christmas, because, according to popular belief, people must both sleep and dance upon straw at Christmas, if they would do right.

The children did not undress themselves, that they might be ready all the sooner next morning, when they would be called for the Christmas ma-

tins. Each took a white handkerchief, which they laid under their heads, and thus fell asleep side by side, while the firelight flickered upon them, and kissed their very cheeks, which shone out quite beautifully, upon the golden-colored wheat straw.

Last of all, the mother also went to bed, but not until she had set every thing in order in the room, and washed up the dishes.

But though she now lay in bed, she could not sleep, because she had uneasy thoughts, and she heard how Peter turned and seemed uneasy in his bed, as if he could not sleep either. At one time, she thought that he wept, and she considered with herself, "should I now get up and go to him, and give him a quiet kiss, he would then perhaps understand that I love him, although I am not his real mother; and more particularly, as it is Christmas eve, and every body ought to part friends."

Presently, Peter seemed to be quite still, and then she thought, "he is gone to sleep, and I should only disturb him." She therefore lay quiet herself, and turned her thoughts to God, and prayed him to change the unhappy temper of the youth. She prayed for a blessing on him, and on the beloved little ones. With that, she turned round to look at them, and to see how the firelight flickered over, and kissed their rosy countenances, for the fire burned in the hearth, through the Christmas night. And then she thought about all the animals, how they had their Christmas provender, and how comfortable they were; and the thoughts of them did her good, and whilst she was thinking of them, and gazing at her little ones by the firelight, she went to sleep herself.

When she again woke, it was pitch-dark in the room, and quite cold; and she felt a great weight upon her heart, and in her head also. It was as if a large, heavy tear had collected, and could not find vent, but lay there as heavy as lead. She thought upon the death of her husband, upon the bitter temper of her son, and how solitary she herself was in the world, and then Peter's words occurred to her, "why should people live!" and she felt as if she would gladly not rise, but be quiet forever.

Spite of all this, however, she rose, and lighted the fire as usual, and set on the coffee, for although she was not one of those extravagant women who drink coffee every day, yet now at Christmas time, every body must have coffee, the whole household must drink coffee, that was a matter of course.

She then lighted the candle in the Christmas-tree by the window, which she had made ready the evening before, for the children, and that done, she woke them.

"Christmas-matins, children! Christmas-matins!"

The little ones started up, quite bewildered; rubbed their eyes, opened them with an effort, saw the light burning in the pine tree, and then it came to their remembrance, that it was Christmas, and that they were going to morning service. And with that they leapt up, and were quite wakeful.

They all drank their coffee, Peter as well as the rest, and then Peter, who as usual, was silent and out of humour, went to put Polle in the sledge.

When the mother came out of the cottage, dressed in her holiday attire, with her hymn book in her hand, and the two little ones at her side, she saw the moon and the morning star, standing brightly above the pine wood, and shining beautifully in the frosty early morning, and upon the new-fallen snow. The sight did her heart good.

"How beautifully," thought she, "after all, has God made every thing for mankind." She inhaled the fresh, cold, but not very cold, winter air, and felt her spirits enlivened by so doing.

Polle was in the most cheerful humor. He neighed, and pointed his ears, and tossed his handsome head, and pawed the sward with his foot, and was quite impatient to be off.

Before long the widow sate with her two little ones in the sledge, and Peter stood between them and drove. Polle's bells jingled merrily as they sped along through wood and meadow; the morning star shone upon the white snowy fields and the grim wood. It was a beautiful and a cheering sight.

The little ones were full of talk.

"Nay, look!—nay look. There's a light burning at Storgal, a light in her opposite window! And look! old Britta on the hill has got a light too! And look there, a long, long way off in the wood, there shines a light! And look, look! Nay, that is the very best of all,—those candles in the window at the gate-house. See, it is lighted the whole way! Nay, how grand it is! Is it ever grander than this at Christmas matins, mother?"

"You are two little simpletons!" said the mother. "Christmas matins are grander in another way."

By this time there were a great many other people on the road, both driving and walking, on their way to church. There was quite a procession of sledges, and such a jingling of bells as was delightful to hear, and the children had enough to do to listen and to ask questions.

They had by this time arrived at an open tract of country, and just before them, with its spire pointing towards heaven, and the dark green wood behind it, stood the church with lights streaming from every window, as if within were a sea of light. And at that very moment the church bells began to ring.

The children were hushed into silence. They felt a solemnity come over them. They did not exactly know how they felt.

They soon dismounted. The church-bells rung and light streamed out of the church, but all around it was dark and night-like. Along the whole extent of the church walls on every side, sledges were drawn up close together, the horses in which were eating hay. Among these a place was found for Polle; a covering was thrown over him, and between him and the church wall was laid a good bundle of the very best hay—real Christmas provender. Of this he ate; any body might have heard how excellent he thought it.

The widow and the children walked across the church yard.

"Do you remember children," said she to them, "what I told you about the christmas matins and what they mean?"

"They mean," stammered Erik, "they mean that—that God who—who"—"Who," interrupted the mother, "since the beginning of the world sent teachers and wise men to mankind to—to,—now Erik!"

"To teach them his will," said Erik.

"Yes, right," continued the mother; and last of all, he came himself down to them, and condescended to be born on earth.—"

"Yes, as a little child!" exclaimed Maja.

"Yes," answered the mother, "that he might pass through life with them as a brother, and might teach them rightly to understand his disposition, and how kind he meant by us all. And that is he whom we call the Son of God, our Savior, Jesus Christ."

"And it is his birth which we celebrate in the Christmas matins," exclaimed Erik, now very certain of his subject.

With these words they entered the church, and all the congregation sang,

"Hail to the glorious morning hour!"

The children, however, could not think about singing. They could do nothing but stare about them and wonder. There was so much light! They could scarcely see for light. All the four grand chandeliers hung down from the roof blazing with lights. Upon the altar lights were burning in tall candlesticks. Upon the pulpit stood lights, and gilded branches extended from the walls, holding clusters of lights, and a light burned by every branch, so that the great aisle was like an alley of flame. Whichever way they looked they saw light, light, light!

The benches were crammed full of people. Head was close to head. The children had never seen so many people together before, and they thought they should never find seats. At last, however, they did, on a bench where the people kindly made room for them. A respectable old woman took Maja on her knee, and the mother took Erik on hers. And thus they all were seated.

The children looked about incessantly, and stared at all the grandeur and splendour around them. But the mother soon forgot every outward object, for just then she opened her hymn book, to join in singing the following verse of the hymn,

"His tears, like ours, will fall as rain,

A mourner, he will us sustain

With strength from heaven imparted;

He will make known his Father's will,

And mercy's holy balm instil

To soothe the broken-hearted."

With this the heavy leaden weight seemed to melt away from her soul, and her tears began to flow more easily. She felt at once such a lightness and such a strength within her, that it seemed

as if from this time nothing would be too heavy for her to bear.

The clergyman now ascended the pulpit, and what a sermon he preached. The widow had never heard any one speak in that way before. It seemed to her, as if he spoke to her out of the warmth of her own innermost heart. And every single word seemed like a true word of God, so full of beauty and grandeur was it. To her it seemed as if the whole world, and the whole of life became bright through it. It was as if it were Christmas matins within her soul.

And when she looked at Peter, she saw that he also listened attentively, with his eyes rivetted upon the preacher; and from this, she hoped for a good result, more especially, as with the new year Peter was to begin to read with this same clergyman, preparatory to his confirmation.

When the service was ended, it was full daylight; and the congregation streamed hastily out. Before long, people might be seen on all sides, walking briskly along, driving on the road, or ascending the hill, striving who should first reach home; for, according to popular belief, they who arrive first at home, on Christmas morning, will have their harvest first housed in the autumn. Though what connections there are between these things I know not.

The widow and her children went into the poor house, and the children themselves gave old Alle the meat and the bread, which they had saved for him. For this, they received the old man's blessing, and they felt, therefore, greatly pleased with what they had done.

In the meantime, Peter had been getting Polle and the sledge ready. Thus they drove home, thinking by the way of the delicious warm cabbage which they should have for dinner, for they all felt hungry and cold.

And how excellent were the meat and the cabbage which they had for dinner, it is not in my power to describe; this only is certain, that the king's cabbage could not have tasted better to him than their's did to them.

In the afternoon they had also a cup of coffee, with cabbage, in honor of Christmas day, and that, too, tasted most excellently, and every body was very cheerful, the widow as well as the rest; for she saw that the countenance of her elder son had undergone a change.

In the twilight, when they all sat together, warm and comfortable, and when the fire blazed merrily on the hearth, and lighted up the whole cottage; the mother said,

"Now, I wonder whether either of my little ones can remember any thing of what the clergyman said in the morning about the Saviour, and what he taught to mankind?"

But, ah me! The poor little ones remembered nothing, not a word; had understood not a word—nay, had not even heard a syllable!

"There was such a deal of light!" they said.

"But you, Peter," said the mother, and looked

at him with confidence, "I am certain that you can help me to recollect something of what the pastor said—you can remember it certainly."

"O, yes," said Peter, and his eyes brightened, and added he, after a moment, "I now know how people should live."

"Yes, and why!" said the mother, looking kindly at her son, and wishing to try him.

"That they may follow after the Saviour, and labor for the world's redemption," said Peter, and raised his head, "and high and low, and rich and poor, can alike labor in this great work on earth."

"And how must that be done?" inquired the mother, as before.

"By becoming better, more God-fearing, more righteous men."

"Yes, my son," exclaimed the mother joyfully, "so did I also understand the words of the clergyman. By becoming so, by living in Christ, we help not only to extend God's kingdom on earth, but become also his laborers in the creation of a new heaven and a new earth, where bliss shall abide forever. This is a great saying, my son, and can make the heart beat high and free even in a mean hut. And this have I known and believed from my youth upwards. But I have never heard it put rightly into words until to-day."

Peter was affected to tears; he extended his hand to his mother, and said with deep feeling, "mother, forgive me that I have caused you sorrow! From this time it shall be otherwise!"

And from that time it did become otherwise with Peter, not that he ever became very communicative, or of a very cheerful temper, but he became very industrious, and very desirous of doing right, and every body grew fond of him.

It was evident now, that Peter began to take pleasure in life, at least, he never looked sour or sullen. His whole appearance was changed; nay, it often looked as if something shone within him, and so said his little brother and sister.

Now it is Christmas matins with Peter, they would say.

Many Christmas matins have since kindled their lights, many a hard Christmas goblin has looked savage upon the Christmas board, has since then been shut up in a chest, thence brought out again to give strength to the beasts at plough. Yes, many a Christmas has since that Christmas morning come and gone, but the light that then was kindled for the mother has never been extinguished.

Peter now lives as a peasant in Storgal, and his mother lives with him, and he likes to tell his friends what a sluggish and hard-tempered lad he was, and about the Christmas matins which produced such a change on him, and how, since then, he has had light and strength, and pleasure, in all his work, and how every thing prospers in his hands.

Thus Peter celebrates every Christmas eve as his mother taught him. At Christmas matins he may be seen before any one else, and as for the Christmas goblin, he never forgets that!

# THE FLORAL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES RHOADS.

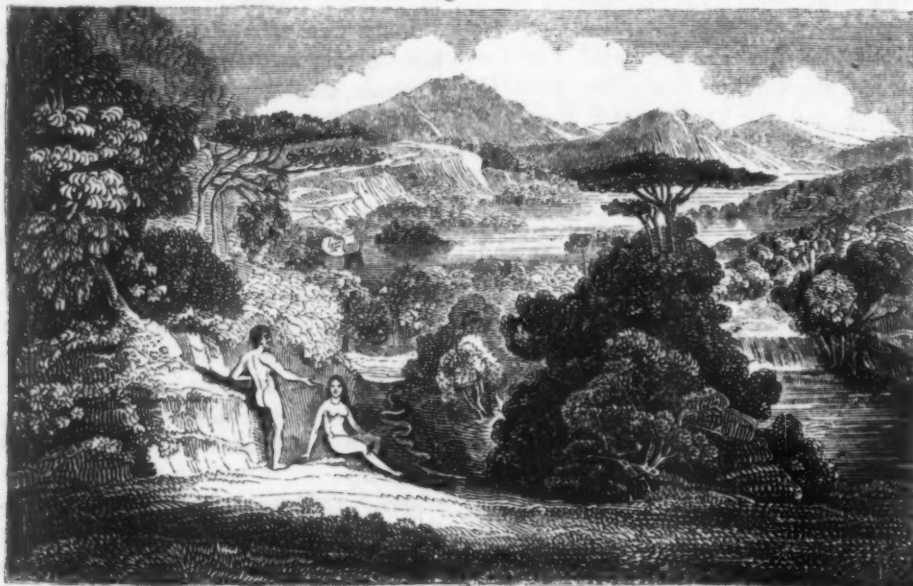
## TASTE.

THAT power of the human mind which men call taste, is a very singular one. It is more changeable, and apparently more capricious, than any other. It leads one person to admire only the regular, the ornamented, and the splendid; while another relishes exclusively the simple, the unassuming, and the natural. What it at one time accepts as beautiful, in a few years, it sometimes scornfully rejects as either gaudy or insipid.

This principle of diversity of taste appears in gardening as well as in other arts. Some require clipped hedges, square parterres, straight walks,

regular knots and rows of flowers, grove corresponding to grove, and every thing determined according to evident plan and arrangement. Others think that if a garden is laid out after a regular plan, the fact should be carefully concealed, and that every thing should as far as possible appear to be the work of unassisted nature. One would have Art clothed in her own scarlet robe, while another would disguise or hide her, under the green and easy fitting mantle of Nature. All are fond of the country, but many require that it should be trimmed and made fashionable, before they can fully enjoy it; they shrink from a bur, though they love a chestnut.

Fig. 1.



The engravings accompanying this article are intended to illustrate this great fact. They are in curious contrast though both originally designed to represent the same object—the ideal of the Garden of Eden. Figure 1, is the great idea of Milton, enunciated in his *Paradise Lost*, and embodied by the celebrated Martin, in his *Illustrations of Milton*. Figure 2, is the fancied paradise of the Italian artist, who, in the seventeenth century, illustrated Andrieni's poem, *L'Adamo*. From the first, has been formed the prevailing fashion of the gentlemen's parks in England; the second is the model or a copy, of the old French and Italian gardens. There can

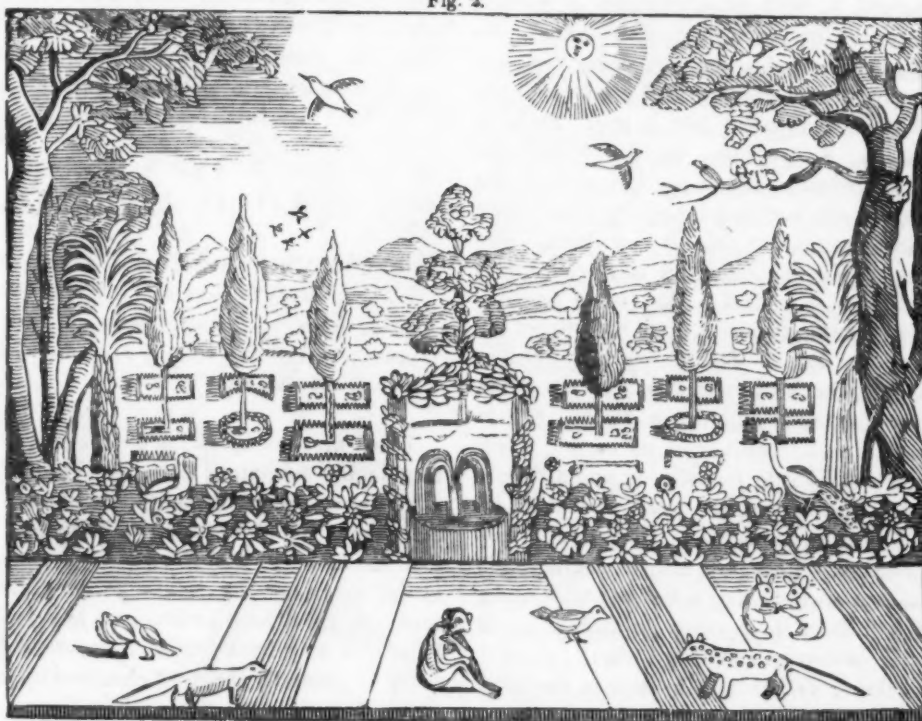
be no doubt as to which will best accord with the taste of Americans.

Is it to be decided that the taste of Milton and Martin is correct and delicate, while that of Andrieni and his countryman is false and coarse? That depends upon circumstances. We should always have regard to the fitness of things. In a country, densely populated, where almost every vestige of real nature is obliterated, where works of art everywhere abound, and in a climate which makes active out of door exercise agreeable, the more wild, the more like native scenery a garden or a park can be made, the better. But in a country comparatively unimproved,

where nature reveals unrestrained, an exhibition of art and human labor is pleasing; even trees cut and trained into quaint figures of monsters and hob-goblins, or clipped so as to represent the different orders of architecture, like those so prevalent in French gardens in the time of Louis XIV., nay, the very marble nymphs, stone sheep, dwarfs, drunkards, and other paltry contrivances, so common in Dutch gardens, of very recent date, would here lose half their homeliness. And in

climates like those of Southern Asia, which indispose men to exertion, contracted space, straight walks, trees in rows, and flowers planted invariably on the borders, are gratifying; for the trees so planted furnish a continuous shade, and the flowers send up their fragrance and hold out their beauty at our very feet, where we can enjoy them with the least exertion. Nothing earthly is absolutely beautiful in itself, but only relatively, in respect to its position and the company in which it is placed.

Fig. 2.



### THE TULIP.

(See colored Figure.)

**BOTANICAL CHARACTERISTICS;**—*Class*, HEXANDRIA; *Order*, MONOGYNIA. *Calyx* none; *corol*, six petalled, *liliaceous*; *style* none; *stigma* thick, *capsule*, oblong, three sided.

NOTHING, it seems to me, contributes so much to the gloominess of winter, as the absence of the bright and varied coloring of the summer fields and the summer skies. Like night, it shrouds everything in a mantle of sameness, but, unlike night, it leaves no room for the play of the fancy. Though thick darkness cover the earth, the mental eye can still dwell with pleasure upon the refreshing green grass spread out before it, is still charmed with the gorgeous sunset clouds that have just passed away, and with all the sweet variety of beautiful tints in bud and blossom, to whose presence fragrance testifies. But in winter the sameness is real, it is almost palpable. Then all nature resembles, in truth, a rough board fence; it is cheerless on account of its dull, dingy, drab hue. Everything that breaks this monotony is beautiful. Ladies of good taste take advantage of the knowledge of this fact, and choose brighter colors for

their dresses than they wear at any other season, and consequently look doubly beautiful and attractive. The publishers of magazines, if they know how to please their readers, also take advantage of it. Those of "Sartain's" have done so. Look at the beautiful tulip they have had painted for you, and if it pleases you, go immediately to some florist, and purchase a few ready-started bulbs, and in a few weeks you may have some of Nature's own painting to grace your windows. They cost but little, and will flourish with the same treatment recommended for Hyacinths, in the Floral Calendar for January.

### WATER AND HEAT.

In the winter, if window plants are well protected from actual freezing, nothing is of greater service to them than a little wholesome neglect. They are like animals, which grow feeble and sickly when nursed too much or fed too well. Many persons injure the health of their plants as they do that of their children, by over-indulgence. Kindness misdirected, is often more injurious in its effects, than cruelty. The man, whose time

and means are fully occupied in procuring the necessities of life, has no opportunity to pamper his sons with sweetmeats, and his daughters with idleness, and he is forced often to leave them to their own exertions and resources;—the former, therefore, almost invariably grow up stout, strong and shifty, and the latter, blooming, buxom and beautiful, both in mind and body; while equally healthy children of a father perhaps more intelligent and judicious, but blest, as people generally would regard it, with an abundance of wealth, having no incentive sufficient to force them to exertion, and being supplied with whatever their appetites crave, become enervate and weak; delicate indeed, but neither useful nor happy. So it is with flowers. A lady has one for which she cherishes a particular affection. She gives it the warmest corner in her rooms, and supplies it with a great deal more water than it can drink. She feels most comfortable where it is warmest, and why should not her plant? She takes nourishment whenever she desires it, and she wishes the plant to do the same. She forgets that even in her own case, the heat enervates, and too much nourishment produces still worse effects. She is consequently in ill health, and so is her plant. Now, though a delicate complexion and a fragile form, may be considered the very perfection of beauty in a woman, the case is entirely different as respects flowers. They are always countryfied; and a delicate plant is like a delicate milk-maid, so evidently unfitted to perform its duties that no one can find pleasure in looking at it.

But the flower suffers even more than the lady. She voluntarily endures the evil, it must do so unwillingly though uncomplainingly. She can remove if she feels herself too warm, or like the absent-minded Newton, she can order the fire to be removed, but it can do neither. And when it is supplied with too much water it is no better off;—it cannot remove the cup from its lips—it drinks as much as it can—it sickens and cannot bloom; or if it does, its bloom is like the hectic of consumption, the fore-runner of death. Plants not only bear, but require, more cold than we are apt to imagine. The crocus pushes its bald head through the snow that the breeze may fan it, and the violet uncloses the lids of its merry eye, peers through the leafy covering of its lowly bed, and laughs joyously, even before spring has fairly begun to smile.

Throughout the universe, by an unvarying law, natural heat and light are proportionate and follow the same rules of increase and decrease. Were our earth just half as far from the sun as it is, it would receive four times as much light, and four times as much heat as it does, and on the other hand were it twice as far, the quantities of each would be but one quarter as great. This should regulate our treatment of plants. We should *proportion* the heat and light. If the sun shone as long and as brilliantly in February as in July, we

might maintain a strong heat, and if well watered, our plants would thrive.

A much higher temperature and a much greater degree of moisture may be maintained among plants in green-houses and hot-houses than would be proper in common windows, because the peculiar construction of those buildings admits a much larger portion of solar light. If we can accommodate our plants with plenty of light, we may keep them actively growing, and may, for that purpose, supply them somewhat freely with heat and moisture; but if our means of light be small, we must cause our plants to grow more slowly, and to do so, we must keep them cool and dry.

### CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

BOTANICAL CHARACTERISTICS:—*Class*, MONADELPHIA; *Order*, POLYANDRIA. *Calyx* imbricated, many leaved, the inner leaflets largest; leaves ovate, acuminate, acutely serrate; flowers terminal, sub-solitary.

WHEN first young spring begins to play with the brightening sunbeams, stern old Winter often puts on his surliest frowns, as if he wished to frighten the merry urchin for daring to be joyful. Perhaps, like the father of the Hero of Agincourt, he may be jealous of his son, thinking him somewhat too eager to try on the crown and begin his reign. Whatever may be the cause, it is certain that February is generally the most cheerless month of the year. It is therefore well ordered for our pleasure, that at the same season our prettiest window plants begin to bloom. And none of them deserves more our admiration and attention, than the Camellia. Whether we regard variety and brilliancy of color, delicacy of texture or brightness of foliage, this superb plant is without a rival.

The Camellia is a native of China and Japan. It was first introduced into Europe, in 1739, by George Joseph Kamel, a Jesuit, in honor of whom it received from Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist, the name by which it has since been known. In the groves and gardens of Japan it grows to a great height, and is much admired for its fine form, its rich clothing of shining, deep green leaves, and its elegant red and white flowers. The plants taken to Europe by Kamel, were purchased at a very high price, by Lord Petre of Thornden Hall, Essex, England, and being placed in the warmest division of the green house, technically called "the stove," they were killed by kindness. James Gordon, Lord Petre's gardener, obtained, three years afterward, another specimen, and, made wiser by sad experience, he placed it in the free ground of a conservatory. Here it did well and lived until 1837, nearly one hundred years.

Since the Camellia has been cultivated in Europe and America, the number of varieties has in-

creased to more than one thousand. The double white, double striped, the double Waratah, the fringed and the pæony flowered, are free flowerers and hardy growers, and are considered the grandest and most marked varieties. The accompanying

Fig. 3.



engraving, (figure 3,) is from a specimen of the first named, in the collection of H. A. Dreer, Esq., to whom I am indebted for the drawing.

A mistaken idea that Camellias cannot be successfully cultivated in common rooms, is so preva-

lent, that we seldom meet with them, except in regular conservatories. The fact is, their culture is not difficult. If planted in a light soil, shaded from hot suns, furnished with plenty of fresh air, properly watered, and frequently syringed, many varieties will thrive as well and bloom as well, in a common sitting room as in a green-house. I know this, for I have bloomed them so myself. The temperature which suits them best is from forty-five to fifty-five degrees, but they will do well in much warmer apartments, if the directions given above are observed. They will also do well in colder apartments. I have known them to flower, even when the earth in the pot had been slightly frozen. Still, extremes either of heat or cold are injurious, and should be carefully guarded against. A good soil for them may be made of equal parts of sandy loam and vegetable mould; if grown in windows looking south, they can be shaded, in the spring, by a thin muslin curtain, in other windows they need no protection; fresh air can be furnished them every fine day, by lowering the upper sash, so that it shall not blow directly against them; and the proper watering of them requires that the earth in which they grow should be kept *constantly moist*, but *never wet*; and in order that this may be done, they should be watered three or four times a day, but sparingly each time. When flowering or actively growing, they should be watered more abundantly. One object of frequent syringing is to compensate for the dryness of the air, but the principal, is to keep the pores of the leaves open that they may breathe freely. Persons without conveniences for syringing, can easily dispense with it by carefully and gently washing the leaves, two or three times a week, with a piece of soft sponge.

The *Camellia coccinea*, *variegata*, *Pomponia*, *Pæoniflora*, *nivalis excelsa*, *Sabini*, and in general, all that have a green calyx, are varieties recommended for flowering easily in common rooms.

Camellias and all other plants, thrive and bloom much better in common porous, unglazed, earthen pots, than in any of the glazed, fancy kinds. Those, however, who are very particular that "the outside of the cup and the platter," should be pretty, may plant in a common pot encased in one of porcelain, or other fine material, as is exhibited in our engraving. The only objection to this plan is, that the pot appears somewhat too large.

—  
 TRY IT.—With three crocus blossoms the effect of light and heat upon plants, may be strikingly exhibited. Gather the flowers when closed, at night. Put No. 1, in a temperature of 50°; No. 2, in 65°, which increase gradually to 95°; and No. 3, in 75°. Place two lighted candles near No. 1, and two near No. 3, but leave No. 2 in the dark. In two hours No. 3, will have expanded into full bloom, while No's. 1 and 2, will remain closed.

## EDITORIAL.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

To our brethren of the press who have given our undertaking such a warm and general welcome, to the public who have given us the still more substantial and intelligible token of a largely increased subscription list, and finally to our particular friends who personally or by letter have bidden us "God speed" in our work, we desire now, first of all, and most emphatically, to tender our very grateful and sincere acknowledgments. We are happy to say, also, at the same time, that the numerous good wishes which have been proffered to us have turned out to be prophetic, even beyond our own most sanguine expectations. Our circulation, in fact, has been more than doubled since the publication of the December number.

The number now in the hands of the reader, we will venture to say, is superior in every respect to the one for January. As we commenced for a long race, we did not wish to disgust our fellow travellers at the very start by the trick of a "specimen number," which we would not, or could not, live up to. It is not our intention that any number of *Sartain's Magazine* shall be inferior to the "specimen" which we offered at the beginning of the year. On the contrary, our aim, and our hope is, that every number shall outstrip in excellence its predecessors.

For the present month, we offer to the reader the first of a series of articles, contributed expressly for us, by the celebrated

FREDERIKA BREMER.

The excellent tendency of this lady's writings, and their great popularity in this country, induced the proprietors very early to take steps to secure for the Magazine original contributions from her pen.

We offer also a capital story from one of our first female novelists, Miss SEDGWICK; another strikingly original sketch from Mrs. CHILD; the continuation of a thrilling sea tale by PETERSON, and the commencement of one equally interesting by HERBERT; and a lively little romance from Mrs. BUTLER.

We are authorised by

DR. BETHUNE

to say that Aunt Betsey, who has been unusually busy with her knitting during the present month, may be expected to resume her "Lectures" on the next occasion.

Professor ALDEN, whose "Tales of the Puritans" will commence in the next number, has finished here his patriotic story of the "Student Soldier." We have another amusing tale from the pen of Mr. WILEY, whose Original Novel we shall commence publishing in the third number.

### THE FLORAL CALENDAR,

by Professor RHODES, in the January number, gave, so far as we have heard, universal satisfaction. We predict the same reception for the Calendar for February.

We say nothing of course of the Editorial articles, or of the distinct Essay by Mrs. KIRKLAND, on "England and the English." We should, however, do great injustice not to call special attention to the scholarly and discriminating critique of Mr. LELAND, on Steinhauser's Head of Christ. Our readers may expect a series of critiques on Art from the same source.

Of poetry, we present two excellent Sonnets by Mrs. KINNEY; a wild prairie legend by Professor MOFFAT; a poem of unusual force, called "The Outcast," by a female

writer not unknown to fame, though adopting for the occasion a feigned signature; besides numerous others, which the reader will find in the table of contents, from Prof. RHODES, Mr. BURLEIGH, Mrs. ESLING, Miss BROWNE, Mr. GRAHAM, Mr. HOFF, &c., &c.

We have on hand a capital tale from

WILLIAM HOWITT,

called the "Heron in Ireland;" also a story of fashionable life in New York, by

N. P. WILLIS,

in his very best style, entitled "The Up-town Crisis;" and a large number of contributions from other distinguished writers, American and foreign. But of these it will be sufficient to speak when we present them to the public. We will only say further, that the contents of the Magazine are *entirely original*, and that no names have been foisted into our list of Contributors by merely taking extracts from former publications, with or without the consent of the authors;

### FASHION PLATES.

The publishers believe there is no greater fiction than that of "monthly" fashions in this country. We have in the United States, Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter fashions, and no more. These we purpose to give quarterly, at the seasons which have been named. The Magazine for those months will contain a "Fashion Plate," prepared expressly for the work by the highest authorities in these matters. The fashions thus presented will be real and authentic, and may be relied on by those who wish either to order or make articles of dress.

### Notices of Arts and Artists.

HENRY WARREN.—It is universally acknowledged that this artist stands at the very head of his profession in the line of art which he has chosen, that of Historical Painter in water colors. It is a style not often selected as the medium for composition of the highest class, and until Mr. Warren proved the contrary, was believed unsuitable. But the wonderful perfection to which this mode of painting has now been carried in England, renders it capable of achieving any thing that can be accomplished by any other means, limitation as to size alone excepted, for the necessity of protecting the work by means of glass cannot be dispensed with. Two societies of painters in water colors exist in London, each having an annual exhibition of its own, and known from each other by the distinctive appellation of the *Old* and the *New*. Of the latter, Mr. Warren is the President, and it is destined to eclipse (if it has not already done so) the older institution, which once embraced all the talent to be found in this department of art. This is necessarily the fate of all old societies which refuse to conform to the more liberal and progressive spirit characteristic of these later times. The *modus operandi* of this style of painting is totally changed of late years from what it was formerly, and this change of method is the foundation of the wonderful effects now produced. Water color paintings used to be almost always hard and dry, and every where feeble, having an inlaid mosaic character. Now we observe all the splendor and magnificence of oil pictures with greater clearness and delicacy. The surprising capabilities of the art have been developed in a great degree by the practice of sponging the drawing in certain stages

of its progress, and thus blending and uniting the tints in a manner unattainable by any other means. So essential is this mode of procedure regarded in modern practice, that the crest adopted by the Old Society of Painters in Water Colors, consists of a *Bowl and Sponge*.

The greatest artist in landscape, perhaps, of this or any past age, J. M. W. Turner, has produced vast numbers of works in this style;\* and he too was one of the first that wrought the change of method, and exhibited the resources of the art. But it was rarely applied to the production of pictures in which human character, and action, and expression were to be treated. Christall, lately deceased, was one of the few who practised it, but his subjects, although classic, were not of the heroic order. Henry Warren has boldly marked out a path of his own, and succeeded in the production of high historic art in water colors. Occasionally he stoops from the more exalted effort, and selects subjects in which the figures are small and subordinate to the landscape and general effect. As examples of this, we may refer to his "Nile during an inundation" of last year, and to the fine picture of the "*Dying Camel in the Desert*," known to the American public by the large mezzotinto engraving of it. This picture once seen will not be readily forgotten, so remarkable is the blinding and dazzling effect of a tropical sun blazing out in the midst of a cloudless sky. The sympathies, too, are fully awakened by the touching incident of the solitary and expiring animal in the foreground. Warren's scenes appear to be always of an oriental character, and selected chiefly, like the subject engraved for our present number, from the Book richer than any other in material of high historic art.

The one chosen to embellish the February number of the Union Magazine, "John the Baptist Preaching," is one of the noblest that could well be adopted, and full of fascination to the artist. "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the Wilderness of Judea, and saying, repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The manner of its treatment evinces the power and scope of Mr. Warren's abilities; for breadth of effect, grandeur of composition, and picturesque and varied distribution of form and action, it is admirable. The figure of St. John is very impressive in its wildly energetic action, and is rendered more so by its place in the picture, raised up and relieved against the sky, while amidst various groups of listeners, the man sitting on the camel is strikingly truthful in conception and execution.

We presume this artist to be a son of Charles Warren the engraver, who was the first to introduce the practice of engraving on plates of decarbonised steel. The result of this improvement was an immediate reduction in price of impressions from finely engraved plates of the smaller class, consequent on the greatly enlarged yield of these plates over those of copper, and a correspondingly increased demand. Another was, the adoption of mezzotinto engraving for framing prints, which style was but seldom used before, because of the readiness with which it was worn out from the plates of copper, so as only to warrant the expense of engraving when the subject would command a large price for the prints.

**FRANK STONE.**—The painter of the second of our embellishments was formerly a member of the water-color fraternity, but has of late years turned his attention to the practice of oil painting. He is well known in this country by the large framing prints which have been published from his works, all of them exceedingly beautiful, and of a popular and interesting class of subjects. One of the first of the series was "The Heart's Misgivings," an exquisite work, very rich in effect, and simple, yet picturesque in the construction, while the sentiment of the piece is extremely touching. A high-born youth is reclining in a pavilion, amusing himself at the expense of a hawk perched upon the finger of his hand, which he is ingeniously tormenting with a feature. In front of him,

\* A beautiful drawing by him may be seen in the collection of Daniel Robinson, Esq., of Philadelphia.

at a few feet distance, stands a young and beautiful lady, silent and disregarded, her sad and mournful expression, as she looks on her lover, plainly betokening the doubt and anxious misgivings within her bosom as to the affections of him on whom her own are wholly placed. The story is well told, and the management of the light and shadow in the two portions of the picture described, is made to contribute to the expression of the sentiment. This work was copied, of smaller size, for the Diadem of 1846. There was one entitled "Cross Purposes," and a fine companion to the one now engraved and intended as the sequel to it, called "The Last Appeal." The youth, now so comfortable and well-conditioned, has become haggard; the girl has changed from the look of happy cheerfulness, to that of thoughtfulness and care-worn anxiety. The maiden is at the well to draw water, and the despairing lover, his hair matted, and wildness in his eye, grasps both her hands in his own, as he makes his last earnest appeal. Her figure is well drawn and finely expressive, not less in the whole action than in the face, of the utmost distress while she repeats the refusal. Other prints, nearly as well known, attest the attainments of this artist; but before these were published, there existed numerous representations by him of individual female characters of the poet or novelist, which marked him as first amongst the most successful delineators of feminine loveliness.

**VALLEY SCENE, BY ROBBE.**—This is one of Mr. Snyder's late importations from Belgium, and a better landscape of the simple and unpretending kind has not probably been seen in Philadelphia. A girl, seated on the back of an ass, has driven a flock of sheep to water at a stream just below a rude wooden dam; farther off are some stragglers of the flock, which a sagacious dog is driving from the deep water above the dam to the proper place allotted to them. In the shade of some distant willows growing on the banks of the stream are some figures and cattle; one of the latter is nibbling at the foliage, while it luxuriates in the shadow. In the middle, and to the left, the country stretches away out into the extreme distance, in alternate sunshine and shade—while to the right, and beyond the willows and stream, is a wood, and above and beyond it a high rocky hill, terminating abruptly, with a sudden declivity towards the level country just described.

The general effect and color are simple and natural, and glowing with the warm light of a noonday sun. The painting of the sheep and goat, seems as near perfection as can well be; the rich golden sun upon them, contrasts strikingly with the cool blue reflection from the sky in the shadows. The extreme foreground of the picture is like that of most of the works of the artists of Continental Europe, at the present day, too much of a mere dry imitation of the most common place nature, without the attempt at selection or grouping.

There is in the same gentleman's possession, another smaller picture by the same artist, having in the foreground a small duck pond, and characterized by the same qualities as the work just described; but its merit is less as well as its dimensions.

**THE GARDEN OF LOVE.**—This is a charming little picture, by Eckhout, the Belgian Artist, and the first, we believe, that has yet been seen in this country. It is in the possession of Mr. Jacob Snyder, of Philadelphia, to whom it has been consigned for sale by Robbe, the painter of the subject of the preceding notice, who liberally purchased it from its author, solely with the view of sending it to America, that the abilities of his brother artist might be known and appreciated on this side of the Atlantic. It consists of a social gathering, a kind of fete champetre. Groups of happy couples, clad in the costume of the beginning of the last century, loiter amidst the parterres, or sit conversing in the leafy alcoves of a "trim garden," in which the loveliness of nature's dress is made to conform to the stiff fashion of

the time, the trees being forced to assume the shapes of walls and arcades. Fountains and statuary, embellish the scene, and groups of happy people in idle conversation, lean over the crowning balustrades of rich architecture, all, however, in the prevailing taste of the time referred to. Near the foreground is the principal assemblage, seated very much at their ease around a table in the open air, on which fruits and choice viands stand most invitingly, while the charms of music add to the enjoyments of the scene. Artistically, it is a work of the highest merit; the light and shadow is powerful, and the coloring rich without the slightest approach to gaudiness; it is hardly possible to imagine a light more warm and dazzling than the dash of sunshine on the table cloth—the principal light of the picture. Its brilliancy is enhanced by the beautiful lady in black, who is so placed as to be immediately opposed to it, as she turns gracefully round to receive a bouquet which her gallant is handing to her. Many parts are charmingly painted; the man with the violin, as he lolls back in his chair till the instrument is nearly in a horizontal position, is most admirable; other portions might be instanced as not less so.

#### ANNUALS.

WE have a word or two to say upon Annuals. It is obvious, in the first place, that this species of literature is very decidedly on the increase. The annuals commenced in England, if we recollect rightly, about twenty-five years ago. They were almost instantly popular, and became indeed, for a while, quite the rage. They were sold at exorbitant prices, and yielded, we presume, large returns to the booksellers engaged in their publication. But the popularity of the first annuals brought into the market such a host of competitors, that the business was soon overdone. The number of annuals increased almost *ad infinitum* on both sides of the Atlantic, and their quality deteriorated in the same ratio, until at length they became a mere laughing stock. For the last few years, however, there have been symptoms of reform in the matter, especially in this country. Some few of those now published in the United States have been regularly maintained for a series of years, and have acquired a reputation, which causes them to be remembered and called for when the season for gift books comes round. The number of annuals published in this country the present season far exceeds that of any former year. While many of them are poor enough in all respects, yet from an inspection of a pretty extensive series of these books, both those of recent and those of earlier date, we are led to think that their average character is decidedly above what it was a few years since, while some of them are greatly in advance of any thing heretofore published in the United States.

The annuals are giving important aid in the promotion of the fine arts among us. The amount of engraving, particularly of mezzotint, done every year for this class of books, almost exceeds belief. Within the last three or four years, the art of illuminating, or of printing in colors, and with gold and silver, has been introduced, and carried already to a high state of advancement. No one princely Mæcenæ, even with a fortune equal to his liberality, could yield the steady, multiform, and healthy patronage now arising from the competition of the booksellers.

We wish we could say as much for the patronage which they afford to literature. It will be obvious to any one who will give the slightest examination of these productions, that the enterprise of the publishers is directed exclusively to the pictorial embellishments. Hundreds and thousands of dollars are expended in pictures, gilding, and "Turkey morocco," but not one cent in authorship. We believe the utmost in the way of remuneration that is now extended to those who write for the annuals, is a copy of the book. While the embellishments are steadily increasing, both in number and quality, the literary character of this class of books is at least stationary, if not retrograding, and is vastly inferior to what

it was in their early history. When the annuals first made their appearance, we well recollect the avidity with which they were read. Now an annual is bought to look at. No one ever thinks of reading them. They are not accounted reading books, but picture books.

This is all wrong. If those enterprising publishers who have made such liberal outlays in paper, binding, and pictures, and found the public respond so freely to their efforts, would take the same pains, and incur the same expense to raise the literary character of these costly volumes, we are confident they would meet with an increased sale, more than proportionate to the increased outlay. Let the publishers of annuals imitate the publishers of magazines, and pay liberally for authorship, as well as for illustrations. The public may perhaps be a little surprised at the statement which we are about to make. We do not indeed assert it as a matter of absolute knowledge. But we assuredly believe, that there is no respectable magazine published in the country, any one volume of which does not put more money into the hands of authors, than all the annuals published during the same year taken together. Nay, we are far from being sure that the authorship of the single number of the Union Magazine, now in the hands of the reader, has not cost more than the authorship of the whole host of Annuals for the year 1849. In this statement we speak not of editorship, which includes proof reading and general superintendence of the press, but simply of the money paid to authors for articles written for the works named. We feel persuaded that the publishers who shall take the lead in this matter, and be bold enough to expend upon the contents of an annual one half what they now expend upon its external appearance, will meet the same rich returns that the publishers of magazines have from a similar line of policy.

#### Books.

[More than half of the book notices and items of literary intelligence which we had prepared, are in type, but are crowded out for want of room. They will appear next month.—ED.]

*Poems, by Charles G. Eastman. Montpelier: Eastman & Danforth. 1848. (For sale by G. Appleton & Co., Phila.)*

It is surprising how very little poetry it takes to make a volume of poems. With plenty of rhyme, and a slight sprinkling of reason, the thing may be done, with the aid of short lines and very wide spaces, even without the use of a great many words. Those old-fashioned ingredients, poetic fire and chaste expression, are left out almost altogether in most of the approved receipts for modern poetic cookery. The author of the volume before us seems to have been well aware of these facts. His book has one merit—it is unpretending. He promises nothing in his preface, and performs less in his text.

A few extracts will enable our readers to form an opinion of their own. His lines on the town pauper's burial, which contain some little merit, are an obvious imitation of Hood. For instance:—

"Bury him there—  
No matter where!  
Off in some corner at best!  
There's no need of stones  
Above his old bones—  
Nobody'll ask where they rest."

We are no less struck by the metre of many of the "Poems," than with their originality, for example:—

For women are false and fickle as air,  
And faithless, as faithless can be;  
And their love is as changeable as the moonshine,  
As the winds or the waves of the sea.

How nice and just is our author's discrimination in the use of words, we show by italicising a few in another verse:—

Whose love is like the living springs  
We on the mountain taste,  
Which traveller's lip can never quench,  
Nor thirsty summer waste.

One verse more, to show his power in the touching and pathetic, and we have done. He thus describes the feelings of a mother after the funeral of her child:—

Yet there, with tears and folded hands,  
And lips dumb with despair,  
The mother by the cradle stands,  
As though her boy were there;  
Its last dear bed with tears is wet—  
She hath not strength to move it yet.

*The History of Charles the First.* By Jacob Abbot. New York: Harper and Brothers. 285 pp. 12mo.

Mr. Abbot's book is prepared for a special purpose. It is not, therefore, strictly amenable to the laws of ordinary historical composition. There is in the United States a large class of young persons from fifteen to twenty-five, of good natural intelligence, able to read, and pretty well acquainted with the affairs of their own country, who yet are very imperfectly acquainted with English and European history. Mr. Abbot supposes that these young republicans, coming on the stage at so late a period, and with ideas and conceptions so widely different from those which prevailed in other ages and distant lands, need historical works prepared especially for them. Many things require explanation to the young American, which to a Londoner or an Englishman, are as familiar as Fanueil Hall, or the Declaration of Independence to us. Accordingly, Mr. Abbott tells his story with one eye always upon his audience. His aim is to put nothing into his book which will not be readily comprehensible to any American lad of fifteen, of ordinary intelligence. If the Royal Charles is shut up in Windsor Castle, or Hampton Court, or the Tower, these places, their uses and history, are severally made known to the reader.

The author has certainly imposed upon himself a difficult task. It is ordinarily much easier to ascertain in a given case the exact state of the facts, than to select a particular class of persons, and ascertain the exact state of their knowledge of the facts. The author who attempts to write history in this way, is constantly in danger, on the one side of explaining things that need no explanation, and so becoming tiresome, or on the other hand of assuming things to be known which are not, and so missing all that he aimed at in giving his book a special character. Mr. Abbot has long been in the habit of writing for the young. We believe he is also a teacher by profession. He has, therefore, special facilities for knowing the intellectual wants of the class whom he has selected, and of adapting his communications to them. He has certainly been more successful than most writers who have attempted the same task.

There is one grievous fault into which authors are prone to fall, who adopt this style of composition. Mr. Abbot has not escaped it. Indeed, in the present volume, there is more of it than in any of the other works of this estimable writer that have fallen under our observation. We mean a certain *puerility* of expression, that is often adopted in talking or writing to children. We believe there is no greater mistake than to suppose that children are interested by mere "baby talk." The man who attempts to address children, wants, above all things, simplicity of *ideas*, which is a very different thing from low, childish, and extremely colloquial expressions.

But of Mr. Abbot. We do not mean to name him as being particularly obnoxious to this charge. He comes in, however, at least in the present publication, for a fair share. His "much" is generally "*a great deal*," and his "many" a "*great many*," just in the style in which we hear persons talking to a class of Sunday school children. "*A great deal* of discussion about the Star Chamber," p. 123. "He had a *great deal* of help," p. 131. "He employed the power of the Star Chamber *a great deal* in the accomplishment of his purposes," p. 142. "There were a *great many* windows in it," p. 123. "But a *great many* persons have done it," p. 125. "There were a *great many* things which seem to us at the present day of very little consequence," p. 139, &c., &c. As for that poor hack-of-all-work, the verb "*got*," we should never "get" through our review, if we were to attempt to enu-

merate the impositions that Mr. Abbot has practised on it. A specimen or two must suffice. "The officers and men deserted from the other ships and *got* home," p. 100. "Buckingham *got* into a personal quarrel with Richieu," p. 102. "One man *got* into some contention with some of the king's officers," p. 126. *et passim*.

These are specimens of the kind of faults into which authors are apt to fall who write specifically for children. Mr. Abbot, though not free from the charge, is less obnoxious to it than most of his brethren.

There are other, and we regret to say, numerous verbal inaccuracies in the volume, which are not attributable to this cause. We cannot dwell upon them, but will quote a few at random. "They managed to *conduct* in such a way as to attract attention," p. 46. The word "*imperious*" is used in the sense of "*imperative*;" but as the President does the same in his Message to Congress, we shall have to let it pass for *presidential* English, if not the king's. Words in their very nature absolute, are coupled with *so*, or some other word of limitation. "The hostility to the Liturgy was *so* universal, that it could not be enforced," p. 148. There are mistakes like the following, which can be traced to nothing but sheer carelessness. "One of the plans which Charles adopted . . . was *by* appointing six of the leaders," &c. p. 158. It would be easier to follow the royal Charles through his various and tortuous political windings, than to make one's way successfully through the labyrinth of pronouns in such sentences as these: "*Their* former friends revile *them*, and *they* in retaliation act more energetically against *them*," p. 161. "*He* will kill *him* if *he* can; but if *he* takes *him* prisoner, there is nothing in *his* feelings towards *him*, to prevent *his* treating *him* with kindness," p. 216. There are occasional inaccuracies of this kind. "The lords would *have* been willing to *have* saved his life," p. 193.

But enough. We hold that no books should be prepared with more care, even in regard to correctness of diction, than those intended for the young, and for the million. We have felt bound, therefore, to call attention to the verbal blemishes in Mr. Abbot's book. In regard also to the sentiments of the work, Mr. Abbot, we must confess, appears to us to be rather more of an apologist for the "royal martyr" than we expected, or could wish to see in an American writer. We found ourselves several times involuntarily exclaiming, "what would old John Milton say to all this." There is certainly more of the "*Icon Basilike*" than of the "*Iconoclastes*," in the general tone of the book.

*Enthanasys; or Happy Talk towards the end of life.* By the author of *Martyria*, &c. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This, we believe, is not the first work sent over by an English author to be published here before making its appearance in his own country: a significant fact, indicative of some changes; and, we suppose, a complimentary one. If, as begins to appear from other indications also, an American reputation is worth something, and American opinions of books are getting weight abroad, it is worth our while to look about us, and see to it—that our literary judgments deserve the credit which they are obtaining on the other side of the water.

The above named work, which comes to us in the handsome type and dress, for which our Boston friends are known, is a pleasant book enough—not a book that forces one to read it at a heat. The style is lucid, but its simplicity strikes us at times as not altogether natural, and while the train of thought is throughout spiritual, the spirituality borders now and then on sentimentality. With these qualifications, we consider it a book that one would be disposed to put into the hands of a sick friend. It contains much, which, if it is not new, is yet happily said; and when the soul of a man languishes under infirmity and suffering, and asks for cheering thoughts, this book, read in his sick chamber, may give him comfort and cheerfulness—singing a quiet song, by which he may be soothed, like a tired wayfarer by a brook, running among the rocks and bushes, near the spot where he flings himself down to rest.

*Story of the Peninsular War.* By General Charles William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, &c. &c. New Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a neat and convenient reprint of one of the best, if not the best, popular account which has been given of those military operations in the Spanish Peninsula, which form the true basis of Lord Wellington's fame. The work of Lord Londonderry is well known. It is only necessary to remark, in regard to the present edition of it, that the story is carried forward from the point where Londonderry left it, to the conclusion of the war in 1814. The work, in its present form, is a complete and authentic narrative of the proceedings of the English and French in Spain and Portugal, during that long and critical struggle which preceded the final downfall of Napoleon.

*The Thousand and One Nights.* Harper's Illustrated Edition.

Parts 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 of this beautiful edition have been received. The illustrations continue to be both numerous and beautiful. The edition, when complete, will be an admirable one—either for common use, or for the library.

*P. Virgilii Maronis Carmina.* Phila.: Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

We are very glad to see an American house reprinting the excellent classical series of Schmitz and Zumpt. The school books under this title are remarkable for the accuracy of their text, and the judiciousness of their comments; the latter being just such as are needed by the tyro. Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have already published *Cæsar* and *Virgil*. We infer from their announcement that they intend to continue the series, and hope they will be encouraged to do so. The expensiveness of classical books has been a great drawback to the general diffusion of classical learning in this country. The price of the present edition is not announced. But, from the size of the book, and its mechanical execution, it ought to be afforded at a very moderate rate, compared with some of the editions heretofore deemed necessary to the learner, and really not affording him facilities one whit greater than those given in these compact and comprehensive volumes.

*Hans Anderson's Story-Book—with a Memoir by Mary Howitt, and Illustrations.* New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

There has been nothing in the way of children's literature more charming than the quaint and delicate fancies of this author. A vein of quizzical mysticism runs through them, heightened by pathetic touches, and preserved from frivolity by a fine moral tone—suggestive rather than monitory. Their quiet humor makes them as fascinating to mothers as to children; and an infusion of Mary Howitt leaves nothing to desire. The edition just published by Messrs. Francis is in the neatest form, with beautiful illustrations; and the Memoir by Mary Howitt, is in her own sweet manner. We recommend this book with confidence.

*Poems by William Wordsworth, with an Introductory Essay on his Life and Writings.* New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

This beautiful volume offers a selection from Wordsworth, made with taste and judgment, and including the most admired fifth of all he ever wrote. The Essay, by Mr. Tuckerman, is highly interesting, and will enhance the value of the book, to those especially who have not yet learned how to read Wordsworth—a class which is no small one, to our certain knowledge. It is but a few days since we heard an intelligent woman say she "never could like Wordsworth!" which induced us to ask her a few questions. The result proved, as we anticipated, that she had read nothing of his beyond Peter Bell, and a few ballads; and when we read aloud to her

the sonnet on Sir Walter Scott's departure from Italy, her eyes overflowed at once, and she declared she would go and buy the book. We advise our readers to follow her example.

*The Clergyman's Widow—The Officer's Widow—The Merchant's Widow.* By Mrs. Hoffland. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

Three pretty little sister books, by an author whom it would be impertinent in us to praise. Mrs. Hoffland, who died but lately in London, has left behind her a name such as proves the best earthly reward of the successful teacher of morals. The illustrations which adorn these volumes add much to their attractiveness with the young people.

*Hymns, Songs, and Fables for Young People.* By Eliza Lee Follen. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

Mrs. Follen's graceful pen is very generally known, and perhaps as favorably in these sweet poems, which have already in past editions had an extensive circulation, as any where. As a random specimen, we give a nursery hymn for the evening.

Thou from whom we never part,  
Thou whose love is every where,  
Thou who seest every heart,  
Listen to our evening prayer.

Father! fill our souls with love,  
Love unfailing, full, and free;  
Love no injuries can move,  
Love that ever rests on Thee.

Heavenly Father! through the night  
Keep us safe from every ill;  
Cheerful as the morning light,  
May we wake to do thy will.

*Man, and His Motives.* By George Moore, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This book is eminently of the suggestive kind. We have opened it at random in at least twenty different places, and found in every case some new train of thought set in motion. A man cannot read a page any where, without feeling himself on a voyage of moral and intellectual discovery—without wishing to pause and turn his thoughts inward, and asking himself continually the question, "are these things so?" And what is the more remarkable, this does not arise from the author's propounding new and strange theories. On the contrary, he is in the main eminently orthodox. His power of arresting the attention, and of setting us to thinking, arises from his own eminently original mode of thinking. He evidently has all the while at bottom a deep substratum of knowledge, settled convictions growing out of the most subtle ultimate analysis of truth; but, in his process with the reader, he often seems to sport with the mere straws and bubbles that float on the surface of the stream: we let fall the plumb-line of logic, and we find the lowest depths of thought and being moved forward by the same impulse, and in the same direction with the straw and the bubble by which our attention had been attracted. We have perhaps read books more crammed with objective knowledge, but we recollect few books, if any, that have given so much food for thought.

*History of the United States, for the use of schools.* By Marcus Willson. New York: Mark H. Newman & Co. 1847.

We do not purpose to enter upon the vexed question at issue between Mr. Willson and Mrs. Willard. The reader will find in either of these competitors for public favor enough to elicit attention and remark, without undertaking to decide as to their relative merits.

Mr. Willson certainly has the merit of having induced in the authors of school books a more careful regard to

dates. This he has done, both by his own example, and by the review which he published first of all, exhibiting the enormous inaccuracies that existed in the books generally used, and showing how many of these mistakes arose.

A feature in his work, which has always struck us as being of great practical value, is the series of little maps inserted in the body of the page, showing the topographies of particular cities, the plans of celebrated battles, &c. We commend also the marginal apparatus, as being greatly superior to the usual mode of printed questions at the bottom of the page, or at the end of the book.

A fault, not peculiar certainly to this work, but so far as we know common to all the popular histories of the country, prepared for school books, is the undue prominence given to some sections of the country, to the manifest neglect of others. No commonwealth in the confederacy has a more instructive history than that of Pennsylvania. No one of the great men concerned in the settlement of the American colonies, if we except perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh, figured more largely in the eyes of his contemporaries, or was in all respects—as a statesman, a political economist, a christian, a gentleman, or a man—more worthy of the perpetual commendations of posterity, than William Penn. Yet here, in a book professing to treat formally and symmetrically of the history of all the states, we have thirty-four pages to the colonial history of Massachusetts, while that of the Keystone State for the same period occupies scant five pages.

The truth is, that until recently, nearly all our writers of school books, as well as all our schoolmasters, have come from New England, and they very naturally wrote and talked most of that which was uppermost in their own minds. There would have been no wit, if there had not been some foundation in fact, in the caricature map published a few months since, in which Boston is represented as the centre of the universe!

*The Childhood of Mary Leeson. By Mary Howitt. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1848.*

A wealthy professional gentleman of our acquaintance in one of our Southern cities had two boys, whose education the neighbors thought he very much neglected. He not only did not send them early to school, but he would not let them look at a book at home; and when at length the oldest was ten, and the other nearly nine, he said with a boast, as he introduced his boys to their first schoolmaster, "Sir, they do not know the alphabet. In my opinion, the chief business of a boy is to *grow*. My boys have done nothing but grow for ten years. Now I want them to *study*." Such was *not* the theory of the parents of Mary Leeson. She was taught to read at four, was quite a prodigy at six, and before ten was likely to die of nervous excitement and brain fever. Her parents found out their mistake in time. They stopped her studies, (so called,) sent her into the country to play out of doors among the green fields, and finally succeeded in restoring the bloom to her cheek and a healthy tone to her physical organization generally. Such is the first lesson that the gifted authoress teaches in the story of Mary Leeson. She raises her protest against that insane hot-house culture by which the intellect of childhood is sometimes forced into a precocious but generally fatal development.

The rest of the narrative is directed to illustrate the different influences of *love* and *fear*, as moving powers in education. Mary Leeson, under the influence of love and gentleness, and in the daily experience of kindness and sincerity, grows up tender hearted, gentle, truth-loving, and pious. A cousin, who is trained after a sterner model, and taught to obey solely from *fear*, and who experiences from those around him nothing but austerity and harshness, becomes sly, deceitful, and vicious.

The whole book, in short, though in form and appearance merely an interesting and graceful tale, is in reality, so far as it goes, *Mary Howitt's theory of education*.

We need say nothing more to commend it to general attention.

*The Image of his Father; a Tale of a young Monkey. By the brothers Mayhew—with Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 249 pp. 12mo.*

An amusing book, somewhat after the style of Dickens. One of the leading characters is a schoolmaster, not of Yorkshire, but of London. He is, however, a veritable cousin-german to the world-renowned Squeers. Another leading character, an accomplice of the schoolmaster, is an attorney, who is akin to the equally renowned Oily Gammon. The schoolmaster, by his cruelty, causes one of his pupils, whose parents are in India, to abscond. The attorney, who is a sort of factor in the business, continues notwithstanding, year after year, to send to the dotting parents glowing accounts of their son's progress at school, *together with his quarter bills*. At length the parents suddenly and very unexpectedly resolve to leave India, and are actually announced in London, before the agent is apprised of their intention. To prevent an exposure in this emergency, and perhaps also a criminal prosecution, not only for the money which they have been pocketing, but also for the *missing boy*, the attorney and the schoolmaster contrive to *borrow* another pupil, whose father also is in India, and pass him off on the parents for their own son. No sooner is this scheme carried into effect, than the father of the borrowed boy is also announced as having just arrived from India. Afraid to make a confession, and still more afraid of a conviction, the conspirators next take a third boy—a young scamp out of the attorney's office—to personate boy number two. This plan is just completed, when the runaway boy, the real Simon pure, who had been off to sea for several years, returns to London, and finds that his parents have returned and have received some one else as their son. So well have the conspirators laid their plans, that the fictitious son is in each case pronounced to be "*the image of his father*," and the true real Walter sent to Newgate as an impostor. The whole truth comes out at last, of course, but the writer is very ingenious in showing how far an imposition of the kind might be carried.

The book is intensely cockneyish. The writer is intimately acquainted with low life in London, and succeeds much better in delineating mere conventionalisms—the crimes and follies that spring from an artificial mode of life—than in scenes of passion and sentiment that appeal to those broad principles of our nature, which are the same in every land and every mode of civilization. There are indeed many genuine touches of nature in the volume, but they want both delicacy and depth.

The edition is very open to criticism, particularly for the frequent occurrence of that class of faults which English critics have insisted on stigmatizing as *Americanisms*, such as the use of "transpire" in the sense of *occur*; "directly" for *as soon as*, ("directly he had gone, Impey locked the door;") following "scarcely" by "*than*," ("*scarcely* had the brigadier touched the cup, *than* he started suddenly back,") &c., &c. These are faults not of American authors, but of careless, second or third rate writers on both sides of the Atlantic. They never fail, however, when an occasion is wanted, to furnish the materials to a certain class of critics for an indignant phillipic upon *Americanisms*!

*Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. By Richard Mangnall. First American, from the eighty-fourth London edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 388 pp. 12mo.*

Notwithstanding the strong apparent testimony of the "eighty-fourth London edition," we must confess our entire scepticism as to the utility of this book, or of any book formed upon the same plan. We object in the first place to the method of teaching which it proposes. A concise summary of doctrine, such as some of the essential rules of grammar, the formulas of religious faith or of scientific truth of any kind, which are to be committed

to memory, may for convenience be presented in the form of question and answer. Prepared questions may also be found of advantage, when printed at the foot of the page containing the subject to which they refer. But to throw an entire history into the form of a catechism, strikes us as absurd. We object also to the matter of the book, as well as to the manner. It is a model of the modern system of cramming. Though only a moderate sized duodecimo, it professes to teach almost the entire encyclopedia of knowledge, historical, moral, and scientific. It contains all history, ancient and modern, and pretty nearly all the arts and sciences. For a child or a man to *form* for himself a concise abstract of a science, after having studied it in detail, is one of the most useful of exercises. But to attempt to *teach* by means of such abstracts prepared by others, is the driest and most barren of all intellectual processes. The author, moreover, like every one who attempts to be an encyclopedist—writing *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*—necessarily makes many awkward and ridiculous blunders. We have not space to quote many. The following will suffice: "What number of fixed stars is visible to the naked eye? About a thousand; there have been three thousand fixed stars discovered by the assistance of good telescopes, and there are probably many more."!! (p. 315.) "How many comets are supposed to belong to our solar system? Twenty-one; but we only know when to expect the return of three; the first appears every 75th year, the second every 129th year, and the third every 575th year; this last will appear again in the year 2225."!!! Now we leave it to the reader, whether, with such capital popular treatises on Astronomy as Kendall's and Olmstead's, we Americans had not better leave such stuff as this to the cockneys for whose special benefit its "eighty-four editions" were manufactured?

*Chess for Winter Evenings.* By H. R. Agnel. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 509 pp. 12mo.

The analogy between the movements of the chess-board and those of men in the game of life, is such as to have passed into a proverb. It is upon this analogy mainly that its advocates have rested their defence against the charge of its being a waste of time. This game, say they, exercises and calls into play precisely those qualities which are wanted in actual life. Calculation, foresight, well arranged and well digested plans of action, the habit of never commencing an undertaking until the issue of it has been thoroughly considered, steadiness in prosperity, patience in difficulty, a strictly guarded temper, and finally courtesy and amenity of manner—these are the qualities necessary to the accomplished chess-player:—are they less necessary to the gentleman? But it is not the object of this article to defend the game. Our more pleasing task is to call attention to the book that has been named, as affording a most excellent manual for instruction in its mysteries. Mr. Agnel's book contains in the first place a description of the rudiments of the game, by going through which, one may learn all the ordinary moves. This is followed by analyses of the most popular openings, exemplified in games actually played by the greatest masters. The book contains also Staunton's analysis of the King's and Queen's gambits, numerous positions and problems on diagrams, and a series of chess tales with illustrations. The work is printed in fine style, and is illustrated in every part by diagrams.

*A First Book in Greek; containing a full view of the Forms of Words, with Vocabularies and Copious Exercises, on the method of Constant Imitation and Repetition.* By John McClintock, D. D., Professor of Languages, and George R. Crooks, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages, in Dickinson College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1818.

The public generally are aware that a great change has taken place in the mode of teaching modern languages. The Ollendorf method, as it is called, (though

originating we believe with Du Fief,) has almost entirely superseded the mode formerly in use. The learner, instead of spending half a year or more in committing to memory all the forms and rules of Grammar, before using any of them, now uses every form and rule as soon as it is announced. He begins with his first lesson a course of double translations, or exercises in reading and writing the language which he is learning. These exercises also are so prepared, that the same words are repeated, until by constant iteration their meaning becomes familiar. The pupil learns a language, just as we all learn our mother tongue in infancy, by a process of constant imitation and repetition. This system, we believe, was first formally exhibited by Du Fief in his book called "Nature Displayed." It has been since much modified and improved, and is now in very common use for teaching French, German, and most other modern languages. Encouraged by the striking success of the system as applied to a living language, numerous attempts have been made to apply the method to the teaching of Greek and Latin. Of these, the latest is a series of elementary Greek and Latin books by Professors McClintock and Crooks, of Dickinson College. We have seen only one of this series, "The First Book in Greek." But we are free to say, if the rest of the series are equal to this, they form *par excellence* the best introduction to the classical tongues with which we are acquainted. The "First Book of Greek" is "Greek made easy," not by leaving out all the hard parts, but by presenting the difficulties one at a time, and in the order most consonant to nature and reason. It does equal credit to the scholarship and the practical good sense of its authors. We have seen no school book for many a long year that has given us more unmingled and entire satisfaction.

*The Loves of the Angels; a Poem.* By Thomas Moore. New York: Spalding & Shepherd. 18mo.

A neat little pocket edition of a work too well known to be otherwise noticed.

*Autumn Flowers, and Other Poems.* By Mrs. Southey (late Caroline Bowles). New York: Spalding & Shepherd. 1848. 128 pp. 18mo.

The admirers of Mrs. Southey's poetry will find in this small pocket volume many of her choicest pieces. Little volumes like this make capital companions, when one is disposed to take a stroll through the fields, or is travelling without company in the car or steamboat.

*The Playmate; a Pleasant Companion for Spare Hours.* Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1848.

Of a rainy day, or a long winter's evening, few things are more desirable in a house than well selected books for children. How much better is it to provide for them some innocent means of amusement, than to punish them for those mischievous pranks which they are sure to invent, if cooped up in doors any length of time without occupation. The "Playmate" seems intended as auxiliary to this end. It is full of pictures, ballads, fairy tales, oddities, and whimsicalities of all sorts and sizes, just such as children love to amuse each other with.

*The Marriage Offering; a Compilation of Prose and Poetry.* Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1848. 207 pp. 12mo.

There is no human tie stronger, or more enduring, or more important, than that which binds man and wife. The good and the gifted of every age and nation have made it the theme of comment. The object of the author of the present unpretending volume has been to collect the wise and noble sentiments on this subject which have been uttered in various ages. Well has he performed his part. We have seldom seen a compilation of any kind made with so much discrimination and judgment. The volume is one eminently suited to be placed by a friend into the hands of a newly married pair.

# THE NIGHTINGALE IS WARBLING.

COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO THE LADIES,

BY LEANDER.

The Words by A Lady,

London, BALLS & SON, 408 Oxford Street, and to be had of R. PLATT, Ormond Terrace, Richmond.

VOICE.

ALLEGRETTO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the voice part with a whole rest, followed by the piano accompaniment. The second system shows the voice part with a whole rest, followed by the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the voice part with a whole rest, followed by the piano accompaniment. The fourth system shows the voice part with a whole rest, followed by the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The Nightingale is warb - ling Her Anthem to the rose; The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, The wood-roof sweetly blows, The rocks are clad in moonlight, The river seems in shade, The".

The

Nightingale is warb - ling Her Anthem to the rose; The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, The

wood-roof sweetly blows, The rocks are clad in moonlight, The river seems in shade, The

dashing rills like fai - ries Go dancing down the glade, The rocks are clad in moonlight, The

*poco f*

*rall. tempo.*

riv - er seems in shade, The dash - ing rills like fairies Go dancing down the glade, The

Nightingale is warb - ling Her Anthem to the rose; The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, The

*rallentando.*

wood-roof sweetly blows.

It is the hour of feeling,  
 When the spirit pours its stream  
 Of happy thoughts, revealing  
 The light of passion's dream.  
 The shades of eve are lovely,  
 When they sink on flower and tree  
 And twilight's reign is holy,  
 But the moonlight hour's for me.





# PREPARE FOR THE WINTER CAMPAIGN. NEAL'S SATURDAY GAZETTE.

CONTAINING AS MUCH LITERARY AND NEWS MATTER AS ANY COTEMPORARY.

21 COPIES FOR \$20 00.

This Popular Mammoth Weekly is under the editorial charge of CHAS. J. PETERSON and MRS. J. C. NEAL.

## ORIGINAL TALES, ETC.

It contains, perhaps, the best literary matter of any cotemporary, the contents being chiefly original, and by the most celebrated American authors, male and female. In addition to original tales, sketches, essays, &c., it always contains the choicest selections from the British and foreign magazines. Its series of Comic Sketches, by JACOB JONES, are unrivalled. Its

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

Is a feature peculiar, and has won a high reputation for this Journal over all its cotemporaries.

## A FAMILY JOURNAL.

A high tone of morals characterizes the paper, the editors seeking to instruct, as well as to amuse. The addition of a female editor is a new enterprise, and enables this paper to excel as a family one. Descriptions of the latest fashions, of new household receipts, and of other things interesting to the sex, are weekly found in our columns. The department for children is pronounced by the press to be unequalled. In short, every member of the family will find something to delight him or her in the Gazette.

## THE NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Great care is observed in collecting the news of the week, so that every item of importance is chronicled. Nothing partisan or sectarian is ever admitted into our columns. News by the telegraph, from all quarters of the Union, is inserted up to the moment of going to press. A news editor has been engaged solely for this department.

## MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, ETC.

The latest markets of stocks, provisions, cattle, &c., are prepared weekly for the Gazette, by a competent hand, with the prices of Flour, &c., at the various marts of the Union. A column is also devoted to Agriculture; and this department is under the charge of a practical farmer.

## ENGRAVINGS AND PORTRAITS.

Portraits of distinguished individuals—engravings of interesting events, &c., &c., are inserted in the Gazette. Our object is not to make a broad-sheet of old wood-cuts, but, whenever affairs of importance occur, to call in the aid of the engraver, as well as of the writer.

## THE NE PLUS ULTRA.

Our aim is to have the Gazette acknowledged as the *best* weekly paper in the United States. For this no expense has been spared, nor shall be. All we ask is a trial. If, after subscribing for one year, any person is not satisfied of the superiority of this journal, he can easily return to the old papers.

## REDUCTION TO CLUBS.

The publishers, determined not to be outdone in enterprise, have resolved to club "NEAL" as low as any two dollar cotemporary; and this, notwithstanding it is the *only original and American weekly*, and contains as much matter, by printer's measurement, as any other.

## TERMS.

|                                                                    |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| ONE COPY PER ANNUM,                                                | \$2 00 |
| FOUR COPIES,                                                       | 5 00   |
| NINE COPIES,                                                       | 10 00  |
| THIRTEEN COPIES, (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.) | 15 00  |
| TWENTY COPIES, (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)   | 20 00  |

Address, post paid,

CUMMINGS & PETERSON,

No. 46 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

✂ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of "NEAL'S GAZETTE," as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post paid*.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Of the old established favourites of the public—the Saturday Post, Neal's Gazette, Saturday Courier, Messenger, &c., we think that *Neal's Gazette* is just now decidedly taking the lead. The race is a close one, and each commander is crowding all the *sale* his gallant craft will bear. But, besides the immense amount of fresh and interesting matter in NEAL'S GAZETTE there is a vein of sparkling and yet quaint raciness in the editorial department which is quite refreshing to us, who are obliged to wade through such shallow oceans of common-place every day, in search of our daily bread that is cast upon the waters.—*Philadelphia Sun*.

NEAL'S SATURDAY GAZETTE is one of the best family newspapers of which our country can boast, and in our opinion entirely fills the place once occupied by the Saturday Courier.—*New Jersey Journal*.

NEAL'S GAZETTE is the best literary paper in the world!—*Adrian Watchman*.

NEAL'S GAZETTE.—We have on our exchange list the above paper, and very cheerfully recommend it to our lady readers as the best paper for them we know of.—*Wheeling Times*.

NEAL'S GAZETTE.—Philadelphia, where it is published, is remarkable for the number, elegance, size, and excellent qualities of its weekly journals of literature, news, &c., but we confess that "NEAL'S GAZETTE" is our favourite. It is beautifully printed, and is of the largest dimensions of its class. Its contents are always attractive, in all its many departments. As a family paper we think it unrivalled.—*Albany Express*.

Among all the papers in the country noted for their generally well-assorted miscellaneous matter, this journal stands pre-eminent.—*St. Louis Herald*.

We have watched the steady progress of this splendid paper, to an eminence which ranks it first of Philadelphia Weeklies.—*Newtown Journal*.



Eighty Pages of Letter-Press Printing on Extra Fine Paper,  
Two Superb Mezzotinto Engravings, a Beautiful Coloured  
Tulip, beside Seven Other Varied Illustrations.

## CONTENTS.

### ENTIRELY ORIGINAL.

|                                                                     |                                          |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|-----|
| 1. First Love, . . . . .                                            | Miss C. M. Sedgwick, . . . . .           | 81  |
| 2. Waters of Marah, . . . . .                                       | Miss Sarah H. Browne, . . . . .          | 84  |
| 3. Duality, . . . . .                                               | George S. Burleigh, . . . . .            | 85  |
| 4. The Price of Blood, . . . . .                                    | Henry William Herbert, . . . . .         | 86  |
| 5. The Prophet of Ionia, . . . . .                                  | Mrs. L. Maria Child, . . . . .           | 94  |
| 6. Sonnet, . . . . .                                                | W. S. Graham, . . . . .                  | 97  |
| 7. Riches and Genius, . . . . .                                     | Mrs. Mary S. Whitaker, . . . . .         | 98  |
| 8. The Countess, . . . . .                                          | Mrs. C. H. Butler, . . . . .             | 99  |
| 9. The Poor Student's Dream, . . . . .                              | C. H. Wiley, . . . . .                   | 107 |
| 10. The Student Soldier, . . . . .                                  | Professor Alden, . . . . .               | 113 |
| 11. The Black Rover, ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) . . . . .               | Charles J. Peterson, . . . . .           | 119 |
| 12. Lines to E. D., . . . . .                                       | Prof. James Rhoads, . . . . .            | 126 |
| 13. Thoughts about England, . . . . .                               | Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, . . . . .           | 127 |
| 14. The First Appeal, ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) . . . . .              | Mrs. C. H. Esling, . . . . .             | 132 |
| 15. Crossing the Prairie, . . . . .                                 | Prof. James C. Moffat, . . . . .         | 133 |
| 16. Steinhaueser's Head of Christ, ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) . . . . . | Charles G. Leland, . . . . .             | 134 |
| 17. Song, . . . . .                                                 | John J. Hoff, . . . . .                  | 137 |
| 18. The Outcast, . . . . .                                          | Eliza, . . . . .                         | 138 |
| 19. Preaching of John the Baptist, ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) . . . . . | Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D., . . . . . | 139 |
| 20. The Sister Queens, . . . . .                                    | Mrs. E. C. Kinney, . . . . .             | 142 |
| 21. Christmas Eve and Christmas Matins, . . . . .                   | Frederika Bremer, . . . . .              | 143 |
| 22. Floral Calendar, ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) . . . . .               | Prof. James Rhoads, . . . . .            | 148 |
| 23. Editorial, . . . . .                                            | Prof. John S. Hart, . . . . .            | 152 |
| 24. Music, . . . . .                                                | Leander, . . . . .                       | 158 |

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

- ✓ I. THE FIRST APPEAL. A splendid full page Mezzotinto Engraving of the First Appeal, engraved by Ritchie, after a painting by Frank Stone.
- ✓ II. JOHN THE BAPTIST PREACHING. A splendid full page Mezzotinto Engraving of John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness, engraved by Sartain, after a painting by Henry Warren.
- ✓ III. A BEAUTIFUL COLOURED TULIP. Designed and coloured by Madame Quarre.
- IV. INEZ AND CORDOVA. Designed and engraved by Devereux, to illustrate Mr. Peterson's story (p. 122).
- V. THE BLACK ROVER ESCAPING SEAWARD. Designed and engraved by Devereux, to illustrate Mr. Peterson's story (p. 125).
- VI. STEINHAUESER'S HEAD OF CHRIST. Sketched from the original, engraved by Devereux, to illustrate Mr. Leland's article (p. 134).
- VII. MILTON'S PARADISE. Engraved by Croome, from a design by Martin, to illustrate the floral article by Prof. Rhoads (p. 148).
- VIII. THE ITALIAN PARADISE. Engraved by Croome, after a design taken from Audrieni's L'Adamo, to illustrate Prof. Rhoads' floral article (p. 149).
- IX. THE CAMELLIA. Engraved by Croome, after a drawing by H. A. Dreer, from a "large double white" in his collection, to illustrate Prof. Rhoads' floral article (p. 148).
- X. MUSIC. "The Nightingale is Warbling." Composed by Leander (p. 159).

### NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors make it as a particular request that all communications for them, in connexion with the Magazine, may be addressed to the publishers, N. W. corner of Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.

C. SHERMAN, PRINTER, 19 ST. JAMES STREET.

Col John Jones

March 1849





POOL OF SILOAM.



OLD WRECKS, ALIAS, RICKETS.



A BALL BY MOONLIGHT, IN UTOPIA.